

311, Misdirected Hostility

Now I'm not the type to just act like I know
Puttin' on an angle, puttin' on a show
Speaking on nothing makes you a stunt
I'll tell you right here, yo I won't front
I cross the T's and skip non-legitimacies
Or else, please
I cannot handle all the negative vibe merchants
Is that all you have in you, perchance?
So much angst and pain it's so wack
You should take a tip from the one [[Frank Black]]
Play some pachinko, play some parcheesi
'Cuz all the angst shit is just cheesy

It's the 311 bliss, too smooth for pissed
Lyrics talkin' loud again, yeah we are the party men
Cosmetics that you fretted, we sport the high aesthetic
Here go rap kickin' the dazzled crazy mathematic
I am what I am, mix some old school jams
Onto tape 'cuz the party's in the crates I scan
Step into the realm, whatcha gonna do?
Give the party people something funky to listen to

Misdirected hostility (that's what you got, see)
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Bodyrock, pop and lock, here's an example
Boulevard chrome beats always ampin' your temple
Punks get got in the age of hip hop
It's just begun like stolen bikes on the blacktop
Born to sing a lyric immaculately conceived
No strain in your game if your game is respected
Come as you are, radio star
Drown out the hatred with a rhyme and a little guitar

Dispatched when rap shattered, the glass of radio access
May we turn some soul on their rhythmless dances?
You know the time and they'll know the scoop
They'll say it was a rhyme and a beat of a rap group

Your rhymes have been outmoded
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Your rhymes have been outmoded so just quit your bellyachin'
You're saying that you're tortured, give me a fuckin' break and
Maybe take out the source of your disparin'
What do I mean? Kick the fuckin' heroin
I speak from experience, because I didn't see clearly once
Acting like a dunce
In 1989 I was cocaine and Jim Beam
But now it's '95 and I'm ginseng

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