

## 4 o'Clock

### The Streets

A frenzy unraveling in gravel  
Friends and enemies holla from the rabble  
Jab the body, grab a collar  
As clumsy as it may be I'll gouge out and get in any dig

At 4 o'clock today I'm gonna punch you in your face

I hear giggles and whispers and smirks fall serious, I spy 'em in their eyes  
2 minutes til 2, two hours flew by since inciting this duel with you

At 4 o'clock today I'm gonna punch you in your face

I don't like the pain  
I won't try and say I'm not frightened today, you're fighter with height  
I will be beaten  
I will be eating some teeth this evening

At 4 o'clock today I'm gonna punch you in your face

Me you won't know by name, and everyone knows your imposing wide frame and folklore  
But if you can believe it this beef means nothing to me but to only provoke war

At 4 o'clock today I'm gonna punch you in your face

Trees swaying in the sky  
The sun is surprisingly bright for a day to be terrified white  
Control those nerves  
Hold on, observe

At 4 o'clock today I'm gonna punch you in your face

A frenzy unraveling in gravel  
Friends and enemies holla from the rabble  
Jab the body, grab a collar  
As clumsy as it may be, I'll gouge out and get in any dig  
Unlike the movies, twisting wrists, fists kissing, flailing throws  
The bumps and the bruises, the thumping and booting and the blackness after the break of my nose

At 4 o'clock today I'm gonna punch you in your face

So why fight? Why take a beating? Why when everyone'll call me a fool?  
Cos they'll see in the moment me fight my fight, despite being violently schooled

People choose their battles and not needless bleeding  
Even the brave want the easiest rattle  
Cos in their minds their making them feel like I would fight them so in real life I'm not required to again  
This fight is not about you and me, its for all the people I might fight that see

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