

# Carry It (feat. RZA, Raekwon, Tom Morello)

Travis Barker

My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
Ton, son, carry it, ton, son, carry it Check his vital signs, strike his vital nerve  
Threw a viral curve, the rhyme tempest  
Like lightning bolts being thrown down from Mt. Olympus  
Beat on your head like a Travis Barker cymbal, crash I splash beyond measurements  
I tour you back to a cast, arrest your development  
Overthrow your whole settlement, this is beat embellishment  
Burn the house, the one Hansel and Gretel went Unorthodox fly rhyming fox  
Wu Killa Bee appear on your body like the pox  
Keep rivalries like Yankees and the Red Sox  
I'd rather see it in the ballpark, then see it on the block, nigga  
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
Chocolate bunny on the run, catching Marriott  
Sword in my hand, watch me parry it  
The weight of the truth, can any man carry it? My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
Ton, son, carry it, ton, son, carry it Feel the wrath of a soldier when his wings is up  
We like the air force, generals with guns when rainy up  
Take it from leers, the stadium, the fans, the beers  
Titty shots from the bitches in the stands, we clear? But we pop guns, live so wild, it's like  
banging a guitar  
On your face, all jacked in your mouth  
See the medals that I wear, it's honor, from the hood to Bahamas  
Back to Ghana, New York and Compton  
All my peoples get wilder than a mosh pit  
Roll even bigger, this is getting me riled  
Tattoos, I'm a destiny child, I'm a floss  
I'm a real muthafucka, stop stressing me out 'Cause I play hard, go hard, smoke bongs, this is  
the most strong  
Collaboration, me, Trav' and Ra'  
Old engines, we gon' respect 'em, drop joints and perfect 'em  
Chef is the Jon Bon and Led Zeppelin My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
Ton, son, carry it, ton, son, carry it This is deadly dark dangerous, Wu-Tang slanderous  
Mosh pit bashing, watch 'em all bang to this  
Energy, energy, energy, energy  
Buzz Lightyear, boy, from here to infinity Two guns on my side like Yosemite  
You sick of that weak bullshit, here's the remedy

Jack Daniel Tennessee, mixed with the Hennessy  
Turn into a Chuck D, boy, Public Enemy Or Flavor Flav, Johnny Depp, Wild Tennessee  
Poetical Emily Dickerson with the similes  
Metaphor whore, I puzzle like the jigsaw  
You strip like the weak more, I'll be the sycamore My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
Chocolate bunny on the run, catching Marriott  
Sword in my hand, watch me bust and parry it  
The weight of the truth, can any man carry it? My uzi weigh a ton, son, carry it  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>