

Gorillaz, November Has Come

Slow it down some
No split clown
Bum, your old hit sound dumb
Hold it now, crown 'im
Where you found them at
Got 'em 'round town
Coulda drowned in it
Woulda floated bloated
Voted sugar coated
Loaded hip shooter
Draw for the poor
Free coffee at the banks
Hit through the straw
None more for me, thanks
That blanks the raw
That dank sure stank lit
Sank passed the pit for more hardcore prank spit
Crank it on blast
Roll past front street
Blew the whole spot
Like some old ass with skunk meat
These kids is too fast
Juiced off a junk treat
Who could get looser off a crunk or a funk beat?

[CHORUS 2x:]

Something's starting today
Where did he go? why you wanted to be?
Well you know, november has come
When it's gone away..

(baha) Can you dig it like a spigot
My guess is yes you can like, can I kick it? wicked
Liquor shot
If u happy and u know it
As you clap your hands to the thick snot of a poet flow it
Broke a pen and i'm in cope hymen
Dope or rhymin all worth it then
The hope diamond
Required off the blackmarket
Or wire tappin
Couldn't target a jar of spit
The rapid fire spark lit
zzzzt!
A rapper bug zapper
And it don't matter after if they's a thug or a dapper.
Plug yer trap or it's maximum exposure
The beast got family in numbers asking 'em for closure
Aw, send 'em a gun an tell em clean it
Then go get the nun who said her son didn't mean it
She wore a filled-in thong
A billabong
And said, nah, fo'realla
The Villain on a Gorilla jawn?

[CHORUS 2x]