

# 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

[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