

Toxic - 1/2

Interprété par Crazy-Town.

"Toxic"

Catch a fire, fire it up.
Corrupt, stirring it up.
It's burning hot, drifting,
Hitting every slot,
With a drop kick, it's toxic.
Trouble, like your girl in a mosh pit.
I've lost it.
And that's the only way that we rock shit.
Banging heads and ripping threads.
If I wasn't rocking shows,
I'd be better off dead.
With a one, two.
One word can destroy your whole crew.
And that's toxic.

CHORUS:

Toxic, loud and obnoxious.
Crazy Town's toxic.
With that, rock your block
Shit.
Toxic, popping more lip.
We love to talk shit.
Rocking your block with that.
Straight out the block shit.
Toxic.

A Buddha, ballistic.
Blacklisted, twist of fate.
My vocal's fatal.
As naughty block concoctions
Rock your cradle.
I thought I'd wait 'til
The timing was right,
To ignite,
Cause people like me
We only come out at night.
I rock the main line
And party with fine bitches.
Which is a dirty job
But somebody's got to do it.
So, who's the crew with?
More hos than vivid.
Lyrics explicit.
So, fuck the critics.
We leave them hanging

Toxic - 2/2

Like INXS.

CHORUS

Toxic thresholds of
Colombian gold.
You can't roll how we roll.
We possess your soul
And push the panic.
Is it godly or satanic?
Toxic or organic?
Manic minds refined or frantic.
Just the way we planned it.
See, we be stomping around
The planet.
And we stand alone.
We infiltrate your chromosomes
No clone.
Our DNA has got a strain
Of its own.
And it's toxic.

CHORUS