

# In My Town

Drapht

In my town every butcher is the Sausage King  
Every meat pie is award winnin'  
But every win [?]  
Come passe with all your accolades on mass within the massive  
I mean, yikes, mate, [?] sentimental [?]  
Better settle, petal, leavin' all your crusts, but you still barely ate  
Ego on a sandstorm, whippin' off [?] slippers  
They're ruby red, doom and gloom broadcast in full effect, though  
Started feelin' like it wasn't earnt to rep on  
Like awards I didn't ask for was summarisin' my workflow  
Like years that hammered the words home, couldn't unclip the nerd bros  
The herd coach, the old ropes to the new kids, say they so straight, but the  
y don't though  
This place for that new dope every new day  
Till it's old hat by the next week and a trend catch in the far east  
In the right coast and it's a no go 'cause it's too numb, but you wave hands  
"Look at me glow", till your style tired in your own eyes and your fire ceas  
e  
Tongue callous stop the speak of peace, you really mean it, geeze?  
Haven't seen you once outside of meet and greets with slimy Pete  
Gettin' your brand in action, fandom traction fluffin'  
How's that album bufferin'? Pixelated as fuck

We're few and far between and muffled by the leaders  
Who stay winnin'  
Coloured by the freedom and the features, the people in the bleachers  
Who pay to see it  
What they don't see is [?], the paperwork we're turfin'  
And the panickin'  
All the peasantries are shovelled out, yeah  
Yeah, they're shovelled out

See in my town  
Everyone nods and smiles through a set of clenched teeth (Yep)  
No patience in my West Wing, whole scene full of wrestlin'  
Hulk Hogans and Ric Flairs, fake savages and hitmen  
Fake nice to be gifted like kids writin' up a wishlist  
But Father Christmas ain't me, you're Nelson when accosting  
You only hit me when you want things and a free ride in the bus lane  
Put your hand down, ain't a handout, been ripped off like a Band-Aid  
They take my blood, sweat, tears, put it in a frame, it's theirs now  
You only cared about the fame and the money in the bank, bang, bang, bang  
'Nother knife in the back, triflin' act, all just a fun of big black  
Ex machina [?], park in the back, try find a knife sharper than Jack  
Ripper's but you'll find it hard to extract, heart in my chest, heart full o  
f gold  
Half of them know, half of them don't, let's just pass by like some  
Ships in the night, stick to my lane, like I had graffiti on my mind  
See me on the rise, don't hit my line, always climb Himalayas by myself  
There's no bluff, whole lotta heart with the cards I was dealt

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