

## Lúcio Self

Dan Bull

Let's take it from the top  
Wait for the place where the bass gonna drop  
(Ah ah)  
Let's take it from the top  
Wait for the place where the bass gonna drop  
Ay  
Let's take it from the top  
Wait for the place where the bass gonna drop  
Ay  
Let's take it from the top  
Wait for the place where the bass gonna drop  
(Ah)

Raver, straight out the favela  
Bringing a breakdown with the fader (yeah)  
Make soundwaves of countless flavours  
Wow, true musical taste synesthesia (whoa)  
Going to change up your vision of the same stuff  
'Til you're tingling with sensations of elation (oh)  
Exhilaration, admit it, the feeling is thrilling  
Fulfilling and chilling  
No wonder the kid on the stage is making a killing  
He's got millions, top billing  
So stop feeling sorry for yourself  
And start singing it:  
Ay, let's take it from the top  
Wait for the place where the bass gonna drop  
What, turn up the EDM  
Increase the speed, boost the BPM  
No middle of the road, no medium  
No stopping these flows 'til we see the end (oh)

One good thing about music  
When it hits you feel no pain  
One good thing about Lúcio's music  
Is it can make a play of the game  
One good thing about Lúcio's music  
Is it can make a play of the game  
One good thing about Lúcio's music  
Is it can make a play of the game  
We've heard music only makes existence richer  
Lúcio throws the switch  
Tones and notes composing us a picture  
And notes composing us a picture

All systems go, going to go the distance  
Going to give assistance, can I get a witness  
Firing on all pistons, pistols  
It's futile trying to put up a resistance (ah)  
Blowing up transistors  
Flicking the switch so damn quick, his trigger finger is blistered  
EQ flicking the frequency so frequently  
The beat and he could even conceivably  
Conceive a fetus, just so he or she  
Could feature in remix releases  
Oh Jesus, if it wasn't that egregious  
That lyric would have been prestigious

But I don't know where to draw the line  
True music knows no borderline  
So let me divulge a little thought of mine  
If you're bored of music, then you're bored of life

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Pile in, overpowering to anyone who can hear  
So hurry up, let the phonographic magic carry you  
Playing solo, Joe Satriani jamming on a strat  
Through a pedal with a fat 'wah', Sharia  
Taking the sound barrier, breaking it down, hell yeah  
Shaking the ground, while you were waiting around, dallying  
Now I hate to tell you, but you're making yourself embarrassing  
Without comparison  
So mate, sit down and have a think  
You good?

Put your headphones on  
Take it to the top  
Wait for the place where the bass gonna drop  
Peekaboo, beat going to boom, keep in the groove (uh)  
He going to move, sneak in the booth, speaking the truth  
Speeding the group, healing them too, feeling anew  
Revealing the true meaning of music and speaking of tunes  
You can stream this through the service you prefer  
'Cause you deserve it dude  
Perfect, woo

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We've heard music only makes existence richer  
Lúcio throws the switch  
Tones and notes composing us a picture  
And notes composing us a picture  
And notes composing us a picture  
And notes composing us a picture (whoah)

Take it to the top, top (take it to the top)  
Bass gonna drop, drop (bass gonna drop)  
Take it to the top, top (take it to the top)  
Bass gonna drop, drop (bass gonna drop)  
Take it to the top, top (take it to the top)  
Bass gonna drop, drop (bass gonna drop)  
Take it to the top, top (take it to the top)  
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