

It's high now
So low it's high
Like this, check it out yo

Took a trip on a bus that I didn't know
Met a girl sellin' drinks at the disco
Said truth comes back when you let it go
Seems complicated cause it's really so simple
Walkin' down Yonge Street on a Friday
Can't follow them, gotta do it my way
No fast lane, still on a highway
Movin' in and out, no doubt there's a brighter day

No time to get down cause I'm moving up
No time to get down cause I'm moving up
No time to get down cause I'm moving up
Ahh, haa... Check out the crabs in the bucket

It's like this, It's like this...
It's like fly in a room, scream, writing on walls
Swear this clone been havin' a ball
Claimin' themselves just before last call
Tic-a-tic-a-toc tic-a-tic-a-toc
Clock strikes twelve, clock strikes one
Smoking gun put these fools on the run
I know it's not that simple, I know it's not that hard
Where's your goal

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Yeah na I mean
Yeah, I heard you man, yo, check, yo, yo

It's a conniption, fit when the microphones lit
I take it higher like a bird on a wire, retire the fire
I'll never cause I'm just moving on up
Choosin' to touch, the unseen, craving the clutch
The most inevitable, legible pyro-mania
Slaying the devil, and send him back to Transylvania
Strangely enough, I avoid that side of the ghetto
From my heavy metal, will settle the puppets like Jepeto
Damm, if mirrors where created by sand
Then I'm looking in the water for reflections of man
Understand the minds above time when it's empty
Emcee, tragically hip, ahead by a century, rrahh

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