

## 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