

Monkey Bars

Horrorshow

Oh, y'all wanna hear me kick some bars, huh?
All right then, wha-wha-wha-wha-wha-what?
Karate Kid Solo up in this
Yo, yo

Yo, this that monkey magic, that rabbit out the hat-trick
Adit made another classic, we put the signal in the sky
They going fucking batshit, these rappers all up in my ear
Goddamn, enough with that shit, could you be trying any harder?
We some party starters, y'all some party poopers spreading rumours
While we pouring liquor out like R.I.P (We hardly knew ya)
And after the after party I'm passing out in the lobby
Havin' an out of body, telling Gary I'm sorry
Then I'm spewing out the van, yeah, I call that shit a drive-by
Then I'm saying night night, rewind for the highlights
One Dayers, Triple One
This ain't nothing, do this shit for fun
10 years in the game and feeling like I just begun

Autumn, winter to the spring and the summer's ours
'Cause we spittin' flames, swingin' from the monkey bars
We just pull the strings, y'all know who the puppets are
Beats banging, got 'em hangin' off the monkey bars
Fuck the fame, fast women and the money, cars
Yeah, hands up in the air, swingin' from the monkey bars
Wanna pass the test? Then you better study hard
Catch us after class swinging from the monkey bars

Heads up for the mayhem
Hear the crowd saying amen
Hands out for the payment
Pour it up and never say when
Levitate till the morning
Dreaming big, living lawless
Wish that I could say I'm sorry
Remedy ain't make me calm yet

Rabada boom
They checking out my faction, want action up with my crew
They freshin' out my jacket, and backin' up on my shoes
They spinning us on fractions, I'm talking bout ones and twos
Head snappin', pop crackin, T.O. not lacking, I'm rapping
Racking packets, can't stop the top of the ones
Monkey bar I swing it so swiftly, turn this chopper to dust, and I feel alone
I run it up, fuck it up, too champ
You turn to dust like a toucan, fuck what I said, crackin a brew and I'm too
canned, ohh

Hit the floor, I'm off Whitney, close the door, we got 16
Bars and I wouldn't wanna run it up unless you calm and ready with it raw as
fuck
Shut the mall, I'm on Pitt street, off my face at a strip tease
Me with a penny and a sippy cup, I hit jaw round the heady with a fisticuff
Clean sheet, my habits are knee deep
We rapping you rabbits around the back of a pole
Snapping packets on the Sabbath need my gamma control

See that shine up off that Chevy turn them diamonds to gold
And gold to bass
The bass hits, kids are going ape shit
Hanging from the bars till I need a fucking face lift, face it
Solo in the city rocking writtens like it's Cambridge
No more fucking with me got the rhythm like it's basic, uh

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Saw dull skies from the sun on mars
Mind fell through, it's not easy urgh
Feel the sun on my little heart
Swing my way on the monkey bars
Catch me swinging from the bars
Prolly swigging from a flask
I might end up in a cast, here we go again
Spitting over the sitars
We been practicing the arts
So don't ask, 'cause you know it's Horrorshow again