

Hollywood babylon - 1/2

Interprété par Crazy-Town.

If you got an itch to catch some havoc.
There's mayhem in the plastic.
City of La La, I mean the land of holy Zsa Zsa
The wood is hot and you can spot the flocks
Of people like sheep, those with dreadlocks
To jocks with Reeboks, fleeing hard rocks
A la café, Bambatta flashy fashion.
Imagine crashing bashes with bitches
That be bad and wishing for the fame
And recognition.
They're on a mission for self, baby
We're like the twelve, my tribe is crazy deep.
We got the beats that are hot.
We're like clinique.
Foundation resonates when I speak.
And if by chance, you catch it
Then listen, the wisdom
Epic, open hitting, choking up.
You've done it now and woken up.
The giant scientist of hits
That make you jump like a lunatic
On pogo sticks, waving your fists.
So, if you're catching a fit.
I don't really know but you better scram,
Hurry in a double.

CHORUS:

It goes on
On and on and on
Hell raising Hollywood
Welcome to Babylon
On and on and on and on
The party don't stop 'til the
Mystery's gone.
I've seen it all, I'll see it again.
I shake a lot of hands
But I don't got a lot of friends.
It goes on. On and on and on.
Hell raising Hollywood,
Welcome to Babylon.

Live from the city of lights.
Sunny days and late nights.
Dope, designer drugs, porn stars
And bar fights.
I drop. Makes the bells rock.
I'm Mr. Shifty Shellshock

Hollywood babylon - 2/2

Call me the man of the hour
In the land of the lost.
Taking the money and the power.
CXT, we hold our own
All eyes on us.
Crazy rise rain like brimstone,
Kicking up dust.
I grab the mic with a firm hold
In a world of shattered goals,
Pot holes, broke folks and
Bank roll.
Pole position.
Daddy rolling, rolling causing Havoc.
So, ready set.
I'm more than set
Like Morissette, to Maverick
Got a, she's got to have it, habit.
Sick, I leave them stuck.
I'm getting high for a living,
Not giving a fuck.

CHORUS

I'm screaming out the call of the wild.
I'm speaking in tongues.
I am the child of the sun.
The power of one.
I beat the drums
Of the Crazy Town click.
It's the third eye sitting on the tip.
Of the pyramid flipped.
Now I see a little shotty,
Illuminatti front.
Dead bodies in my trunk.
Unraveling the source,
I travel into self.
You gauge my wage
And then you try to debate my wealth.
The consequences linger
And I'm fingering the perpetrators.
Hey yo, my nature was bred
On the cross fader.
It's the 7th house.
Armageddon trudger.
Ready for death,
It's the brimstone slugger.

CHORUS