

# Good Grief

## The Steinways

My style is triple, quadruple, damage for M.C.'s  
I make 'em huff 'n puff like mufflers for Meineke  
Human exhaust, you wanna g-get lost ?  
Rhymes plus Exxon ride brains like Alain Prost  
M.C. clowns, I blaze towns  
I dragwheel skulls, leave with speed 'n dust cloud  
All you monkeys, donkeys, alternative junkies  
I'm strictly T-rex, 'n my rap just crunch, see  
The jive 'n babble, throw heavy scrabble  
Sparkles plus the bubbles plus the flavor like Snapple  
All you so-called rebels heavy metal cattle  
Some horses got force but I simply tame with saddle  
Hunt a stunt like 'Red October', ain't crossin' over  
Oops ! scud scrub ? patriot makes pulver  
The music hits, fierce that it is  
Check the brothers in the crowd that 'hiss'  
Good grief Industry check to mac, and wanna know me  
I kick against control untamed like wild pony  
So holy like tony, attract like Coney Island  
My style man, don't need no master, flasher  
Test a prankster gangster like a Gat much faster  
Get the band aid, kid crunch hard knock  
I sport more techniques confidential than Fort Knox  
Sort of tool - Glock - automatic on the static  
Synthetic - plastic?- you stay ready with the casket  
I throw a style, freak wants to test it  
It's crazy mega fab, makes your hottie cheer  
I crush M.C. jaws who oughta be chandelier  
And drop the litter - on the quitter  
The survival-rival gets stronger  
Much fitter  
Worldwide you get served like stinky cheese  
More force than a sexual intercourse  
So M.C.'s please !  
Brothers amaze - keep 'em all in a daze  
With the wild funk blaze  
Good grief One time for your mind now, as I climb now  
Step by step now, but Wagga Rep now  
I write flavor like I was Wes Craven

People under my stairs steal like raven  
Black with beaks wanna croak when spoken to  
Some shitty nonsense beat, you gotta be jokin' too  
The rhyme enforcer, rhythm courser  
I 'spect you to respect with the force, well of course oh !  
Don't give me the lip  
Like he thought that he could  
I frown on bullshit like my name was clint eastwood  
You come with fronts, stunts 'n poses  
I welcome you to my jungle  
Like my name was guns 'n roses  
I blast the sound, you check the sound  
You got to be down, you got to be down, like me, like Charlie Brown  
Saying good grief

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