

Antagonistic, megalomaniac, malicious masons
Calibrating and orchestrating callous communications
To contribute to mass consumption of confused equations
That conveniently cause coherent citizen sedation
And emphatically entrap empathy endlessly entering entities
Ending the energy, said to be remedies
But actually affecting applicants quite detrimentally
I've been like Frederick Jones, born on the seventeenth of February
All may my fantastic angle on handling grammar be amiable
While I am and trample cats of unfathomable calibre
Within mandibles, cancelling common credit
And capitalising from capital casualty
Incorporating enigmatic ambient samples with amplified strategy
I'm getting fucked up off this horrid cacophony
Then having debates about cats with preposterous prophecies
I got an eighth in a sack, my clobber, my wallet keys
A bag of dreams and more deep beats, me I spit it properly
You're fucking whack, you'll get a clap with one of my Slazenger rackets
And if its that, I'll serve and smash like McEnroe having a bad fit
Fit-f-fit the bill? Course I fit the bill you bastard
Fuck off with your skinny jeans on stage the fabrics squishing a mans dick
Dicking around only getting you so far you're living a lie-in
I got a deflated tyre I'm bout to go visit a spliff a Messiah
Or I am a problem, I spit mental arithmetic
Adding then subtracting syllabic patterns 'til I make it fit
Look I'm just trying to raise the bar, I turn it to eleven
I'll find a fucking furnace on a hype and make you step in
Try work with what the word is, don't try hinder your progression
I spit that burn quick, flip and turn it learn it to perfection
Look, I spit a banger after banger after banger after
My album's banging like Bin Laden on the Magna Carta
But it ain't dropped yet, I'm like: "Not yet"
I drop sweat and hot breath when I rock sets
The boss says "Clear your desk, you are not next-
Go mosh next to obsessed little knobheads
Cause you ain't bout it, nah I just spoke to it
You had to walk a mile away 'cause you ain't close to it

Ooooooh be free
Don't be afraid of the jungle - climb trees
Ooooooh be free
Don't be afraid of the thunder - we need heat

See it knows who flows it and who flows thrown solo
Dome seeker in my own home, no go far brother, no hope, no mercy
Showboat with the flow, Oh no those, those ones are the flowboats
I choke-choke when I'm provoked see I'm pro thinking no (BLEEP)
Ain't my business though, each man to his own doe
That's a old quote, I'm a old soul in a young mind with a known goal
Yeah - But I'm just trying to show culture
You man are coming with that slow-focus so hopeless
When you're spitting I be giving man the cold shoulder
Most drop bent bars like pole vaulters going over
I'm plastered it seems, rolling with darkest team
All with stripes - Argentine, Coke and ice, rum and squeeze
Bark at me I'll bite at you, fight with me I'm likely to
Write you off like hybrids trying to drive through iron pipes would do

Hear the beat, I like the tunes, hyper dude, minor views
Major thoughts, high calibre tunes
Having a crack at a stanza or two
Having a crack at a stanza or three
Man are embarrassed when battling me
Wizzie be classic and adamant he
Is aware of himself like Adam and Eve
Huh - Yeah - Certain man they know this
They avoid a couple black man like some xenophobic homophobics
Yo I will with who I roll with, busting roly-polys nigga
I was the striker I just checked you was the goalie nigga
Call me Rooney nigga, yeah I keep it groovy nigga
I got more liqueur, lyrics passing through me nigga
Don't warm to beans if you ain't burning coffee
And don't be having good days if you be turning stroppy
Don't chat about your hard P if you're earning floppy
Don't read bars out of your phone blood, you should learn them properly

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