

Inert Explosions

Dan Le Sac vs Scroobius Pip

When I spit, intensity intensifies,
My thoughts contort inside,
The thought behind my eyes are bought in simple rhymes
The rest are galvanised, ingested and applied,
The waste then ostracised, potential realised.

Not a potential to speak as speaking works,
But a potential of those very words then by the listener heard,
These words, that in my head, once meant nothing at all
Now flow with the full force of a waterfall
And that's enough force to break the death star,
Then I gotta pause, and take a breath.

That's better now, let's put some words together,
Put that letter with this letter till we get a better set of words,
A sentence, or maybe even a verse,
That we can write and rehearse, and then recite till it hurts,
Pack it tight till it bursts, if it feels right then it works,
A need to try this in verse, leaving the riot inert.

(Frozen) Frozen in a different time
(Chosen) Chosen as a vessel for this stringent rhyme
(Supposing) Supposing we all have these things inside
(Explosion) An explosion's all you need to make this rhyme benign

[Chorus:]
As I lay rhymes on this beat my
Pen-shaped sword cuts deep this sheet and
If it cuts too deep to take I
Pray the Lord my pen won't break. [x2]

This internal spontaneous combustion engine,
This evil grandiose, eruption pending,
Inside all of us, comatose and hibernating,
Until you overthrow the demon at the gate that's waiting,
And when you do, it all just flows through,
The roads have no queues, no one can slow you,
It's bright, there's no hue, the sights are in view,
It's tight and it's true, each line feels so new.

You sit down and write, write, write right now
On your laptop type, type, type now
Everything feels right, right, right now
And you won't stop and you don't stop [x2]

[Spoken:]
How're you gonna get lost inside a place that you know better than
Any other person in the world, it ain't clever man?
And what was it that made you get stuck in this riddle?
Before you answer, sip the question a little.

[Chorus:]
As I lay rhymes on this beat my
Pen-shaped sword cuts deep this sheet and
If it cuts too deep to take I
Pray the Lord my pen won't break. [x4]