

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