

# Show Off

Bru-C

Yo  
Bru-c  
Show off  
One take  
Yeah

See you could be in the wrong place at the wrong time  
And get your throat slit with a long knife  
Its a crazy world full up of gob shites and wrong rights  
Seems like a long life  
Trapped inside my mortal frame  
Wondering if when my bodies rotting will my thoughts remain  
But who cares?

Grab your toast and teeth, throw on your best shirt  
Step into your 9 - 5 so you can get your rents worth  
Paint the streets brown and white so you can get that fresh Merc  
But is the money worth ruling your whole like if you get merked  
They say life's a bitch so it will get chirps  
Approach it with a cheeky smile some, flowers and a fresh shirt  
Convinced that you're the man about the land and you'll impress her  
If you really believe in what you preach then you will get hurt  
Not tryna live my life asking myself why I didn't go for it  
Would you rather be working for the business or be owning it?

Feels like its about time I started focusing been here 23 years  
Feels like I ain't got shit to show for it, except  
Tie dies, a wild mind and some fresh kicks  
Most days seem to be dead shit  
Can't seem to capture the best bit  
Say usually on the depressed tip  
Feel like I deserve more  
I'm tryna elevate the lift stuck on the first floor  
Of this, six billion story tower of life  
Where some will, rise to the top  
And some will cower and die  
Walk in the footsteps of the devil  
Or in the shadow of Christ  
Or make your, own path to follow and allow all the hype

Power of mind is essential  
Express my thoughts on instrumentals  
Stabbing through my own heart with a pencil  
The beat matches the blood pulse in my temple  
We go together like cats drinking kestrel  
Like bad teeth to a dental practice  
Ahead of rapping I'm levels passing  
Try and test my language  
Your getting flattened like you stepped in traffic  
Still I came off the beef like leather jackets  
'Nuff man got a chip upon the shoulder but they never back it

Heh, it's that boy from the little town  
Man used to take me for a clown but they listen now  
I'm gonna bring it to the boil while you simmer down  
Catch me in the studio developing a bigger sound  
Chillin' with the clouds

I'm gradually lifting  
I've been grafting and spitting  
No relaxing or chilling  
And if they say that sleep is the cousin of death  
Being alive must be the cousin of actually living

Fam, it's madness in Britain  
They push web pages to our eyes  
And now the media is making the divide  
And there's invisible planes leaving trails in the sky  
And where the homeless take shelter they  
Replace the floor with spikes  
What the fuck's the world coming to?  
Blatantly a mockery  
2015, still over half the world's in poverty  
And the only thing that people prey for, is the lottery  
Imagine spending that cash on building something quality

And at school they try and treat you like a div  
They only teach you how to work  
Nah they don't teach you how to live  
They don't teach you no respect  
And they don't teach you how to give  
They teach you how to get a job become a slave  
And then they kick you out  
Leaving misbehavior's and slower students to live and die  
Get a job, hit the catch  
Sell a [?], Flip a [?]  
Work a job you fucking hate or end up feeling prison bound  
Shit, the way were forced to live has got me feeling down  
But still I do what I gotta do

Gotta live my life to the fullest Imma pop the roof  
There's no hope, I don't vote, and I don't watch the news  
Even if I tried to make a difference it would not improve  
How selfish is that  
I see my ignorance as bliss  
Don't get it twisted  
I'm a hypocrite not an idiot  
A hypocrite, all alone with my views  
Looking, or the mother fucker that moans  
Still I do nothing

That nice yeah?