Uplift

Horrorshow

Welcome to the manifesto
Of a man who stood the test of time
Seventeen years, still here to testify
I pour my heart into every line
Even so, you probably could've made a better buy
Uh, what's done is done, not here to be number one
Just to burst your bubblegum, and it's only just begun
The best is yet to come
So kick back for the story of how the Inner West was won
I call it how I see it, nothing more, nothing less
Caught between the naysayers and the yes-men
But these are my songs, and you can love them or hate them
Either way we have something in common
'Oi brother you can't sing', yeah I can't rap neither
But I'm here to do my thing till I make you a believer
So, flip a coin, pick a side, I don't give a fuck
I'm here to kick a rhyme, grab your spirit, try to lift it up

In this cold barren land that I call home
I'm just a man searching for the strength to walk alone
I stand tall, wear my weakness with pride
The glitch in the system with a fist in the sky
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This is one part love, one part hate
One part luck, and one part fate
A whole lot of hard work and some heartbreak
But the scars fade
Life in the fast lane is stressing me
I'm tryna slow it down, focus on my goal to be an unknown celebrity
The every-man's antihero
Rocking a jam until I have a fan base of zero
Sydney Hip Hop politics, the white hats
Ignore the black hoodies and they all ignore the backpacks
See me, I walk the grey space between all three
Thin line between fat laces and pre-torn jeans
So, you might catch me reading your girl's sky blog
Maybe bombing with the Krylon, rocking my iPod
Like what?! I'm a national icon
In the making here to get my write on

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No, I don't know any trade secrets
But I made a promise to myself and I'm gonna keep it
Black hoodie with a crooked cap
Black humour with a crooked smile, rolling with a crooked pack

Of hopscotch players, who rock cross faders
And still find the time each day to watch Neighbours
What? You got something to say? Run your mouth dude
One day soon we'll be coming your way
Self-appointed cynic, passionate pessimist
Borderline sociopath, manic perfectionist
My question is this, how every record every rapper's
Claiming they're the best there is? "Somebody's lying"
We like whose house? Mum's house!
Rent's free, you don't like it you can get the fuck out
Cause it's never been about fifteen minutes of fame
To a crowd of fifteen or fifteen thou' I spit it the same
See that's what I'm about, both feet on solid ground
Rocking out with my head in the clouds
So when it's all said and done at the end of the day
Catch me, headphones and a notepad, penning a phrase

I might not be the coolest
Might not be the flyest
The toughest, the most likely to succeed
I'm definitely not the best
There will never another footprint
On the surface of the Earth quite the same as mine
And that's the only claim I'm walking out of here with

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