

# 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  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got, see  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got, see  
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 concepted  
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  
Your rhymes have been outmoded  
Your rhymes have been outmoded  
Your rhymes have been outmoded Your rhymes have been outmoded  
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  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got, see  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got, see  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>