

Speakers and Tweeters

Dub Pistols

Generate frequency Break frequently Eavesdrop secretly The midn
ight delinquency Sirens in the background is all that I hear Ge
ts louder, growing near Switch on the television I can watch it
in here A thousand eyes in the skies that can see tiny flies M
icroscopic beads of sweat that will glide down the thighs Infra
red in the night, translucent in day We remain out of sight Co
s that's just how we stay On the low, taking bitches out with t
he flow Some things you'll never know Need to just let it go So
frigid and cold Is the way that fits most It will blister your
fingers if you hold it too close Let it go Let it creep throug
h the night Transend through the walls with the sinister bite C
rashing everything in sight so its best not to fight.

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Were the ones you hear Through the walls when its late It's the
evil voices that invade your space When we perpetrate Violate
your mental state When we perpetrate Violate your mental state
As the voices keep going Round and round As the voices keep goi
ng Round and round As the voices keep going Round and round And
all I could hear was this fucked up sound

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So much time adjusting your face. You need to pick up the pace
and just move with the race Of the rats with the cheese Trying
a escape They slip in the cracks in the wall when its late Its
like they got our phones taped So they can clone raps Get they'
re name on gold plaques Hear money hold that It's the true auth
entic Always gotta to bend it Aint no straight line to get it O
n the crooked is how I look at most things in the world today I
ts upside down man I'm trying a escape Find my way out through
sound pan Moving through the speakers, cables and meters That g
reet you where tweeters are sold by the litre To quench their t
hirst The dust bubbles are much trouble, the dutch double Skill
y skilly in the rubble When I touch subtle rhythms The dust set
tles I rust metals And trust rebels that's trying to get their
wings.

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got you twitching and itching for rhythms causing friction making paint chip off aluminium fixtures light bulbs shattering, foot steps pit patterning a smile like jack o lantern connects to form patterns they just don't make sense and why need to the flow comes through like rv's to feed you left critical, condition is miserable munition stays physical while your left minuscule the dark corners, the vibe, the mind state that flood the streets increasing the crime rate. I stole your thoughts And climbed out the window Drove off into the darkness, re-kindled The flame that burns the frame The picture is ash And all that remains is the stain What a shame Lets play the mind game When your caught in the pain So hard to contain

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