

Filthy

Saint Etienne

Hello? Ha ha ha...

Hello?

Anybody home? Ha ha ha...

Rhyming as I'm coming to the top
With my backpack of rhymes I won't stop
Every lyric
Flying high like a dove
As the Lord
Sprinkles His love on me
His assigned destiny
Teaching, preaching
C'mon, question me
I have the answer to the master-plan
If you can't
Then I can

Dropping the chits as I speak out
Wondering what it's all about
Wishing I was only a dream
And I wasn't so extreme
Gonna make you see I'm not faking it
Like all the others that be making it
Ecstatic, and stating the facts
Take heed to my extracts

Following the paths of me
Eat till you fill your greed
Feeding on my knowledge like a cake
The smell of truth as I bake
Some goals, you will achieve
No loss or debt to believe
Believe me, I wouldn't lie
For my question
I need your reply

Whatever you take from me
Whatever you say
I try to make you see
Things my way
Touch me
Take my hand
Hold on tight
As tight as you can
I'll be with you all the way
I'm asking you
Won't you stay
It's your reality

Earning respect from the crowd
As expression of my meaning comes loud
Bringing it all across
So as you know who's boss
This is not a media hype
Maybe I'm just not that type
My rhymes uplift you like a drug
Like a mat, I'll be your rug

Whatever that you say
I'll never turn you away
You don't know me as you are
My mind is what you have caught
Touch me
Take my hand
Hold on tight
As tight as you can
I'll be with you all the way
I'm asking you
Won't you stay
It's your reality
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