

Back to attack like mortal combat,
Knockin 'em flat with contact,
On site, (passing others by strong direction),
We must evade this infection,
Thousand foot, got my back to protection,
Strong in every never-been-down road,
We never been off of it, can't get enough of it,
I'm out-spoken, in case ya didn't notice,
I'm all about telling lost souls that need to know this,
My sound's more (rap than the crib),
Me, myself and my team rocks through the Ford,
Like a 7/11, all day all night,
Our God we boast hard,
On the reel,
Represent my King and my God,
Got to get it get it,
Don't forget it,
Got the (curves) of a low B,
If ya let it,
That's the sound that's mean, extreme,
You trip with me and my team,
I'll show you what I mean.

I've been waiting so long,
To get where I'm going,
In the sunshine of Your love.

We back to bring it, and got the whole town swinging,
Off the vibes that'll make you realize when you listen to the,
We obviously not the record best,
You can give it days more than anyone waits to play it,
On this microphone I wanna make known,
There ain't nothing but weirdness in this vocal tone,
In the kid's car in the stereo,
Or in ya CD players, tape deck and home stereo,
Break down the system,
I shot once but I missed 'em,
You think I'm a freak, but you never listen,
You want plastic Thousand Foot so fast,
That Krutch the new made-for-plastic we everlasting,
So I turn the volume up to ten again,
Just to let 'em know,
We'll never let 'em in,
Break the mold when I explode into your eardrum,
If you want it come and get some.

I've been waiting so long,
To get where I'm going,
In the sunshine of Your love.