

# No Rider

Urthboy

I was working as an MC the other day  
With a cup o' instant coffee and some marmalade  
It's hard to play when just wanna run away  
It's underlay underlay since underage  
Then the phone rang â??It's Urthboy here,  
I'm Elefant Traks just like Kenny Sabir  
â??Hi, someone led me to believe you're an MC  
I've got an offer that would maybe eve tempt me.  
What I meant means we give you a set fee  
You play at our gig for peanuts and a little prestigeâ??  
So the rest see me as a success  
While I'm struggling to pay rent with records to press  
But yes I agree to it, how can you not?  
Thinking of the fluid with the international slot  
I've got no time for rhymers, slash social climbers  
It's just another gig I'm doing for the rider

There is no rider my friend, so why we doing this then?  
We all go broke by night end (like, broke as hell, can't you tell)

Leave the house, lock the door, catch the train  
Or the bus it's a rush tame the peak hour crush  
to the venue, nothing but trouble on the menu  
Cock-rocking headstrong soundmen to get through  
This shit can really send you to the pub next door  
Either that or make sure he leaves with a broken jaw  
(Ahh) nah man I'm just joking around  
Just hoping to soundcheck without choking this clown  
I'm just about over it now and I'm not hopeful  
Can I get a test vocal from the pleb locals  
This opals got rough edges and a hard centre  
I'm doing it for the love music's my warm sweater  
Kinda like a second placenta so when I enter  
In performance endeavours there's Desmond Decker-like measure  
And ever different, but listen, there is that divider  
Drink up cos the other act will steal all ya rider

I was working as an MC the other night  
With a couple shitty mics and an appetite  
Cook MCs like, look it's a parasite  
Eat em up but first wipe the dirt out of sight  
I'm your superman's cryptonite talkback  
shock jock sponsorship, politicians dirty money  
Saw you coming from a mile away you got the  
right-of-way yeah that's what all the rhymers say  
I'm inclined to play cos in the end it's entertainment  
Crafted and created, loungeroom and the basement  
Break-in, and of the things stolen by the sly crooks  
Cash, backpack, laptop and rhymebook  
Start from scratch, and scrap the last seventy-ish  
Pull out every single hair and tear em to bits  
Material things, gone with the pied piper  
(Okay winona, I'll do it for the Ryder)