

Exilia, Get Sick

You, Mr. you, fight the fight
My tribes invade your radio
Choose your side, choose your crowd
And everybody's gonna get it loud
Turn up the radio
Turn up the radio
Turn up the radio
Cut the leash, get a life
We're not just waiting to die

It's getting closer
It's getting closer
It's getting closer

Get sick
Motherfucker get sick
Are you ready for this?
Ready for the other side
Get sick
Motherfucker get sick
Are you ready for this?
Ready for the other side

You, eat the dream, eat them bucks
Young rebel from the sun god
Raise your fist, cut the shit
Everybody got to get it loud
Turn up the radio
Turn up the radio
Turn up the radio
We are not lost, we are not wrong
We're not just waiting to die

It's getting closer
It's getting closer
It's getting closer
Get sick
Motherfucker get sick
Are you ready for this?
Ready for the other side
Get sick
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Ready for the other side

I keep my eyes on the stars, we are
Sons of the sun god
I keep my eyes on the stars, we are
Sons of the sun god

Turn up the radio
Turn up the radio
Turn up the radio
~the radio~

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Ready for the other side
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Are you ready for this?
Ready for the other side
Get sick

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