

My mecca of motivation is facing destruction.
Develop growing hatred, the face of seduction.
My patience erupted, now my liberation's abducted,
living through this name I've constructed.
Not paid, so reluctant. Sucked into darkness.
A place where I couldn't give a fuck if your heart's with us.
Half your love doesn't even compare
to the energy I get from an enemy's stare.
Is anyone there? I'm short of replies.
I'm starved with nothing to feed off in this Lord of the Flies.
I'm cornered by tribes of doubt without an escape.
I'm screaming and shouting louder to get out of this place.
Looking out on the space, thinking, "How the fuck did this happen?"
I thought I would've kept on rapping till my lungs are collapsing,
but I'm lacking all inspiration, racking my brain.
I want it to be just like how they had it back in the day.

Stuck in the timeless thought.
Brought up to think my dreams are made
from the future, but of course suckers were wrong.
As I pulling the bong bubble,
my thought's on a course inspired from a song.
Cos everything I think of stems from the past.
Learn from my idols not from a paid teacher in class.
My heroes weren't rock stars or sport celebrities.
The truth'd be, I look up to my friends and family.
I'm thanking everyone who gave me a chance,
who gave me a hand, when my head was stuck in the sand
To my Mum and my Dad, for their eternal love.
My brothers, cousins, uncles, aunties and my little godson.
You're the reason and drive, why I put up with these critics.
Take the disses and see very low financial figures.
I'm saying, "Thanks mate and your family, without you,
I probably hang on the streets with the bong crew."

Deep in inertia (Stuck in the cold)
last asleep, but the first up, (Taking it's toll)
but we keep moving further. (We'll never fold)
We just roll and we roll and we roll and we roll.

Never gonna quit this biz, it's too far gone.
I walk the monumental step like my name was Neil Armstrong.
One giant leap for mankind, nothing major.
Syllabolik, historically I find a later.
It's time for the peeps now.
I feel this deep down, echoing through your soul
now feel the rebound piercing your heart,
now open your eyes, and light, your like near-death
when you're showing the lie.
Cos I spitting these lessons of the Stairway to Heaven.
So, the gods can hear my call, when I'm no longer present.
I got a pension for dramatics, but never mistake my lyrics.
Be the cogs turning that will instigate change.
Every phrase, every verse, every word, every sound,
every little bit of shit that's coming out my mouth
so get on down kid.
Yeah, Drapht, Downsyde, Layla.

Singing Da da da da.

The days, we're all getting older.
The nights, it's all getting colder.
I need a shoulder to cry on.
Hear the call of the lion lost in Zion, Babylon, Perth city.
Stand with me, march with me, laugh with me and fight with me.
Sip a drink from this cup and live forever.
Listen to this song, it'll all be better.
See, the road we chose ain't covered in gold,
it's smothered with blood and then covered with love.
It's the Wiz that I want, cos I need a heart,
I need to be brave to face the past.
I'm inspired by life, cos these words I write are non-fiction.
Listen to the wisdom a reactions all preordained.
Once you make a choice, things'll never be the same.

Welcome to the explanation for the waited on one.
Patience push us, slash voodoo cushion with a half vacant tongue.
Casting the plaque of an aardvark scum.
Wasting spirit like gum, bust up of our lies,
more undown and tied than a car park.
Hated mirrors, the first a slump and the last up a dark angel.
Number one steer to the ground, I'm a stark naked,
souls unfolding now, so, come and fill my gaping holes.
I staple peeled feathers to doubt
and once, blazing coals.
Pillaging this staff of jewels and treasures.
I'm still missing, pulls your path like carcass leapers
or six-year-old girls left a piss glass.
In African deserts, I'm a split vases searching for my petals
before I tip the basket in, harping on one string,
far from laughing with inspiration.
In fact I think he's taken my man on a lont,
cos he's passionately groping her curves.
As I'm deferred, hanging for hope.
Struck high, caught up in moping.
Can't even teach myself the ropes
I'll tire, nah, you're coping.
Revising bring me eager reason when I'm pinched and I'm bleeding.
I'm like, "La, you're here breathing."
But it's clearly eating away at chips
and I apologise, I only wish I had some advice for you kids.