

No Champagne

4Lyn

(Are you ready or what?)
So here I come, save ya passengers
From this critical minded messenger
Right in front of ya eyes
You see me standing wit da mic in da right hand Ain't that aight, man
(Come on) 5 bucks entry and da drinks aren't for free
The bartender's tripping and ya girl is looking at me
Typical, tropical heat, chewing gum on ya seat
Yeah, this happening sucks, yes indeed Tell me, what's da reason, yo
Why do you came? Why do ya blame?
The band is giving everything
Oh, now you say that it's too loud
Do you think that it is silent when you shout? Tell me, why da fuck are you here?
(Oh yeah)
You wanna criticize me? Yeah, I can feel it in the air
Adrenaline is rising, homes, yo
Ya anger is my air to breathe and I can feel it in my bones Pay for fame
(It's da stick up, stuck up, stick up kid)
Fight, fight, fight, fight me
Drink no champagne
(it's a stick up, yo, it's a stick up, it's a stick up, yo
It's a stick up, it's a stick up, fuck) Yo, I hear ya screaming for payback, bitch
But I have to disappoint you
'Cause I don't swing tec's or baseball bats
So I guess ya skills gotta be the weapon to choose for you
And I won't explain da rules to times for you Wake up early, son, first come first serve
Speak your shit but always keep something in reserve
The crowd wants to be entertained
So what'cha gonna be, B boy? A B boy or a stain Pay for fame
(It's da stick up, stuck up, stick up kid)
Fight, fight, fight, fight me
Drink no champagne
(It's a stick up, you it's a stick up, it's a stick up, yo
It's a stick up, it's a stick up boy)

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