

# Powerman 5000, Standing 8

Out on your feet standing 8, standing, 8  
You can't look to me when you sealed your own fate  
It's one to four and you're half way there  
I can tell from your face your and blank stare  
That there ain't nothin' going on upstairs  
And the state that you're in is despair  
It ain't rare that your eyes are seeing double  
It's par time for the course 'cause you know you're in some trouble

One - check the eyes for some vision  
Two - I seem to sense indecision  
Three - you're getting weak in the knees  
Four - crying please baby please  
Five - begins the loss of the brain cells  
Six, six, six - and you go to Hell  
Seven - you ain't looking so right  
Eight - it's too late that's the end of the fight  
Out on your feet standing 8,  
Standing 8 out on your feet standing 8

So what went wrong, you were so strong where's  
The flow in your show  
Must been something, but I don't know  
You fly like an eagle, but you die like a dove  
It seems to me that your name is mud

Blood on the canvas painting a portrait  
A slice of life and the fact that you're unfit  
But you kept steppin' and gettin' your wreckin'  
It seems like awhile but it only took a second

Was that right? Was that the left? Was it the jab?  
Or was it this hook?

It's undisputed, but who did the damage  
Do you think you can manage  
Are you in or are you out?  
Now there was a time when your mind was you mind  
It's a desperate state I find when you're holding up  
The peace sign your name to the contract to get  
Yourself some combat but won't that start bringing  
About decision  
You've got a choice, much due respect or beat into  
Submission...