

# Juggle Tings Proper

Roots Manuva

(Great Scott! I say, old bean)  
This happens to be the article of fusion  
Huh! The roots-fi discotheque  
As we move

It's that jet-black flow from the southwest of illo n d-o-n  
The second nature of the vent dem rebel routine  
I scheme and plot, ain't no use in stepping if we don't step hot  
Let the movements be made, there's goals to be getting  
No second for no love or no fettin  
Why there's all these ugly mans on my TV screen?  
I wrap my head with foil so I don't catch so I don't catch them beams  
The sound of half a downer don't pray fi step solo  
We far flung frontier, captain kirk, the sun trekker  
Full time I climb, my chip deeper taught as I sow seeds of thought  
The fruits of the roots, a vision of splendid splendiddness  
Now be proud to be spittin in the face of the beast  
With each and every move I make, every shite I break  
You might watch me but I watch you too  
Ain't a thing you can do to stop me!

Whom wants this or that  
Watch these enzymes react  
How we juggle tings proper  
Man, don't

When I swing I'm far fetched like hicks from hicksville  
High steps got me trippin from Peckham to Bucks Hill  
Still I stand firm through the strife conflict  
Motion slick, hip to every ring poli-trick  
So I spread love like Lennon and Yoko Ono  
Keep vibes slow-mo for a ho-tential  
Don't go callin me coon, you'll catch a boot to your jaw  
We pro-black, freak that, can't sweep no floor  
I heard those my people, them burst their backs  
Work hard for eons and paid tax and have not seen jack  
In return, how does shit burn  
It could well make a guy lose sense and rationale  
Onto kamikazes on shifting streets  
It's eyeball for eyeball and teeth for teeth  
While we spin on this ball of confusion  
I sight no solution, cesspits just get more frowsy  
Chemical rain got me drunken and drowsy  
Rowdy, I got no choice but to be  
The living example of a root-fi youth type soldier  
Bowling through like there ain't no tomorrow  
Brave them terrains of pain and deep sorrow  
But still keep sliding on, I try to make sense of the madness  
But it seems like I'm wasting my time, it's best I just  
Go get me mine, find some inner peace  
Climb to higher heights, embrace the light

This living dead noose, the bane of life in the west  
But who's down for civil unrest?  
In times like these comrades is hard to find  
The beast keeps the masses toeing the line  
With them sneaky tactics they'll keep them boys running

So they can have a market for their guns and ammunition  
Keep the third world in a stagnant position  
Begging for monetary aid from IMF  
Who don't seem too keen to write of the third world debt  
Cause they profit from holding it down  
Soon there'll be no dollars, no yens, no pounds  
Just madness, microchips and hi-tech war  
And all because the beast wants to gain control  
Of each and every mind, body, spirit and soul

We keep it jugglin, keep it jugglin