

Rat-At-At

The Skints

I know with a bit of control you could be a little better, better yet a better friend to me, me say that
I know you could get your life in order, hear it knocking on your door with a Ratatat-tat
I know with a bit of control you could be a little better, better yet a better friend to me, me say that
I know you could get your life in order, hear it knocking on your door with a Ratatat-tat (tat tat tat tat)
Cause I mark it as a must have, ride it like a mustang, ignore it like your phone rang
Say it like I have saying took away my life man, took away my life line, couldn't be my only
When you see me you treat me like a piece of meat, like a DVD cause I'm a VC R, see
And I will be ghastly cause I lost my last me, ran around for your sake so I 'm gonna get nasty

I know that you are no good for me
One more time and then you'll set me free

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I'm rocking back and forth of course I'll blame it on myself
I been going stir crazy from haze
And awake for two days
Better than to be sleeping in hell
Falling apart like a fragment, climbing back into my shell
And it's bait that's she's making me change
Love became hate and rage
I'm locked up, but I ain't in a cell
Ain't cocked up but I'm blaming myself
Long stuff feeling pain from a girl
Monged out and away from the world for a minute
Friends say it's the way of the world that I live in
And I don't wanna give it
But honestly I'm finished
And the quality's diminished and I'm feeling kinda sick-ish
Hook, line and sinker like fishes
Never took time and did my three wishes
Make a hook line and keep myself singing
Could say that I've scored and ain't winning
But mate that's women, innit

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Got a little bit of 8-bit raggabit
My reggae vibe alive, having all of it
Visit all eternity it stops while I play
When I'm physically yearning for the bass while I'm holding it
Got a little bit of Grime, no crime
Cosmically fly, well you're gonna be mine
Frank West better make it cause he's running up high

Me ah dead the undead, one rhyme at a time!
One more time, so divine, one of mine, bickering ain't gonna make you get in
line this time
Me second maybe lady will evolve? I'm trying!
But you're keeping me right here with your protective stylin
Can you hear the bell ah ring?
I hear the bell ah chime, man ah say me ah the one
But I know you tell a lie you know you made me wanna die?
I had a cry, no style, read the signs me haffi say goodbye

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You get down-down-down-down-down-down
My soul ah weak and you've been messing around-ound-ound
But this sound, rocking around the system
My likkle soul, me dancing around
Now hold up!

Down-down-down-down-down-down
My soul ah weak and you've been messing around-ound-ound
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