

No Prisoners

Labrinth

Sound of the Odd Children

Fresh
It's

Yeah, fall back, get stepping
Time is always money so I'm counting every second
Margz, I'll soon buss and I ain't on about a weapon
But I roll with brothers that'll spin you like a Western

The best in road life, slow grind, cold nights
Lunch time, home time, OT, no thanks
No left, so right, brothers think I'm messing
Put something in your cranium like a lesson

Not a rapper but I got riddles
Came from the middle with a little pistol ready to cripple
I take shots, I ain't on about a dunk or a dribble
I'm talking pound sterlings, these boys are on nickels

You're fickle, didn't wanna get yourself in a pickle
Think a little, brap, I'll leave you stiff like a nipple
Pow pow, Lethal but I'm not on that Bizzle
I'm not fickle but I've left pals in hospitals

Lunar CI got ninety-nine bitches but a problem ain't one
I just cotch and blaze skunk, but I don't cultivate
'Cause these coppers ain't dumb, I throw my seed out on the street
Like I got a gay son, I was a don at age one

You might not have thought that mother fuckers rap in Yorkshire
But I ain't stopping and rapping rapping in another's mansons corner
Your biggest efforts are nothing, nope, and that's unfortunate
Outclassed by a dirty knuckle dragging northerner

I go hard, I ain't celebrating 'til my resignation
I'm the best with an eleven out of ten in ratings
Commiserations to whoever came in second place
And try to see this set back as a test of faith and dedication

If they're saying I won't blow up then they're hating
I'm a mental patient with a pack of matches at a petrol station
Fuck that corny persona that you're emulating
I spit it real 'cause these dumb shits need educating

Hold up, hold up, these mother fuckers don't understand what we're talking a
bout here
Team UK is on the move, it's kamikaze mother fucker, we're taking no prisone
rs, bitch
We're taking no prisoners

Look, I had my foot in the door
I was close and they closed the entrance
I'm about to kill 'em and I suppose that my flow's avengence
Fuck school, I was never sober with no attendance
Rebel 'til the day I'm alone, the roads on the road are dangerous

You're rapping 'bout all your clothes, your hoes and your co-defendants
You should've had pinocchio's nose when you wrote that sentence
Just 'cause you see me rolling the coldest engines
Stop calling me "couz" when you know we hold no resemblance

You're out of your depth, and you're far from a harbour
I can smell your blood like a shark, like a starving piranha, I'm a
Tear you apart, I go hard and spit every bar der harder
To beef and spar with a Spartan start with some harder armour

'Cause I been plotting like the Osama Obama drama
And for your cheddar man'll get eaten like carbonara
But remember there's always a darker part of karma
Get chopped up and bagged up like skunk from a marijuana farmer

As history repeats it's ever un-changing ways, the re-occurring epiphany dis
guises itself in todays contentment place. This is creative evolution. Yours
truly, Timothy McKenzie.

Uh, yeah
I tell my kids class is in session
In the school of hard knocks use my bars as a weapon
I'm M.A.X. and never stress, I go hard for my bredrins
They're heavily guarded like the House of Parliament entrance

They ain't getting past the kid, that's just part of the lesson
I'm humble, never once started, so calm the aggression
Pass the lemon, yeah I smoke, fuck it, bask in the essence
Ray-Bans in the crowd ain't masking my presence

Check the latest though, that little boy thought he was cold
He got scorched by Maxsta, gave him a sun tan, I ain't even clothed
I'm in like Joey Essex up in Essex with a Swedish ho
I've been on the wave so long now I damn sure can't see the coast

In the lab, my girlfriend on them bed sheets, only weave the flow
My team's the most unbeatable, three soldiers like freezing cold
But I'm still alive, R.I.P. to you
That's the lesson over kids, from me to you