

Misdirected Hostility

311

Now, I'm not the type to just act like I know
Puttin' on an angle, puttin' on a show
Speakin' on nothin' makes you a stunt
I'll tell you right here yo, I won't front
I cross the T's and skip non legitimacies
Or else, please
I cannot handle all the negative vibe merchants
Is that all you have in you perchance
So much angst an' pain, it's so wack
You should take a tip from the one, Frank Black
Play some Pachinko, play some Parcheesi
Because all the angst shit is just cheesy
It's the 311 bliss, too smooth for pissed
Lyrics talkin' loud again, yeah, we are the party men
Cosmetics that you fretted, we sport a high aesthetic
Here go rap kickin' the dazzled crazy mathematic
(C'mon)
I am what I am, mix some old school jams
Onto tape 'cuz the party's in the crates, I scan
Step into the realm, what you gonna do
Get the party people somethin' funky to listen to
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got, see
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Misdirected hostility, that's what you got
It's body rock, pop and lock, here's an example
Boulevard Chrome beats always ampin' your temple
Punks get got in the age of hip hop
It's just begun like stolen bikes on a blacktop
(C'mon)
Born to sing a lyric, immaculately conceived
No strain in your game, if your game is respected
Come as you are, radio star
Drown out the hatred with a rhyme an' electric guitar
(Yeah)
Dispatched when rap, shattered, the glass of radio access
May we turn some soul on their rythmless dances
You know the time and they'll know the scoop
They'll say it was a rhyme and a beat of a rap group

Your rhymes have been outmoded
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So just quit your belly achin'
You're sayin' that you're tortured
Give me a fuckin' break and maybe
Take out the source of your disparin'
What do I mean? Kick the fuckin' heroin
I speak from experience
Because I didn't see clearly
Actin' like a dunce in 1989
I was Cocaine an' Jim Beam
But now it's 95 and I'm Ginseng
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got, see
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Misdirected hostility, that's what you got

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