2 Minutes Of Death

Stuck Mojo

Aggressive, my style versitile.
You're best to hear the Mojo growl.
Coming up behind with a bat, ""crack"" from a Mr. Payne attack.
Dazed and confused, what you do is run, but Bonz might have a gun.
Shit, you're being kicked by Richie Rich.
Stunned and bleeding, you're looking sad, well you pressed your luck.
What the fuck?
Stuck now, your ass in a rut.
Fowler warned ya, then he had to storm ya.
On that ass like heat in Arizona, you weak motherfuckers better move,
or catch on from the Four Peice of Doom.Red alert, red alert, red alert
Red alert, red alert, red alert
Red alert, red alert, red alert
Mojo's in the house and ya might get hurt.
Red alert, red alert, red alert
Red alert, red alert, red alert
Red alert, red alert, red alert
Mojo's in the house and ya might get hurt.
Feel my aggression!Yo, Brand X, its time for wreck for respect.
That's what I mean when we're snappin' necks
We're on a mission to kill the competition, not repetitive,
so yo, check and listen
The man has got you all fooled.
Only one color dominates and rules.
Green, greed that is what he feeds.
A demon seed deep inside you and me.
In my sights each and every night.
Makes me so mad I want to start a fight.
Walk right up, smack the Grammy outta your hand
and then ask your mom who's No. 1.
They don't understand.
You want to try and bang, but your band can't hang!Red alert, red alert, red alert
Red alert, red alert, red alert
Red alert, red alert, red alert
Survival of the fittest so ya might get hurt.
Red alert, red alert, red alert
Red alert, red alert, red alert
Red alert, red alert, red alert

Survival of the fittest so ya might get hur

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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