

Front Line

Drapht

Pushing your luck (whoa!) treading on thin ice
Don't know how to play the game, then why roll the dice?
My battle tactics I kept locked in a chest
The right time to strike is your one wrong step
Classed a pest by the eye of society
Sun goes down, appears Drapht almighty
Sight me, unlikely, a shadow in the night
Leave a trail of fat cap chrome that shines in the night
Aggressive appetite for destruction
Bombing or busting, won't be brought down by your suction
Number one function, I illuminate the moment
Uncontrollable damage unleashed on opponents
Like anacondas, wrapping/rapping tight and deadly
Stunned, left breathless by more class than Bentleys
This deranged frenzy feeds off a soul
Rocking more heads than medieval catapults
Necks jolt, led by S-B-X cult
The rest bolt from text that burns quicker than volts
Your fault, for even thinking you can step
Not saying we're the best but don't call us nothing less

I live my life on credit, spend my cash before I get it
It's true because I said it, in the paper I had read it
Now it's all lies, open your mind's eyes
See the disguise of people living their lives through possessions
And I, found wealth and it's written on this track
I take what I want from Hip Hop and give it right back
A true player and I'm always on the Hunt
And that's the reason why I wrote the song 'I'm a Cunt'
I'm out the front taking pictures of pretty girls
I'd like to travel the world and see the banners unfurled
Of Hip Hop, and its cultural diversity
I stay to the walls of beats like textbooks to universities
A professor, an obsessor, don't accept nothing less
From the West, but the best of Syllabolix unrest
The quest, the text is through with making fans
I just want the shit out there before the world ends

[Drapht:] The front line, where battles are first met
[Hunter:] Explosive text dropped on swirling heads
[Dazastah:] S-B-X, the platoon from the West
[Layla:] Skills progress as we demolish the best

The notes and keys of this mad melody
Unlock the secrets of Dazastah's wizardry
Spawned from a single idea
The S-B-X germs spread a disease called fear
Starting out maggot, we feed off this shit
Buzzing proteges fly under my wings
Syllabolix drop like paratroopers
All armed with a mouth like bazookas
Heavy artillery, don't take us lightly
The soles of our shoes are landmines see?
Cunts, join us or perish
On this Aus' Hip Hop voyage the journey is endless
Walk through hell and swim through lava
The nights get cold and the days get darker

Extreme conditions, built to last
My problem is you won't hear me have the final laugh

I Hunt for Dazastahs and perfect my Draphts
I force tasks on myself and stay true to the art
We sharp lines like darts, I hit red every time
And got threads through my eyes so I joined the front line
A fanatic warhead eager to campaign
And what I'm believing in today is your fall of fame
To be frank, you were just singing in the rain
In gutter as you shatter as I soak up the hand shapes
A hurricane, I sweep cunts off their feet
Not with fuss but with a gust as powerful as this beat
You got no choice but to remember me
With a giant rejection, Jack can go FUCK his beans
I stalk instrumentals like tomcats on heat
Then pull my thoughts in like open doors on submarines
You come to see the techniques of the West
A performance barrier that keeps the crowds pressed