Risin up, back on the street Did my time, took my chances Don't lose your grip on the dreams of the past You must fight just to keep them alive

It's the neck of the donkey, it's the throat of the ass, Staying strong and a little bit grumpy And the neck of the donkey links his body and head Not the ears, not the hooves, just the neeeeeeck of the donkey!

Feeling my oats, and feeding oats to my burro So tough he could walk through an inferno But so stubborn that he simply won't go Sticks his neck out for no one to survive

It's the neck of the donkey, it's scruff of the mule It's the outer throat area of the donkey And the last-known survivor stalks his prey in the night Oops, wrong lyrics, I meant to say neeeeeck of the donkey!

Hey hey a hippy hippy hop

Your neighborhood walrus just can't be stopped Straight outta Liverpool call me the Titanic But this MC made it both sides of the Atlantic I'm rockin and a rappin with my friends in survivor But once I got the mic baby i'm the car's driver! I'm Rocky balboa, back on the ropes My rhymes will pop back up and KO a bloke Adrian Adrian can you hear me? Rocky went the distance with Apollo Creed Clubber Lang fights as dirty as Oliver North So Rocky get your shorts to the Jersey shore If you're gonna "get back" that left hook barrage You and Creed gotta sprint thru a training montage Nothing to kill or die for till you're in the ring And Clubbers coming at you wearing all that bling Hey go easy on Stallone, Mr T He useta train in a freezer with a bag madea beef Rocky raccoon I want to hold your hand High up in the air once you're the champ Right hooks a silver hammer like my homie Maxwell Ring Clubber's head like the Liberty bell Don't let me down ... my man Rocky Love ain't all you need, you need the neck of the donkey

It's the neck of the donkey, it's the throat of the ass, It's the N-E-C-K of the donkey We're a band called Survivor and we just wrote a song And the name of that song is the neeeeeck of the donkey.