

Son Of Tha Culture Clash

Urban Dance Squad

Sick 'n tired bein' pushed around
tagged around, crapped 'n flacked around
know it sounds childish
wax girdle globe - still neglected
what is played and said people distracted
conservative alternative radio backed it
black radio takes it though no matter ones veto
a big question mark 'till it fades to go

Born, created, shaped in dilemma
fragments, segments from tha culture hammer
I stammer, so many times explain, define
line to line, rhyme to rhyme
educated fools tool a pen to push
my sounds examined - scepticism, boohs
fixated hated my crowd, heterogeneous
'cos heat flow from tha genius

An urban whisper gets a full pop scream
overrated while debated by tha pop scene
my music is a symbol of a jigsaw, see
can't help tha fact to be born in tha mid sixties

I'm just what I am, don't call me tha retro man
I'm tha son of tha culture clash
son of tha culture clash