

# 999, Feelin' Alright With The Crew

Time out the boys are rarin' to go  
Tonight it's gonna be a hell of a show  
You think you've got something to prove  
Just wait see who makes the first move  
Your boots fit the occasion tonight  
Tank up everything's going just right now

Feelin' alright with the crew  
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I've got my blood in my hair  
And I want to smash you in the face so  
What's the point in all this blood and confusion

Don't blink why this stupid battle  
A curse it aggravates the metal  
Outburst ain't it ever gonna settle down next time  
I'm gonna even the score  
You find that they'll be back for more

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