Still Underground

Lowkey

My name is Lowkey and you may know me
Volume 1 was a classic, the real recognizes
Still the fake don't see, this is my life
But I need and J.O.B, I'm in the same old street
And still blood, there ain't no peace
My pain ball seize, we change dope to see
Where this rainbow leads
Snake smiling my face with the fake [?]
There's no place that my name won't reach
Still I remain Lowkey, to the victim [?]
We try to raise a bar[?] by doing some diferent things
It's seems they shock, we shocking these dudes
I spend time reading books and watching the news
It's confusing [?] rap shit ruining my aim Levels
I try my best just to remain settled
But the irony is easy to see
In music I've got an E at my GCSC
By then most kids where [?] released on some weed
Only seventeen when I set my feet on the sceene
To be this, you've got to do what I've done
See what I've seen, love what I've loved
Be what I've been
When I get past the weed smoke, [?] music & Girls
I remember myself a young boy confused with the world
As pissed of kid, N.W.A introduced me to this hip hop shit
See not starting writing rhymes just to buy the time
I'm finding quite hard to explain what's inside my mind
Besides in the early days I was imitating a north or a [?]
That shit sounded irritating

Now this is what I do for love
The music runs deep in my weins
I refuse to front
This is the future blood
Key to the game, volume two
For [?] youths not doing what they told to do
I expose the truth anytime I'm in the vocal booth
Cause it's disgraceful the way that we're living
Blazin and drinking, degrading our women
Most man ain't even thinking

Satan Is winning, even saintest savior is sining
Pray for your children, we're all slave in the system
Tryna change our position
Watching the news I see the face of a stranger that's missing
We're taking over, it's great britains greatest tradition
Still mens act like their to impatient to listen
Even you do what you don't, make the decision
But don't act like you don't see me, when you see me
With your [?] and selling them you'r CD
It's volume 2, one of the phenomenal
One of few, chronic of my life
Don't watch what the others do
I'm deep with this rap
To me a Mic. is like a needle to people
Thinking on smack
I was raised with insane kids, rome [?]

Rave cribs like [?] and don't take shit
Still here trapped in own made tricks
I don't take flicks or make movies
It's Lowkey a.k.a Wayne Roonie a great lyricist
Remain limitles, spitting lyrics I paint pictures with
Born with the mind of scarface and a heart of saint nicolas
This lyricist puts verses love for the art
Listen to these words, cause they come from the heart
Apart from this music blod nothing is ours
I'm to underground to ever fuck with the charts
To hardcore for MTV, but still here like [?]
And MCD so just let me be, let me live
Let me spit let me rep this streets
Peace to all the Mc's that see and produce their [?] beats
Let's be brief, it's about time that I fulfill these empty dreams

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