

Acknowledge

Dan Bull

I am a bit of a difficult hypocritical prick
Who'll always get into a pickle, but the sins I commit
Are all above board; this is for everyone I've got love for
Who helped me up through the window by the shut doors
Pulled strings, untangled the web, and cut cords
And if you didn't assist this, then up yours
My business is to give hits to kids
That have been amiss from the industry hit list
This flow's for those who were bullied in school
You'll grow to show those tools that they don't rule
This is for those who are bullies in school
You'll realise you can be nice and fully cool
Some of us look back at that as the worst days
Others still suffer that exact crap in the workplace
From virgins that never had a first date
To unwanted babies that never had a birthday
This is for single moms, working three jobs
To keep your sprog in the Reeboks that he wants
This rap's for single dads, fighting to see their kids
Crying, thinking if they even understand he exists

I've set the controls for the heart and the soul
Of those whose woes have hardly been told
Too many hearts of gold are treated like pyrite
So it's high time I tried to set this bias right
Feeling low? My lines'll leave your hopes high as kites
Incite delight like a cherry bright sky at night
This vocal's for locals who are frightened in their neighbourhood
Refrain from leaving home at night; afraid of violent raping muggers
For the same buggers doing crime to pay for drugs
It never meant to end this way, you're stuck; pain sucks
Change looks like something that'll never happen
But if I let that thinking win, I'd never end up rapping
For those in prison, those who did and those who didn't
The victims that they did it to and those who witnessed it
For those who overcome their hopeless bitterness to show forgiveness
Whether you do or don't is no-one's business
For those who wish to string them up until they know their miseries
Life's a winding hillside road and the slope is slippery
For the people upon the picket lines
Miners who down their pick and strike
Strive for a different life
For the silent majority,
Tightening your waistline to prop up an economy
You probably hadn't a problem with til the bottom dropped off of it
But now you're picking up the tab and haven't got a tip

This is for the elderly, sitting in their chairs alone
Or bedridden in a bug ridden nursing home
A verse devoted to you, and who you truly are
The same you that you've ever been, I've seen you shoot for the stars
But gravity ravages things savagely
So let my lyrics lift your spirits up from incapacity
'Cause I'm the captain of this flagship actually
And you're a VIP invited to fly the galaxy with me
This is for the carers, looking after another
I understand you want to be more than just a mother

How can you have a lover, or any other life
If you couldn't find someone else to come and grab the cover?
Changing a duvet's much easier with two, hey?
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday
For those stuck at home, chronic illness, health problems
A lot of guilt makes you want to kill yourself often
What little help I can offer to soften the blow?
Can't invent anything off of the top of the dome
But you've not been forgotten and I just want you to know
Wherever you are, my flow will boldly go
I swear by the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost
Jehovah, Allah, Muhammad, whoever holds the most
Control over the souls of the unappreciated
It will keep ebbing away every day that people play this shit

I try to recognise
Those who've been left aside
Come aboard my enterprise, and boldly
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Those who've been left aside
Come aboard my enterprise, and boldly