

# Fight! Fight! Fight!

Watsky

Verse 1 [Watsky]

Spun a web of lies, took notes from Charlotte  
Throw a red herring, paint the White House scarlet  
Pennsylvania Ave was the last red carpet  
Then Bush relapsed like a rehab starlet  
I feel carsick  
Stop the Paris Hilton carousel  
Hot as hell and smells like kerosene and caramel  
America's flaring and we're carrying parasols  
Paranoid of terror cells, parents scared of aerosols  
Said if you care at all, fight for the ones who fall  
Fight for the ones who can't, fight for the one for the all  
And fight for the ones who rep, and fight for the one percent  
At the bottom against the one-two-one-two step for the ones who come correct  
I don't wanna sit back with a Big Mac and a rack of natty ice  
Six pack on my lap, skinemax on blast, sticking to the facts of life (right)  
Said if you're taller better follow who you're steppin' on  
Cause I'll be brawling like the fightin' Irish leprechaun

[Hook- "Till I Collapse," Eminem]

Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out  
Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth  
Till the smoke clears out - am I high? Perhaps  
I'mma rip this shit till my bone collapse  
Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out  
Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth  
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[Verse 2: Dahlak Brathwaite]

Since I was little I've been fiddling with the riddle  
Focus like folks addicted to Ritalin craftin' it with no chisel  
You soft as Malcolm in the middle  
I'm strong as the Nation of Islam with Malcolm in the middle  
Uh Izza, Uh Izza, can you save them  
Playful like skittles or that little minstrel delicious was kissing like a s  
witch  
Switch it up like a schizo  
Pretty motherfucker would get ugly like gizmo  
It's okay maybe it's not your day  
I'm a winner couldn't even get beat by Dr. Dre  
I couldn't even get beat if I was your slave (yay)  
I got (?)  
My designer clothes look like (?)  
Angry like sin case thoughts once his chains unlocked  
And this is why I'm hot  
But not in that MIMS sort of way  
More like you better get him sort of way  
Cause until I kill Bill he won't put his sort of way  
Been a professor like you got your tenure today  
Got my vendetta to settle I ain't settlin' for close  
When it comes to wantin' change I'm as unsettled as Mos  
Spittin' live from the boondocks  
With my boombox  
Sittin' on my soap box  
Spittin' got my folks locked  
They patiently waiting for me to give em' some of freedom fighter

Kind like Huey Freeman of 21

[Hook]

Verse 3 [Watsky]

I don't need a chart to see that I look hard to me  
There's no Chardonay pumping through my arteries  
And my heart'll say I should take the harder way  
If I got a part to play, I won't make it Bartleby  
At least this Starter T is feeling like an armor piece  
It's guarding me like it's righteous artistry  
So far to lead us to inagaddadavida  
To seeking god in your freedom  
To God I gotta lead a vida bonita  
Cause see to lead a beautiful life  
Is more than eating, sleeping, and meeting suitable wife  
You gotta fight  
While luda's throwing bows in A-town  
I'll be throwing blows like little children on the playground  
You should know the bay, we're seeming sorta tame  
But we can go insane  
And if you're on lower plane like when a boeing lands  
My fist detaches at the wrist, so I'll be throwing hands

[Hook]