

Sing It, Shitface

Edan

Donavexx, lyrical asshole, taking shitty MC tongue, to the frozen flagpole

I fart at family functions, landin punches, in the face of life

I paid a grand and three hundred for my beat machine

My body, I keeps it clean, by eating vegetables

While you claim indestructible

I made em feel uncomfortable

By talking bout some hemorrhoids and how my parakeets unemployed

I enjoyed, watching old men put Pennzoil inside their engines,

while eating cookies kept in tinfoil

I been spoiled like the underwear thats been soiled By my opponents when I assemble microphone kits

Most kids appear dome-less,

I wonder their folks did to make em think they flow swift with broken focus

Folk hymns are sung while my guitar is strung, and then plucked, to make a hip hop
purist tense up

Sure its 10 bucks to come and see me at a show

But when I stage-dive into Jello you wont care about the dough

But if you still think my shit is wack youll get your money back

And then youll leave the show and run into two men in funny hats

Theyll beat the fuck outta you, take your wallet out your back pocket

After that youll swell up in the eye sockets

Then I finish my show and go to the parking lot

And meet the two men, who then, put your loot in my pocket

I tried jockin myself, but that didnt work

After I realized that God was watching with a hidden smirk

I shit a turd that stunk the house for three weekends

Instead of R&B bitches, I do my hooks with Japanese kids![chorus] Japanese kids singing

Edan: So sing it
shitface!Ooh, I love farting in the bathtub, at clubs, at home

On the road, in your face unload, in your eyeball

Fart while walking on the sidewalk, after nightfall

To the point you spray Lysol, despite all the things

That the people might say, I grab my genitals and tell em Have a nice day

The right way, to grab a mic is constantly exhibited

By me, and the MC that knows that he's unlimited, its eminent

like water splashing on the coast lines

Then I go to town meetings

And on the bulletin board I post rhymes, most times

don't give a fuck bout what you telling me

I get excited and crash a third grade spelling bee

and just as a girl named Bethany is about to win by spelling cheese

I interrupt the train of thought by yelling Freeze!
And when she sees that I am nothing but a prankster
she tells the teacher, but I proceed to go
And yank her for her title, of third grade vocabulary champion
she starts to cry, I say: that's what you get for tampering
with the wordsmith, with the verb gift
The principal got nervous, when I ran into his office shirtless
What's the purpose of terrorizing elementary schools?
I don't know, but I penetrate your brain with entry tools
Narratives from the battle-tongue
My record collection consists of twenty two copies of Aqualung
Half a lung is what I need to rock the venue
I then do some Herculean shit on the wheels to cold end you
Got the versatility of ten dudes, next up my little shitfaced friend
Serves up a chorus from the menu[chorus] Japanese kids singing So sing it scumbug, yeahhhh
This is Donavexx, a.k.a. Edan
Signing off, Baby

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