

# Sick Tonight

Dan Le Sac vs Scroobius Pip

I feel sick tonight,  
Something in my stomach ain't sitting right,  
But I've got to overcome it, keep spitting tight,  
I've gotta overcome it, keep spitting tight, keep spitting tight,

I feel sick tonight,  
Ring the bell, throw in the towel; I ain't fit to fight,  
I'm in hell; I don't know how I can hit this height,  
But I gotta overcome it, keep spitting tight, keep spitting tight,

Trick the switch and get my brain to begin again,  
Adrenalin and Benalin will get the cerebellum in,  
A state to deliver lines timed to be the medicine,  
Lose my breath, they're Ventolin, lose an arm, then rent a limb,

Choose to not present them in lies but still remembering,  
I am not am not a veteran; I do not know everything,  
Hide behind this pseudonym, I do not presume to win,  
Write lines till I feel true to them, decided by the mood I'm in,

So I serve up words naked, never in sugar coats,  
And I write more quotes than a fucking big book of quotes,

That's that, straight fact,  
When it's down on the track you can't take it back,  
And if the crowd don't react or get on ya back,  
Then you've failed and you just have to live with that,

I remember when I was a kid 'n' that,  
Way before I found beards and caps,  
Pencils came with erasers that,  
Could erase your mistakes erase, retract,

But in the real world things just ain't that easy,  
You can't take back your mistakes so freely,  
You gotta take them in think about them deeply,  
Not ignore them and just move on discreetly,

They say Jesus died for somebody's sins but God knows he didn't die for mine  
,  
Coz I'll stand accountable for my own damn sins each and every time,

And if my sins are too great to be accepted in the circles which I strive,  
Then I'll go right ahead and live a lone lush life in some small dive,

I feel sick tonight,  
I feel sick tonight,  
I feel sick tonight,  
I feel sick... tonight,

My head hurts,  
From running head first,  
Into another said verse,  
(on a subject that ain't easy to talk about)

It gets worse,  
Feels like my legs burst,

I swear I feel cursed,  
(get up; if you feel the strain you just walk it out)

Because we live a lie for a lie and then truth for truth,  
But lies can be sly and the truth aloof,  
And it seems that lies can disguise and dupe the youth,  
So we gotta try to define what suits as proof,

Back on track now quick to react now,  
If the beats change then my flow will adapt how,  
Ever it has to do so break up words like letter cubes thrown,  
Around the room without a care,  
Stretch out letters when there's space to spare,  
How can you not love this language?  
It's beauty and pain and relentless anguish,  
Each twist and turn that you're controlling,  
Taste each verb as off ya tongue it's rolling,  
Nothing is more entertaining,  
Than fuckin' with words and their arrangement,  
Every syllable can rhyme,  
If you will afford the time,  
But now I'll leave it there alright,  
And simply declare,

I feel sick tonight.

I feel sick tonight.