

Barcode

Rap is the opiate of the masses
You're smokin' it when you shake your asses
In case of emergency, break your glasses
And run around blind as I play with matches
I'm burnin' down the house – talkin' heads
Asphyxiate, now they're droppin' dead
Some try to play possum instead
And stay home safe in their coffin beds

Rap is the opiate of the masses
You're smokin' it when you shake your asses
And act inappropriate, or lay back
And play this track to stay distracted
I'm burnin' down the house – don't panic
Obviously this heat is volcanic
But who knows whether or not it's authentic?
Forget about that and dance god dammit

When I scan the crowd like a barcode
And I see your eyes sparkle
Like diamonds hiding in charcoal
That's when I start to go berserko...

I'm trapped underground like I'm buried alive
But I wanna get it crunk like Mary J. Blige
And make the vibe straight go berserk
But I can't get it crunk; I'm a Northerner
Top 40 got me feelin' like a foreigner
It's all four-letter words and a formula
When the chorus comes, better warm it up
Like Kris-Kross, and we dress like clowns
'Cause it's hiphop, and we come to bounce
So I didn't write this for the underground
Well I did, but then I had to dumb it down
And rap without a brain, just lungs and sound
To make the crowd go insane, and jump around
Like House of Pain, and there's no comin' down
So everybody dive in the funk and drown
Your ability to distinguish between
Authentic and mainstream like you're still a teen
We all feel the need to act the Philistine
When the DJ drops the beat guillotine
And brings in the bass-line from "Billy Jean"
And it may seem like I'm askin' "please

Forget about your critical faculties”
But that’s just the way that it has to be
When you work in a hiphop factory

When I scan the crowd like a barcode
And I see your eyes sparkle
Like diamonds hiding in charcoal
That’s when I start to go berzerko...

Girls:

All I wanna do is go to
The club and get loaded and go
Home at like four in the mornin’
With my friends
Dancin’ and laughin’ and havin’
The times of our lives and never
Havin’ anything hassle us
Ever again

I love real hiphop like Posdanous
Or Black Thought from the Roots y’all, that’s the truth
But rap today is all mass-produced
It’s like capital gain is the absolute
I’m tryin’ to capture the taste of the passion fruit
Like back in the day on the avenue
Before rap music was ever designed
Like fast food for the assembly line
I’m goin’ back to the groove of like ’79
I wanna put that vibe in a jam and capture it
Standardize it and manufacture it
And stand aside as my brand is blasted
From dance clubs to instant classic
Now throw up your hands like fans of Jurassic
Five, feelin’ alive and fantastic
And that’s why this vibe is handcrafted
I can’t mask it, I’m ready to blow
My gasket, I guess it’s inevitable
When the drums and the melody comes, just let it go
Be sensible: hey, you never know
Maybe revolution is preventable
And dance music is the antidote
So when your sanity reaches the end of its rope
You can blow off steam on the dance flo’

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