

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 singingEdan: 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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