

Dawn Of A New Day

The Four Owls

Uh, baby baby (1 2) baby baby baby baby (things are changing a dawn of a new day)

Yo Yeah (it's the dawn of a new day) look yo

They wanna take the rap game and colonise
Make it all Dollar signs, even when you're gone
Cut your meat with a doner knife
Feeding off the dead like a rotten fly
Not on my watch Look far 'cause I have got a mind of my own
The underground champion
The plate spinning juggler
The no time having
They tryna treat me like I'm nothing
I'm like fuck it, I'm above it got no time for them slow mind rappers
You find me up before the sunrise sharpening the mind
Ready for the new day part of a design so follow behind or swallow your pride
We rap for the passion now, not for the shine (nah)
I follow my mind, I follow my heart
I got on a path and now they're watching it hard, we stay dropping this art
We know that you like, the flow is designed to creep in and ease open your mind

Many man are up in the manor, chatting bollocks, acting like they copped the product
But they never opened their wallet (nah)
It's not honest, I stay on it
High like unidentified flying objects, spinning head from the cro' that stinks like Dog Breath
Check my progress my prospects a lot yes
Yours has got about as much potential as a cot death
People think I'm mental like I said I saw the loch ness
My pen and pad are explosive so I rock a bomb vest
Forever making bangers, the fans are screaming yo what's next? the other hand with the [?] the [?] are getting got yes, I'm miscellaneous with the flavours repping your cranium
I fucking hate police and there's nothing I can say to them
We're the real citizens and they continue failing em'
If I had some bloody time I'd make a fucking case with em'
Draw the lyrical four fifth cock it back and aim at em'

Things are changing a dawn of a new day
Four owls front of the crusade
You don't like it fuck what you say
We're like the drugs you take we play on [?]

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Yeah, yo, we're here to help the movement like muscle therapy
With more stone heads than a old cemetery
They say that it's dead, it's just a old memory
The money they were making was never what this meant to me
Next century they'll look to this time
They say the music was controlled by the old pound sign

Too scared to speak their mind like a shook witness
[?] On your girls wish list
Speak my verse like my first debut you passed it like a zoot that your boy gave you
It ain't nothing new they're expecting their wealth
Sucking their own dicks so they're full of themselves
I'm Rich with no wealth words are my currency
You're just half of the truth like the news on what's currently
Run urgently it's an emergency so sick we got a HF infirmary

I fire these arrows on point like my name was Robin Hood
You got beef? I'm hungry it won't do you a lot of good
So much breeze these days it feels like there's a door open
I won't touch you but it feels like your jaw's broken
Pure hoping the focus will flop man they must be smoking some rock
You'd have to kill us for explosions to stop, dawn of a new day, but never pop
I hope that forever rocks I'll be over where the clever sat and watched
Burn Mc's like bags of Kush Kiaia
See kids [?] but we take flight and push it higher
[?] Like a shit flyer
Never deny a sick mc they'll still be here after the fire
Cus it's skill or be skilled, lose faith or rise up again
Or fade away like who? The lost and forgotten men
Keep it raw, always speak from the core
While they're sleeping we'll be coming out to eat at the dawn

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Yeah, Yeah, brace for impact, When punchlines connect
Your noggin bop back and forth till you break ya neck
Lay dormant, discovered like an ancient wreck
Brainstorming we're nothing till we're payed respect
The days dawning when time and itself was stopped
And man-made machines rise up to kill the flock
Stop following open your eyes and start acknowledging
Economy's crashed like going too fast when cornering
Until the coroner come and collect us
We solemnly swear to drop joints for the collectors
Fuck the radio for always playing the same shit
And fuck the government tryna politically correct us
When they're dead and gone ain't nobody gonna remember them
When we're dead and buried the music will resurrect us
The early bird a get the worm four owls and a vulture watch the tables turn