

Hey yo, it's like that
Don't ask, it's like that
If you mofo's question my words I'll fight back an'
Talk flow, I'll hijack your kayak
And with girls I like 'em white-black like Mike Jack
Son, I'm so good, givin' women a hightide
And I defy heights, living the high life
I won't be hopin' that my enemies fail
Because I know that they'll be chasin' at the end of my trail
Def Jam wanted all my raps sent in the mail
So to make sure they felt them I sent 'em in braille
And I'm sendin' 'em text messages
Adrenaline is pennin' then I'll be FedEx'in' 'em
Emos, I'ma pocket knife your fringes
Cut your hair and make you wanna die this instant
Let's be honest, you ain't qualified for fringes
You should get sued for copyright infringement

Get your hands up, stand up, now
Put your drink down, jump 'round now
Everybody in the place get loud
We ain't stoppin' till the crowd gets down
Get your hands up, stand up, now
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Yeah, I get my jitters out rappin' to old vets
We headbangers, yo, we actually fold necks
My soul's set on finding some gold
I'm saving my dole cheques and buying a Rolex
And hold up, if you're feelin' this vibe now
We're gettin' pretty messy if you diggin' this live sound
And if you don't wanna drink till it's lights out
Imagine gettin' Johnny and then rippin' his eyebrows out
Everybody wanna party, you're all welcome
Anybody from Port Melbourne to
And the alcohol is takin' over
I gotta drink eight Corona's to make me sober
And even though we got deal we stay savin'
And plan to sell to units like a realestate agent
And when there's money we'll invest in some property
It's either that or gettin' cheques from the lottery
Biatch

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Uh, yeah
Countbounce, havin' a strum
Yo, check this out

I paint a cinematic
Vibe without you pressin' play
A thousand hands up
In the air, there's nothing more to say
I paint a cinematic
Vibe without you pressin' play
A thousand hands up
In the air, there's nothing more to say

Get your hands up, stand up, now (yeah)
Put your drink down, jump 'round now (uh)
Everybody in the place get loud (big up to Joelistics for the beat)
We ain't stoppin' till the crowd gets down (party hard or go home)
Get your hands up, stand up, now (yeah, uh, it's 360)
Put your drink down, jump 'round now (yeah)
Everybody in the place get loud (why come down when you can stay up?)
We ain't stoppin' till the crowd gets down (that's right, that's right)
(Yo)