Carry It

Travis Barker

My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
Ton, son, carry it, ton, son, carry it
Check his vital signs, strike his vital nerve
Threw a viral curve, the rhyme tempest
Like lightning bolts being thrown down from Mt. Olympus
Beat on your head like a Travis Barker cymbal, crash
I splash beyond measurements
I tour you back to a cast, arrest your development
Overthrow your whole settlement, this is beat embellishment
Burn the house, the one Hansel and Gretel went
Unorthodox fly rhyming fox
Wu Killa Bee appear on your body like the pox
Keep rivalries like Yankees and the Red Sox
I'd rather see it in the ballpark, then see it on the block, nigga
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
Chocolate bunny on the run, catching Marriott
Sword in my hand, watch me parry it
The weight of the truth, can any man carry it?
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
Ton, son, carry it, ton, son, carry it
Feel the wrath of a soldier when his wings is up
We like the air force, generals with guns when rainy up
Take it from leers, the stadium, the fans, the beers
Titty shots from the bitches in the stands, we clear?
But we pop guns, live so wild, it's like banging a guitar
On your face, all jacked in your mouth
See the medals that I wear, it's honor, from the hood to Bahamas
Back to Ghana, New York and Compton
All my peoples get wilder than a mosh pit
Roll even bigger, this is getting me riled
Tattoos, I'm a destiny child, I'm a floss
I'm a real muthafucka, stop stressing me out
'Cause I play hard, go hard, smoke bongs, this is the most strong
Collaboration, me, Trav' and Ra'
Old engines, we gon' respect 'em, drop joints and perfect 'em

Chef is the Jon Bon and Led Zeppelin
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
Ton, son, carry it, ton, son, carry it
This is deadly dark dangerous, Wu-Tang slanderous
Mosh pit bashing, watch 'em all bang to this
Energy, energy, energy, energy
Buzz Lightyear, boy, from here to infinity
Two guns on my side like Yosemite
You sick of that weak bullshit, here's the remedy
Jack Daniel Tennessee, mixed with the Hennessy
Turn into a Chuck D, boy, Public Enemy
Or Flavor Flav, Johnny Depp, Wild Tennessee
Poetical Emily Dickerson with the similes
Metaphor whore, I puzzle like the jigsaw
You strip like the weak more, I'll be the sycamore
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
Chocolate bunny on the run, catching Marriott
Sword in my hand, watch me bust and parry it
The weight of the truth, can any man carry it?
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
Ton, son, carry it, ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it
Ton, son, carry it, ton, son, carry it

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/