

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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