

## Put On A Record

Drapht

"Think I'll put on a record"  
Put on a record  
Think I'll put on a record  
Think I'll put on a record  
Let it spin again, again, again, again  
Then I'll  
Put on a record  
Think I'll put on a record  
Think I'll put on a record  
Until the end, the end, the end, the end, the end...

Think I'm a put on a record, reckon you wanna recognise  
I'm a wrecking ball, wreck a site recollect the vibe  
Excercise CD's, put it in your deck and drive  
Jeopardise freedom, might not be a second time  
Petrified as the pressure rise like the petrol price  
I'm the next in line like Bin Laden's fifty second wife  
Step inside the mind, mine so electrifying  
Check the time, dropping biters quicker than insecticide  
A Dr Jekyll hiding behind the mind of Hyde  
Can't turn a blind eye like Alqueda buying dynamite  
Still tryna write, still tryna find the time  
When you sign the line - meet more dicks than a virgina's life  
A silent night, when I recite a line my lips bleed  
The darkest in my family like Lionel Richie  
A nineteen sixty transfixing melody  
Rise the sick from the cemetery, the only remedy is...

Hear the DJ spin the track  
Come back around like a winner's lap  
Never would you wanna get sick of that  
Rewind that shit, yep bring it back  
Hear the DJ spin the track  
A cinematic diplomat  
Kicking back, drink gin or Jacks  
Rewind that shit and bring it back

Just let it play, feel vibrations through your vertebrae  
Dieing to stay the highest like you were Brazil's murder rate  
Exterminate all you nerd and hating sherminators  
Percolated coffee, rock at night in this nocturnal age  
Turn the page still unpaid, I'm paid in paper clips  
The pain of being played while I'm praying to the plagiarist  
The turntablist razor blade blood  
Cutting quicker than Darth Vadar did to his own son  
Run with hunger like goldilocks holding the rock  
And me and rap we rap together like Holden and Brock, what?  
It's the music, it makes your mood move with the wind  
Quicker than a little you with some voodoo pins  
So we

Imprisoned in this song's composition  
A vision with every listen the listener can picture  
A situation, some over rated/over played like Neighbours  
Some play then lead off the stage like Ray is (BOOOOOO)  
Everyday the same play, the same the shit on TV  
What yah gonna watch you're lost in Simpsons repeats

Knee deep in monkey see, monkey do  
Now we up to the month of June, what up with you? Nothing new  
Proven time is short, fuck it man what's mine is yours  
Wise words from a dinosaur, still feels like ninety four  
Vinyl forces out all the memories you swallowed in  
Riders of the storm given life to Jim Morrison  
Coroners report dead walking around the corodor  
A common law bumping Mortar Graphic Tomahawk  
If a graffers bombing or running from an under cover's Commodore  
When you're home there's nothing that you want more than

"Put on a record  
Think I'll fix myself some dinner  
Frozen egg rolls or spagetti from a can"