

# Lexicon, Rock (Remix)

(Verse 1 - Louis Logic)

Well it's the clown prince of the rhyming with a buzz like a bee hive  
Always willing to separate a slut from her Levi's  
And I don't need 3 tries like some of these weak guys  
I'll tell 'em sweet lies until I'm stuck in-between thighs  
I get a rush sippin suds with lightweights  
Pass my glass of Vodka ask 'em how the spite tastes  
For Christ sake this nigga's as cold as the ice age  
Here I go again taking cheap shots at White Snake  
And just as the Starship faced terrible hardship  
Nothings gonna stop us now from settin' the mosh pit  
Whenever the Logic and Lexicon mix  
It' upsets your mom quick 'cause we're a step beyond sick

(Verse 2 - Celph Titled)

Runnin up on stage with a motherfuckin' gun out  
Throw them hands in the air before I let them dum dum's out  
I'm sellin' records nigga, makin' a killin'  
At your crib with a black ski mask, makin' a killin'  
Makin' a million before I'm 30  
If not I'm gettin' dirty  
Beat you with a 3 Iron until you see the birdies  
You ain't under-par, leave you under a car  
With big-foot monster trucks lining up from afar  
Celph Titled's a star  
Get my pimp cup filled at the bar  
Bitches massaging me and feeling my scars  
And after they're through, get the fuck out my bed  
Impale your skull with my CD, now you got my song stuck in your head!

(Hook - 2X)

Rock to the rhythm with them  
Got to give it to them  
Got to give a lot more than the minimum

Rock to the rhythm with them  
Got to give it to them  
Go to give a lot more

(Verse 3 - Big Oak)

You gotta rock to the rhythm, can't just say that  
You gotta display that, shit man no time to be laid back  
Ryu, Celph, J, and Louis on the same track  
With the L, give them hell, swingin' like its payback  
Wrote a song that's not dope we can change that  
Oak's at your door to repair that shit like Maytag  
Not for nothin' cause you know we need a wage, Jack  
&quot;Fuck you, pay me&quot;; ya S.O.B. explain that  
We'll take the money to the bar with the same cats  
Who can out-drink anybody from here to White Plains and back  
Youth Is Yours, motherfucker where's your brain at?  
2004, we get more spins than Pat Sajak

(Verse 4 - Nick Fury)

I was young man, a little kid in big sneakers  
Attitude and ego twice the size of the speakers  
I met hip hop, dated her, fucked her  
Fell madly in love, and eventually I hated her  
It was all her, I said it was me  
Started to see other people, so goes the story  
And me? I went right for her older sister  
Every girl in her family I probably kissed her  
And her? Depressed by her dude of the day  
So she was vibin' pretty hard when I saw her yesterday

Me and the crew got her drunk and wild  
And now she can't seem to wipe the smile

(Hook)

(Verse 5 - Ryu)

Yo when I rock it's like I'm poppin' off gats  
With sharpened up raps that penetrate tanks in Iraq  
You fakin' them jacks  
I'ma start drinkin' then snap  
Your ankle and dangle you off the (?) map  
Yo who that? (??) guzzling rum  
Life of the party with balls like I'm smuggling plums  
I'm on the above, cocky, arrogant, great range  
Ain't been in a damn battle since I was in the 8th grade  
So you wanna freestyle? The answer is no  
Take your faggot Von Dutch hat and pamper to go  
Teach you how to stunt quick; I'm a dick when I get dough  
I'm spending my whole rip on a bottle and 6 hoes

(Verse 6 - J-Zone)

J-Zone you can't beat with a bat, you need to relax  
I got a big dick and big ego to match  
You actin' hard at your show  
10 years ago I bet you wore your pants backwards and listened to Quo  
So kill that bullshit around me playa  
Attitude is gettin' worse and I ain't even on a major  
I walk with a swagger like I owe you bastards  
Like Suge owns everybody's masters  
I like musical hoes, yup, that's my weakness  
And you gave my balls the harmonica treatment  
"Fuck you prick! Eat a dick" is my motto  
I'm not the type to pay a trick; she's better off hittin' lotto

(Hook)