Full Moon

J. Axel

[Hook]The moon is full, you can't fake that light
No room to move, nah the space got tight
Don't need no knife here, we break up fights
Put your good shoes on, get your make-up right
And the ladies in the pla-pla-place so fly
Make you want to go home and wake up your wife
And I like it right, could never hate my life
In fact I'm quite excited, I get to play tonight
[Verse 1]Mr. Soundman, turn up the bass
I want to feel the beats disturb my heart rate
We came in the door cause we wanted to escape
And forget about the world burning in front of our faces
We all paid dues, we all working hard
Some fools even had to pay a service charge
We sit at a thirsty bar
Now give more 808, and turn up the guitars
Tell the security guards to relax
Cause these people came to get away from all that
Them bouncers can't go bounce, they own balls flat
But we came to have a good time - now fall back
"Atmosphere" You know that's my team
Ask around, we kind of nice with the rap things
We came to stick up the rhythm
So poor, made 'em want to put my kids in prison
Spotlights, I'm a social moth
I'm here to mark the tree then I'm rolling, gone
Next shop gets broken off
Now open up your top and don't quote me wrong
I said this one here is what we call a good crowd

Roof caught fire, whole block got took out
Whoever's on after me better keep a look out
The sun goin down, I'm about to let the wolf out
[Hook][Verse 2]Hit the stage like a war vet
Hoping that the band members remember the set
Knowing damn well that I'm the one that forgets
"Hey man, I thought we specifically asked for a cordless"
Tangle up all the microphone cords
Till I'm tripping on 'em like I've done a hundred times before

Even if I fall off stage and hit the floor
Becomes part of the show, keep giving 'em more
I like it when you dance and move your shell and it's
Too soon to tell if you smooth and swell with it
Felt good to see you do it for the hell of it
"That's why I'm here today and touring for president"
...Ch-ch-ch-check out Penelope
Right next Stephanie, Wendy, Bev and Steve
Rapping with my songs and repping me
Thanks to all y'all for being part of this little legacy
Got busy and it won't stop
So let the bid he's hot, and try to ditch the cops
We don't need another 50 or another Iggy Pop
Just raise the roof now, show me what your city got
We found a lot of pounds out of town
Was deep underground but it seems so loud now
Sound never stopped and the crowd never wound down
Puff no, huff girl, I blow that house down
[Hook]

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