Sinking Sands

Roots Manuva

Alright, okay

I arise in the morntime and cut through fresh books
Put them old Bruck trainers on my foot
For I am the picky mystic, I max the most
Drinking ginseng tea, eating huddle bread toast
While my skeet nags, jacks up my coat
She don't like the smell of my smoke
She says my eyes dem is red
And I need to go and fix up my head
Honey, my head is fixed
I'm getting deep with my purpose
Synchronizing to the mystics of cosmic energy
My specialty be to write buff raps
Weakhearts, they hate me like my name was poll tax
I don't part for none, I be the Godsend, God gifted
I work nuff shifts turning a penny to a pound
From a pound to jacks, from a jacks to a score
My brainwaves is twisted, my tactics is raw
Cause I

Grip my teal boom as hard as I can
So I can find me a path through the sinking sands

Shit's hit the fan but I'm not the fan the shit's hit
It's the man with the bad arse bitch in town
Put her into the circles but she tore them down
And I frown, but in my heart I know it's all good
So I stick around like a true friend should
And they say that some things in life can't be really mended
But only time will tell how well you and your spark prevail
Try not to implore to the stereotype factors
That they brand us with cause there's enough love to give
Oh, Lord! What's happening to me?
All these situations I'm checking with intense scrutiny
I need to slow down there and hold the horses
And just concentrate on paving the right courses
So, so, so, so, so I

Putting the reins on the joke ting in rap ting
We be inner city sorcerer rebel types, we roll!
Snowball effect planet wide
Diving and ducking, constantly rucking with the devil
Actions speak so we get active
Roots-fi perspective holds my mental in position
I supervision coach my decision
Cause there's may routes to take, much money to make
I fight not to buckle under pressure
I'm on a quest, got to find that real self
Uno priority be wealth in the mental
Cause nothing down sweet like the feeling I reap
When I plan with my peeps and them plans come together
Strong and cold-sheist, them coast the ill weather
I weren't supposed to be but still am
Vibes catch a hold of my mind, I write jams
Take it to the mans dem for the ‘instant rewind'

If I gets no rewind still I pay fools no mind
Cause Hylton Smythe never took no bribe
I be independent, my jacket stay stinking
Nuff of them be thinking that the smile's off-key
They're right, I'm full of mad eccentricities
I believe in the power of the G-o-d
While nuff of them be burning their obeah candle
I strap on my sandal and walk like Jesus

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