

Hard Bastards

Roots Manuva

[Verse 1]

The pain is in the planning, from the man on the mission
Position of the glories got from a basic
Sense of overcoming all the hurt and all the setbacks
Dirty little sweat backs things on the neck backs
Of them not knowing how stupid it will get
A whisper in the street ain't never a secret
Nothing is for keeps when you're trying or you're lying
Through the second and third hand strands of illusions
Fed to the honest hard-working types
Who's there willing to take that chance on the mic
To write a little bar and show some regard
For the ordinary hero, here and everywhere
Busy till we drop debt, machine has truly got them
The price ain't always measured in the money
Everybody, anybody, wanna be somebody
And we all truly are as long as we see through the lies
See through the lights and realise the might That
Just might appear from the most unlikely places
Hidden in the sacred space between the thought

[Pre-Chorus]

Hard bars from the hard arse bastards
It's not me but I know a few bastards
And most broke cunts are all true bastards
And most rich cunts are even more bastards
Basking in the glory, of getting to the life
Life in the fast lane might seem nice
Got a little Ps, got a little rice
You cross your heart and hope to stay alive
You cross your heart and hope to stay alive

[Hook]

You may not know
When you arrive on that road
That will take you
Inside of the eye of time
You may not know
When you arrive on that road
That will take you
To the inside of the eye of time, the eye of time

[Verse 2]

Things are getting bleak, we ain't seen the worst
Kids are having kids, kids that will never work
Granddad never worked, daddy never worked now
Three generation don't give a shit about work
They all got aspirations but nothing they suppose to
The tv and the magazine it keeps it kinda hopeful
That one day, in some way, they'll get a lucky break
In the meantime, that plant food provides a cheap escape
The government don't trust them and keeps them all in place With cheap food
and cheap booze that keeps them out of shape
The underclass, the lowly class with no damn togetherness
The union that sold them out and sold them togetherness
Will look the other way, as the first becomes the third world
There's one world not three worlds, nothing free in the free market

Legitimate targets sitting suffocating for the
Classless society and the endless enslavement

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