

This thing on?  
Yeah baby, that's what I'm talking about

Rap and rock and roll

Ay, rise and shine!  
Post all-nighter eight o'clock, hangin' tough  
Vox AC 30 watt, crank it up  
Second-hand telecaster, pats on the back  
For the boys in the band, sup, yaho!  
Switch off for the side-gig slow down  
AT field round the band showdowns  
Wanna play like you shy like you so ain't the guy  
Can't hide forever boy

Listen well guys and gals  
Money fame fortune talent  
Ya can't dance around it  
They'll just tie you down  
Boys be ambitious (that's right)  
Like this old man  
Hey you with the bangs and the attitude  
Who's the one that 'cha bow-chika-wow-chika bowing down to?  
Down to?  
Down to?  
(Bow-chika-wow-chika-wow-chika-wow-chika-wow-chika-bow down to)  
But don't you get it twisted, you're the one that's in control!

Rockin' rockin' out, rap and rock and roll  
Strummin' that guitar to the rhythm that just won't stop, don't stop  
Let me see ya let it out  
Rest in peace to any doubt  
Keep rockin' rockin' out, rap and rock and roll

Alright so hold up, like what's the plan?  
Write a first-rate banger like I know we can  
In the worst case, hang around same shit underground  
Got a rep, not a crown, so what?  
You got somethin' to say? Ya better say it loud  
"You got a whack-ass sound" a little more profound please  
What'cha on, anon? It goes on and on  
An on and off switch, for opinions? Not by a long shot  
When you're hot, gotta take the heat  
Don't let it burn ya though because the streets demand ya stay tough  
With the make-up, glamour n' style  
You can fake you gangster a little while  
But see boys be ambitious  
Like this old man (okay)  
Get 'cha game face on, at the same rate?  
Gone real fast, make it last, no flash, better take that selfie  
Selfie  
Selfie  
Ayy  
You ain't gotta die on me, we gotta stay alive

Rockin' rockin' out, rap and rock and roll  
Even songs of love bring emotion that just won't stop, don't stop

She's "the girl", it might be love  
Seize her world and light it up  
By rockin' rockin' out, rap and rock and roll  
Break it down

So we don't wanna half-ass this, playin' to the masses  
Mark where your head is in, not where your past is  
Ay yo, where the throat medicine?  
Gimme gimme that pressure and apprehension  
Keep stressin' depressin' and leavin' 'em guessin'  
Under the weather? Disbelief suspension  
"Sorry guys, I do apologize, sick as hell, can't ya tell? That my voice just  
up and died"

(Huh?)

(Huh?)

(Huh?)

Huh?

(If you guys move another fucking livestream in the name of making good music, I ain't gonna let you hear the end of it!)

Get a grip, cut that shit baby (baby)

Baby (baby)

Baby (baby)

Baby (baby)

Baby (baby)

You ain't gotta die on me, we gotta stay alive

Rockin' rockin' out, rap and rock and roll  
Strummin' that guitar to the rhythm that just won't stop, don't stop  
Let me see ya let it out  
Rest in peace to any doubt  
Keep rockin' rockin' out, rap and rock and roll  
Rockin' rockin' out  
Rap and rock and roll (rap and rock and roll)  
Woah, wow, la-la-la-la-la  
Proving I won't die here, you ain't dying neither  
Music, rhyme, and fire: it's how we stay alive (wow!)

(You guys ready for the big time?)

Rap and rock and roll

Oo-wah!

Alright ladies, pack it up

See you next Tuesday