

If you want more beats for your buck, there's no luck  
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Then there's no luck  
Then again if you came for drama then I can't understand  
Music critics, music critics  
Not afraid of a guy who'll tell you he's never been in a mix  
Been in a mix, been in a mix  
We're from the grassroots, so big up to out friends  
Every crew, every click and every posse  
Big up to all the heads not of hypocrisy

You're a transistor  
Lightning resistor, conducting to the mother star  
That's what you are

Renegade sound system, three eleven  
Renegade sound system, three eleven  
Renegade sound system, three eleven  
Renegade sound system, three eleven

Three eleven  
Brothers from another planet and here once again  
Automatic, automatic  
Quantum saints of the universe in a holographic  
Cosmic Remix, Cosmic Remix  
From the mysterious blue planet  
We can breathe anywhere  
Underwater, out in space and in L.A.  
Your polluted air's no problem for these homeys

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