

Rraahh see the vibe we're on to
Close your eyes, look inside
You're talking to that monster
Still don't fit inside the box no time for no genre
No stylist fuck the media cause I wear what I want to
Greatness all around me, drums bass guitars go hard never bar low like Gary
I'm engaged with the fans but, we ain't getting married
Come to a Hacktivist show then you know the mosh pit is savage

Born in the same city as punk and grime
When I combine them it's lightning and thunder time
Stay in your lane I run this line
In my zone stars planets and suns align
Not a genre
It's a lifeform
Never will I conform

Taking shots then you better be accurate
I'm shitting on critics aim for my pancreas
Because the H ain't even established yet
Thought that I was gonna slip and couldn't handle it
But the way I come and spit I'm so passionate
I manifest yea there's a knack to this
For the last few years I been practicing
This time next year I'll be smashing it

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Lurking in the shadows, big clouds of smoke lemon haze feeling paro
I'm bottom of the barrel, just come up off the gravel
Lit up like a candle, ignite the man inside you for this life there is no ma
nual
Not everybody's gonna see things the same way that you do but everyday is br
and-new
Tight bars, screws loose, got a few views on YouTube but still room to impro
ve so
Lyrics that I spit like venom from a snake I could never be fake this recipe
s great
So gang that I might get it tatted on my face, might give my nails black pai
nt
My ex-girl thinks that's strange I don't do if for the fame
I do it cos I'm J, H to the U to the R to The mother fucking L E, don't ask
me Y
I come up on Grime

Grime taught me that I could spit rhymes and be heard with my dead flat whac
k British accent
Time taught me I don't even need nationality stereotype or a faction
Post futuristic steampunk freedom fighter I find it useless to dream of a li
fe where I'm respected for my fashion

Yeah, I knot my hair, every day I kneel down in prayer, you might get bust with a chair
I do what it takes when it's time for action
I was born where punk was born, London born
But that's just a label I don't run around with it
It's the birth of these sounds that make me proud of it
Always this guy never wear a disguise and when I write these rhymes always try to be wise

Now I'm deep in the Metal right up to my eyes
Can you hear the 8 strings coming from behind

My shades are dark black so you can't see my pupils
Last night I smoked about a half ounce of pure diesel
Had your girl teaching me a lesson like I was a fucking pupil
Hacktivist came in the game and found a fucking loophole
When I die bury me inside the fucking studio
I ain't even gonna try to satisfy or prove to you
I'm smashing up this game with a sock and a snooker ball
Yea I'm taking a shot, what the fuck you think I do music for, cunt

Resurrect me like a vinyl
I got the real sound that they can buy now
Don't copy nobodies style
Resurrect me like a vinyl
I got the real sound that they can buy now
Don't copy nobodies style

I'm turning up murdered out like I'm heading for a funeral
All scruffy like I've just left the urinal
I'm from a place that's dark and greezy
Where you always hear the sirens
Hear me spitting on Metal riffs or hear me spitting on Grime tunes

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