

# Disconnect

## Thundamentals

"Funny-funny-funny Haha"

"No-no-no-no bling bling"

Yo, I kick back (kick back), switch off my mobes and the home phone  
Alone in my own zone while smoking the home grown  
These quotes glow, exposing a hole in the ozone  
Gold tones for drones who pretend like they don't know  
They're so so deaf, plus they don't say shit  
Lame kids on a mish just to blow and grow famous  
But face it, if that's your main goal then it's basic  
The cost is your soul in exchange for the papers  
This game's so shameless, I tote the vapours  
To escape from these blokes with their token statements  
Many big time MC's are overrated  
You can claim that you're dope just don't overstate it  
God, these pro's is dangerous to a fool who beefs  
Their disillusion, while we kick it lucidly  
So musically I salute you for choosing me  
For tunes you need like drink or the food you eat  
I'm never using beats to make a played-out club track  
Like "bump, bump, bump", yeah, f\*ck that  
I love rap, rep for the heads and the pub rats  
Jes go and Tuk snatch, no one can touch that

These blinged out kids at the discotheque  
That ain't hip-hop, I think I'd rather slit my neck  
Than have to listen to these kids when they disrespect  
If this is it, I think I better disconnect  
To these blinged out kids at the discotheque  
That ain't hip-hop, I think I'd rather slit my neck  
Switch off your TV's and the internet  
We take heads on the trip as we disconnect

Next to step, breakin' arse like Alex Dimitriades  
You're another wannabe martial artist speakin' the hardest  
Well I'm out of this world, I'm almost reachin' the martians  
I'm stuck in the underground, I got my feed in the garden  
While you're bleachin' your armpits and believin' this garbage  
[?] I spit on beat and [?] your arses  
[?] you wanna reach a beach in the Bahamas too  
Just not like a thief in the market selling [?] in the [?]  
If that's you you're fake, yeah, [?]  
I shed a little light onto the situation like Illuminati

[?] you can't harm me, I'm the one called 'The New'  
Pack of Winnie golds, crack a jimmy cold, I got a city view  
We're from [?] genre that's nearly extinct  
So follow [?]  
You're only gettin' what you're puttin' in, a lot of shit isn't it?  
That's the bling in the shop, but that's a topic that's on top  
That I mock, don't buy that weak joint, son  
It's soundin' like it's gettin' dropped on ninty-six-point-one  
So make way with that fake gay sound and tune  
Allow room for Thundamentals from my mountains blue

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While gangster wax attackin' us like viruses  
I'm in the lab rappin', forgettin' what time it is  
Kickin' that timeless shit that can live forever  
And maybe even make me a bit of gravy  
But lately I'm chasin' the pace of a daily grind  
When I chill and lift the page to illustrate my state of mind  
Sick of thug angry types writin' lazy rhymes (yo)  
[?] their lives way too fake to relate to mine  
Blaze a pipe, disconnect the high (uh)  
When I hit stage I spit flames, tryna set your friggin' head alight  
Spray like pesticide, don't need gimmicks  
I'm a dope fiend, best described as a free spirit  
[?] step aside, all your G'd out G's bitches  
Or at least revisit your weak lyrics while I freak with it  
'Cause this is my only source of expression  
What happened to funky rappin' instead of sportin' a weapon?  
It's all talk that you're reppin' and I don't need none of it  
Put down the mic 'cause you MC's suck at it  
Bling bling cats, I'm rattin' out the whole game  
From your plastic Gat to your fashionable gold chains