

Angles

Dan Le Sac vs Scroobius Pip

Things in life aren't always quite what they seem,
There's more than one given angle to any one given scene.
So bear that in mind next time you try to intervene
On any one given angle
To any one given scene.

My name's Mark, I go to Uni and College,
Don't socialise that much,
I just revise and build knowledge.
At times I find that I become a virtual recluse
And let my belt of interaction hang decisively loose.
But I came here to learn, that's the life that I choose
And if people think I'm boring then they can bring their abuse.
See, a lot of people think I'm boring and say that maybe
I'm a weirdo and maybe I'm gay but that's cool,
'Cause when I get a good job and good pay
I'll get a house for just my brother and me some day.
That's the reason I'm here,
Just to build for my future.
If it means better grades I'll even sleep with my tutor.

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My name's Paul,
I've been a guard for six months and the shop that I guard is better
Than most dumps and I like it here, my boss is a pro,
He's taught me tricks of the trade other guards wouldn't know.
He's taught me in this game there's some rules you gotta bend
And not to forget these thieving pricks ain't your friends and
Appearance is key there's a message to send and above all it's
Your fellow guards to defend.
Today my boss was stabbed by some low-life psycho,
He's in hospital now so every night that's where I go,
He's on the brink but he's showing no fear though 'cause if he dies there,
He'll be dying a hero.

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My name's Keith, I ain't so much a racist.
But if one reached out their hand I'd decline their embrace.
I work security in a shop, in charge of 5 other guards,
I got all their respect 'cause I run this shit hard.
I nicked one kid today, didn't show enough respect and attention.
I grabbed him by his neck as my form of redemption.
Didn't do no harm, just made sure that it hurt,
It ain't going by the book but believe me it works.
Then I sent him on his way, this little shit knows the score now.
I saw a little bit of fear, he won't darken my door now.
That's what I do, stop these kids from decline, do what their parents won't
do.
Put down some boundaries and lines.

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My name's Billy. I've been beaten since I was three,
Mum died when I was born and Dad takes it out on me.
He ain't a bad man, He just gets drunk and feels alone,
I tend to go for walks and hope he's asleep when I get home.
Don't like to talk about it though. As I said, it ain't his fault,
It only happens when he's drunk as a last resort.
Wanted to get him a gift, to show my support,
But had no money and I stole and I guess I got caught.
At times like that, I tend to switch of my mind,
Stare blankly into space and let what happens unwind.
I seemed to anger this guard, he put his hands around my neck,
He said it's time for me to learn some manners and respect.
It hurt. But I've had worse before,
It made me realise life is just a series of wars.
I went straight home that day and locked the bathroom door.
Took a blade to both wrists, they won't hurt me no more.

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My name's Mark and today I was told my brother is dead.
I returned home from university, tears on his bed.
On his pillow I found his suicide note and read
What had happened that day and what had fucked up his head!
The anger I felt there are no words to express,
I filled with so much rage there is no way to digest.
I grabbed a knife, I went to town, it was time to regress.
Back to an eye for an eye, last breath for last breath.
I went straight up to the counter,
I said I'd like to speak to the guard
Who nicked my brother on Tuesday of this week.
As the girl knocked on the door and disappeared out of sight,
I put my hand in my pocket, gripped the knife tight.
This was it, as she pointed me out to the guard,
My hand began to shake I held the knife so hard.
As he approached me, there was nothing to say.
I stabbed that Fucker eight times, before they could take me away.

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