Moonshine

King Hobo

[Intro]Yo... yeah
Yo, yo
Ay, ay
[Mad Child]Personality is weak like my batteries are beat
My reality is deep, my reality is bleak
Take them words and murder them like Jeffrey Dahmer on a beat
I've been glorifyin horrifyin drama on the street
Muscle of an engine block, runnin rubber scattered rocks
Bubble gum, soda pop, murder one, loaded Glock
Even though I'm motormouth, never been a chatterbox
"Total f***in silence" photoshop motor cop
I'm being pulled into the middle of a vicious war
And I'm back to 0-0, the official score
Feelin trapped, like a leg lock figure-four
Feelin free, like a dreadlocked reggae boy
Devil's Night in Detroit, dig a shallow grave
Mad Child hate Christian Audigier and Alize
Bring back funk - roller skatin on a Saturday
Tribe Called Quest, know I'm never puttin that away
Picnics with your girlfriend, celebratin Halloween
Or go on a vacation to Hawaii with your family
Tired of all the tension, sick of the insanity
Smashin people and clashin personalities
Fashion sense is at an all-time low
Give the kids some room to breathe and let their small minds grow
Tryin to walk away from a life I lived a long time
It's gonna take some dedication and a strong mind
Strong will with great friends and a good vibe
I'm not judgin, I'm not sayin there's a good side
Just want to appreciate this f***in life and have a good time
Write good rhymes, s***, smoke the good kind
Good book, that's a good look but it's not mine
But I am God's child and I do shine
People lappin up my lyrics like it's moonshine

Mad, when you movin to L.A.? Dog in due time
Bad mood tabooed tattooed preacher
Eyes like a racoon, nose like a vacuum
Act like a baboon, backroom speaker

Keep doin drugs, bad moves on the weekend
And keep on talkin like a classroom teacher
[Chorus: samples of Mad Child scratched]"You don't wanna fuck with me, boy"
"Catalogue of carnage, I am armed to destroy"
"You don't wanna, you don't wanna"
"You don't wanna f*** with me, boy"
"You don't wanna f*** with me, boy"
"Catalogue of carnage, I am armed to destroy"
"You don't wanna, you don't wanna"
"... f*** with me, boy"
[Prevail]Follow you to the parkade, sharp blade, "Dagger Mouth"
You can see the (Dragon Hide) the same time the (Tiger Crouch)
Firefighter engine house, backdraft master craft
Aircraft, life raft, rhymes from the rifle rack
Spit scripture Bible camp, campfire oil lamp
Lava lamp murder box, box office blockbuster
Chip off the old block, smoother than a stick of butter
Boxcutter ox blood swingin like the Red Sox
Don't fuck with Goldilocks, a head full of dreadlocks
That'll be a glass full of redrum and lava rocks
Lock and load, make lots of orphans then
make you walk the road, your name Viggo Mortensen
My mouth dry taut like chalk rock and porcelain
Cut you like a portion at Morton's, I'm nitroglycerin
Green Beret, night vision, Green Lantern light prism
Heightened fright exorcism, Battle Axe death division
Yeah!
[Chorus][Outro: scratched to the end]"Catalogue of carnage, I am armed to destroy"
"You don't wanna f*** with me, boy"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/