

# Moonshine

## Mac Umba

[Intro]Yo... yeah

Yo, yo

Ay, ay

[Mad Child]Personality is weak like my batteries are beat  
My reality is deep, my reality is bleak  
Take them words and murder them like Jeffrey Dahmer on a beat  
I've been glorifyin horrifyin drama on the street  
Muscle of an engine block, runnin rubber scattered rocks  
Bubble gum, soda pop, murder one, loaded Glock  
Even though I'm motormouth, never been a chatterbox  
"Total f\*\*\*in silence" photoshop motor cop  
I'm being pulled into the middle of a vicious war  
And I'm back to 0-0, the official score  
Feelin trapped, like a leg lock figure-four  
Feelin free, like a dreadlocked reggae boy  
Devil's Night in Detroit, dig a shallow grave  
Mad Child hate Christian Audigier and Alize  
Bring back funk - roller skatin on a Saturday  
Tribe Called Quest, know I'm never puttin that away  
Picnics with your girlfriend, celebratin Halloween  
Or go on a vacation to Hawaii with your family  
Tired of all the tension, sick of the insanity  
Smashin people and clashin personalities  
Fashion sense is at an all-time low  
Give the kids some room to breathe and let their small minds grow  
Tryin to walk away from a life I lived a long time  
It's gonna take some dedication and a strong mind  
Strong will with great friends and a good vibe  
I'm not judgin, I'm not sayin there's a good side  
Just want to appreciate this f\*\*\*in life and have a good time  
Write good rhymes, s\*\*\*, smoke the good kind  
Good book, that's a good look but it's not mine  
But I am God's child and I do shine  
People lappin up my lyrics like it's moonshine  
  
Mad, when you movin to L.A.? Dog in due time  
Bad mood tabooed tattooed preacher  
Eyes like a racoon, nose like a vacuum  
Act like a baboon, backroom speaker

Keep doin drugs, bad moves on the weekend  
And keep on talkin like a classroom teacher  
[Chorus: samples of Mad Child scratched]"You don't wanna fuck with me, boy"  
"Catalogue of carnage, I am armed to destroy"  
"You don't wanna, you don't wanna"  
"You don't wanna f\*\*\* with me, boy"  
"You don't wanna f\*\*\* with me, boy"  
"Catalogue of carnage, I am armed to destroy"  
"You don't wanna, you don't wanna"  
"... f\*\*\* with me, boy"

[Prevail]Follow you to the parkade, sharp blade, "Dagger Mouth"  
You can see the (Dragon Hide) the same time the (Tiger Crouch)  
Firefighter engine house, backdraft master craft  
Aircraft, life raft, rhymes from the rifle rack  
Spit scripture Bible camp, campfire oil lamp  
Lava lamp murder box, box office blockbuster  
Chip off the old block, smoother than a stick of butter  
Boxcutter ox blood swingin like the Red Sox  
Don't fuck with Goldilocks, a head full of dreadlocks  
That'll be a glass full of redrum and lava rocks  
Lock and load, make lots of orphans then  
make you walk the road, your name Viggo Mortensen  
My mouth dry taut like chalk rock and porcelain  
Cut you like a portion at Morton's, I'm nitroglycerin  
Green Beret, night vision, Green Lantern light prism  
Heightened fright exorcism, Battle Axe death division  
Yeah!

[Chorus][Outro: scratched to the end]"Catalogue of carnage, I am armed to destroy"  
"You don't wanna f\*\*\* with me, boy"

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