

Urban Dance Squad, Good Grief

My style is triple, quadruple, damage for mc's
I make 'em huff 'n puff like mufflers for meineke
Human exhaust, you wanna get lost ?
Rhymes plus Exxon ride brains like Alain Prost
Mc clowns, I blaze towns
I dragwheel skulls, leave with speed 'n dust cloud
All you monkeys, donkeys, alternative junkies
I'm strictly t-rex, 'n my rap just crunch, see
The jive 'n babble, throw heavy scrabble
Sparkles plus the bubbles plus the flavor like snapple
All you so-called rebels heavy metal cattle
Some horses got force but I simply tame with saddle
Hunt a stunt like 'red October', ain't crossin' over
Oops ! scud scrub ? patriot makes pulver
The music hits, fierce as it is
Check the brothers in the crowd that 'hiss'
Good grief

Industry check to mac, and wanna know me
I kick against control untamed like wild pony
Stay lonely like Tony, attract like Coney Island
My style man, don't need no master, flasher
Test a prankster gangster like a gatt much faster
Get the band aid, the kid front hard knock
I sport more techniques confidential than Fort Knox
Sort of tool - Glock - automatic on the static
Synthetic - plastic ?- you stay ready with the casset
I throw a style, now a freak wants to test it
It's crazy mega fab, makes your hottie cher
I crush mc jaws who oughtta be chandelier

And drop the litter - on the quitter
The survival-rival gets stranger
Much fitter
Worldwide you get served like stinky cheese
More force than a sexual intercourse
So mc's please !
Brothers amaze - keep 'em all in a daze
With the wild funk blaze
Good grief

One time for your mind now, as I have to climb now
Step by step now, where your rap now
I kick the flavor like a Wes Craven
People under my stairs wanna steal like raven
Black with breaks wanna croak when spoken to
Some shitty nonsense beat, you gotta be jokin' too
The rhyme enforcer, rhythm corsair
Hit the core with force, well of course oh !
Don't give me that lip lip
Like he thought that he could
I frown on bullshit like my name's Clint Eastwood
You come with fronts, stunts 'n poses
I welcome you to my jungle
Like my name was guns 'n roses
I blast the sound, you check the sound
You gotz to be down, and be like Charlie Brown
Saying good grief