

Power

RÉN

Get it, uh, power

These kids don't play my shit
I never had a top ten
Maybe it's cause I sing about violence and depression
They say don't blame these kids just focus on yourself Ren
Well if they don't like what I'm doing now then fuck them

Don't trip I up the ante
Learning licks like John fruciante
Smoking spliffs and popping candy
Idolising Sid and Nancy
Wooh, rock and roll in my soul
Bumping Nat King Cole, on the dole
Fish and chips and games consoles
Council housed and violent flow

But Life weren't sweet at home
Mum and dad took a trip and they split shalom
What will be will be but me I hate to see my mum alone
Late night crying
Get so high to try to silence sounds of fighting
Through the walls
I heard love dying
So I focused on my

(Power)

(Power)

Thats what it was, I focused on my

(Power)

(Power)

Now lets go back, lets go back

These kids don't play my shit
I never had a gold plaque
My style is old-school but I swear this ain't a throwback
I put my visions into rhythms on a dope track
To understand the place I'm coming from lets go back

When I was sixteen I was a sick teen
I was a victim of my head
I was just sixteen up in the kitchen racking up lines till my nose bled
Sixteen with an affliction, in an addiction with my dread
I was just sixteen, I was quite sick then, I was a prick then, I was a pleb,
but

Fuck it, were all misguided, individuals life can
Suck it, my cup ain't half full man I'm filling up the whole
Bucket, I'll drink my tears so I can drown my sorrows
Sing like I might die tomorrow
Live brother, brother, brother, brother, brother, brother, brother

Note for note I go for broke on every song I wrote
And every single song I write brings freedom to my weary mind
A healing that you only find inside an intricate design
Of kicks and snares and fat baselines
I flip the srips until I find my

(Power)
(Power)
It is what it is, I focus on my
(Power)
(Power)
Now run the track, run the track

Get it
Get it
Get it
Power
Get it