

S!CK 2013

Dying to Live



Track 1 – Dying to Live (Intro)

I've seen the life I'm living with visions of what it could be/
How do you feel alive when your life isn't what it should be/
I was on edge then they decided to push me/
Now I couldn't give a fuck if they paid me with pussy/
It's really getting rough though you were born free/
You still became a captive sheep chasing a currency/
For a fee see, but I live for the memory/
'Cos I make the money the money doesn't make me/
Some honey told me she loved me which I find very funny/
For the love of money she quit loving me in a hurry/
So it wasn't love was it? Cos it wasn't priceless/
Not the love that I wanted don't budget for a mistress/
Dismissed logical thoughts on the radio gross/
Insulting the Hip Hop nation with these ignorant quotes/
I was tutored by the best I don't mean to brag or boast/
But I was one of those who chose to rep West Coast/

From my city which is inland and on a different continent/
Dreaming about a day when my message would be as dominant/
And heard across the world infecting masses like a Commit hit/
But I don't wanna kill 'em I just wanna show them the light a bit/
Dying to live/

Track 2 – Mindless love ft. Planet Joy

V1

She's an angel from God, gorgeous or more or less/
A devil hurting my heart, where love is a tourist/
Enormous lust levels have our minds in corners/
Her brain, almost swallowed my kids with all four lips/
Hips like that of the curves of a DB9/
Looking at her it's so fine loving the ride every time/
Never mind the signs from her mind to be mine/
I've made up mine, get in line, or kiss my behind/
With a simple rhyme I can eliminate time/
Dropping timeless classics now it's a matter of mine/
Mind blowing abnormal beauty of a ghetto glowing globally/
Notice she with the eye rich, the poverty is holding poetry/
In her body, as she sways to the beat/
Perfectly gorgeous from both back to front we call that symmetry/
Metaphorically, in her eyes lies truth see/
A truth telling lies of lust cos she knows where the love be/

CHORUS: Why don't you save me
 From what this maybe
 My mind is hazy (Cos the love be blinding me minding my mind)
 Why don't you save me

I'm going crazy

Why don't you save me (Cos the love be blinding me minding my mind)

V2

I seen her and she was fine, I hollered and she was mine/

A beauty one of a kind, in physical and in mind/

Who would think I would find, L.O.V.E. in a rhyme/

In love with Hip Hop, always and forever all the time/

Her body is well defined but her true beauty is within her/

I's as if God was expressing himself through her figure/

A work of art meandering curves like a river/

A P.I.M.P. wannabee player for life killer/

So I'ma hold on to her cos I haven't met realer/

I've never seen a better pic than just me in the mirror/

But such a creature exists so I found me a winner/

The more the merrier we're meeting our future for dinner/

And you're invited to the party but it is B.O.P/

Bring your positivity in which ever form it will be G/

In her eyes lies truth see/

A truth telling lies of lust cos she knows where the love be/

CHORUS X2

Track 3 – The Present

V1

Skilful wisdom and an enlightened mind/

Is what you will find in the bright light inside/

But it's been confined so it blinds eyes if it shines/

Delivering sharp lines like porcupine's hinds/

And porcupines hinds you will find in the bush/

Where the wild push to be free to grow like kush/
And inspire me to plant seeds for the roots/
Of the future need stability for the fruits/
That plan to grow, so I flow deep like a water table/
And save every soul I know whenever I'm able/
And when I'm not, I stay hard so my enemies know/
That they couldn't knock me over if I were a drunk flamingo/
So I flow to the rhythm of life yo/
And mould the loads of blows of my souls cyclone/
To decode the road I travel on my own/
With my strength on loan from the Lord whose on the throne/
Deep, like the knowledge you seek/
In the underground not on top with these other sheep/
Who bleep the same bleep on a cliché beat/
I cant mention names 'cos we will be here for a week/
And time is of the essence when you're admiring her presence/
And when you're not take the knocks and use them as lessons/
'cos life is gift and Mother Nature is a blessing/
And so is this moment that's why we call it The Present/

Track 4 – Get Stupid ft. Planet Joy

V1

If you haven't heard of me yet, then where have you been? /
I've been killing sin through this positive mode I'm in/
Many men tried to contend now I'd be owing them/
An ass whipping I'm killing the fake trend that they're in/
Whether foe or friend follow me to the end/
I'll show you what real looks and sounds like with a pen/

Give me the mic I would like to make your mind bend/
But the light I write might be too bright for following/
So feel me kill the enemy cos they're bothering/
I'm merely the remedy for the pollutive hollering/
They're barely scary and I'm rarely afraid of anything/
Only the power within they're clearly the mice of the men/
And they need to be eliminated out of the game/
I'll amputate them from your system but you won't feel it cos they're lame/
Yeah! And I don't feel them neither/
I've got these pussies hot and sweaty like they had a fever/

Chorus: Lets get stupid up in here
 Get out your chair & put your hands in the air
 And say gimme that, gimme that, gimme that there!
 (gimme that gimme that gimme that there)
 I see your girl on the floor with her hands in the air
 With a body like wow and a rear that's rear
 Dog gimme that, gimme that, gimme that there!
 (gimme that gimme that gimme that there)

V2

You've been mad at me cos I've been speaking my mind/
And I've been frustrating your mental with the use of a rhyme/
I've learnt from the past & I'm schooling the present so I'm/
A future legendary illist lyricist of all time/
I stay hard on my grind like I was hitting it from behind/
She is, one of a kind, I love the girl so it's fine/
I'm speaking what's on my mind in this moment you are divine/
How about we sip wine, spread your legs and cross the line/

I'm a winner; tell me how did I eat the girl for dinner? /
Like really? For dinner, and still end up in her? /
I don't know I'm a sinner cos these thoughts are getting grimmer/
Corrupted by this negative man in the mirror/
An inner rage bleeds as ink upon a page/
Life is a stage where you perform for minimum wage/
But money amounts to nothing come the end of the days/
So live for the moment and own it get stupid in as many ways/

CHORUS X 2

V3

I'm so silly when I get down to the nitty gritty challenging the witty by damaging their skill with my
Illnez/
You gotta believe me I'm really iller than you be you need some 3D goggles to get a glimpse of this
Realness/
The iller I spit the greater the hit that you get like a syringe full of viral knowledge infecting your
Hit list/
I gotta admit, that your girl is pretty fit, but she's not feeling you kid cos she's too busy feeling this/
Yes, full of illness I can't hold it any longer, I belong here I've got rap like an anaconda/
And I'm getting stronger which is scary I'm rarely still with skill/
Knowledge is power but your boy is feeling immortal/
Too sick, every time that I get on this shit
I'll put a girl on my dick and then tell her to get a grip/
Rock her world like a comet till she be throwing a fit/
She can handle sick I handle heat like an oven mit/

Chorus X 2

Title: Mind Works

V1 – Firstly skinny jeans are some bullshit/ You look like Peter Pan who sniffed fairy dust off of some dude's dick/ The media faked that it looks good but that's foolish/ and now they're laughing at you cos they're rich and you're stupid/ And why you wearing shades on the night spot? Sunglasses? At night? Indoors? That's not smart/ Like what? Are you drunk, or buzzing of other stuff?/Disguising the windows of your soul coward predator?/ Then they hear, that nudity is fashionable/ Less is more, less dress more breasts on the girl/ Less is more, less dress more legs on the girl/ Less is More sex next obsessed with the girl/ And these thoughts twirl in their minds as you advertise wearing nothing/ painting the picture that you are clearly looking for something/ It's your mind the media took and put into production/ that elegant lady has nothing on a slut assumption/

Chorus: Feel how my mind works, my heart bursts, and spit squirts, on this verse, as I curse your strange radio/ Blind myths who find bliss in cash not in kindness, are souls seeking guidance they're lost/ (now ya know) I've got sick flows that rip shows and if you don't know/ I'm that sick foe let me bring it back for you dog/ Blind myths who find bliss in cash not in kindness/ are souls seeking guidance they're lost/ (now ya know nigga)

V2

I am an artist, life is my masterpiece/ I paint brushstrokes of perfection with my tongue on beats/ metaphors and similes paint the portrait of peace/ like genitals interlocked to plant destinies seeds/ indeed, the corridors of my mind hold no walls it seems/ I's not a walkway but a beach, on the sea of my dreams/ and when the tide is high, and I am waste deep in these things/ I can fuck the universe and make it come as I please/ Lets rephrase that for these undeveloped minds and mentalities/ when I say come as I please, I mean pleasing her with ease/ You need to get a lock on the art of your intimacies and thrust inward with love infest the heart with that disease/ Spoken word, listen as your boy strokes ya nerve/ I'm separating the Sheppard from the sheep, havn't you herd?/or do you follow the trend that is here today and gone tomorrow/ instead of making timeless memories like you have time to borrow!/

Chorus

Track 6 – Let it Be

Chorus: Yes, yes yo, here's some food for your soul/
People wanna know if we're blowing up or getting low/
People wanna if we're growing greater as we go/
Cos we're dropping knowledge on a dope beat with a sick flow/
You looking for that Hip Hop? We got that here!/
They've been flossing what they've got, but we just don't care/
Cos this right here, is a gift God gave us for free/
Live your life to the limit and let's just Let it Be/

V1

Vicious and hungry, H.B Horny Bunny, I'll burn you alive gas talks just as loud as money/
It's funny honey you will find me backstroking in the pain/
I Don't wait for the storm to pass I dance in the rain/
Insane in the membrane, Insane in the brain/
But this membrane of my brain is high again/
With this rap thing in me I could be a star son/
But I'm so hot and bright, I should be that Sun one/
I spit pain like a gun hitting your heart beat till it stops/
Then it starts again, you feeling Hip Hop/
Nasty sick, a big rubber dick just like an Elephant's/
You are what you do, Hence my hobby is excellence/
I spit elegance with these lyrics so hard they get physical/
Selling beautiful quality now my Pimp game is lyrical/
Silly little dude I'll tell you what your problem is/
You talk big but to beat me you need more than confidence/
Lyrical condiments that compliments the game, I'm intense/

You're flavourless, like the pussy that spat you into this crazy mess/

Yes, go ahead and say it so sick'/

Almost as ill as your mother but not quite there yet/

But I bet with time I just might be/

One of the best emcees that you will hear or see/

And I'm here now, without a fear doing me/

To the best of my ability flowing fluently/

CHORUS X2

V2

Metaphors on beats and chords source the cause for your applause/

Roars of Awes defining ears, heart on the mic while taking yours/

Hoard of thoughts bubbling, thoughts of pain troubling/

My brain emotional stumbling feelings to be following/

Again, his following of bobbing hip hop heads acknowledging/

A liquid tongue spitting colourful words like he be vomiting/

Cover me I'm coming in like a condom penetrating/

That section of your perfection that I like to call heaven/

Yes, heaven is best indeed, for I is in need of she like she is in need of me/

In need of weed to allow our minds to meet/

In need of sheets to allow our souls to breed/

I'm now complete on a beat I need nothing but me/

Doing me while you're doing you but doing me better see? /

You might get more love, but that doesn't t really bother me/

Cos I'm a firm believer in quality over quantity/

CHORUS X2

V3

Sick and sadistic, a prick, and a misfit/

Who lit his spliff quick, to compliment his drink/
Is thinking about bickering and sinking to the evil within/
The demon within him is needing reason to grin/
Again, and again, they're falling in front of him/
Emcees, wet panties, it's all the same thing/
Who needs these dam trees let's light 'em up man/
Ooh wee, I'm higher than you and I have ever been/
You could try to contend I'll do my best to be subtle/
In humiliating you and your lame excuse for a hustle/
Working my mental muscle and my spirit as a couple/
Clutching the mic, with a cross wrapped around the knuckle/
So that he can lead my words through the verse I preach/
I'm trying to spread peace but these peeps just want beef/
So I paid Lobola, and I married Hip Hop/
Cos we've got that true love and it don't stop, it don't stop/
Thank God for Hip Hop/

Title: When She Moves

V1

When she moves the music dances to her rhythm/ and the world follows suite because it's blissful to the system. Listen!/ She Is a living legend the practiced art of perfection/ a composition of heavenly bliss with love the conception/ She's painting images with the movements within her hips/ It kinda leaves you confused as to who the art and artist is/ Her beauty is flawless like the levels of it's infinite depths/ and holds a timeless plot in my chest / kind of like a vr6/ Yes! We're blessed, to be in her presence/ Hypnotic with her movements flaunting mother nature's elegance/ The test is, not to lose sight of all common sense/ first impressions she never forgets/ like Africa's elephants/ She moves with grace like that that you say before your dinner plate/ causing buckled knees as the weight of love is allowed to congregate/ Tempting fate, with every single movement that she

makes/ Death of a playa by first taste, that's really all that it takes/

CHORUS: When She Moves, when she moves, She's got the whole world standing in a queue/ I'm

Hypnotized, so hypnotized/ Baby girl I love the way you move/ When She Moves, oh when

She moves, I lose my mind when I look at you/ I'm hypnotized, so hypnotized/ Baby girl I

Love the way you move/

V2

When she moves the music dances to her rhythm/ and the world follows suite because it's blissful

To the system Listen!/ You should hear her heart, but it doesn't speak/ but you can feel it when your

Near it, it practices poetry/ The closer we get, the better and wetter I bet or I hope/ She's an angel

with an angelic voice so I rock the boat because/ Peaceful seas don't make for skilful sailors or

pirates/ or tyrants stealing hearts when she vibrates, emotional violence/ Moving in silence like a

lioness at night when she hunts/ embracing her surrounding environments like ancient African huts/

With an African butt, that could break a neck with a strut/ make a man fall in love and want to take

away her pain for the month/ or nine. My point is she's fine, her movements divine/ and they leave

mine, craving some serious bump and grind I think I'm/ lost in the moment. My soul is abused/ yet

amused by the spiritual connection every time that she moves

Chorus

ENDING POEM

Can you give me your love or is it only borrowed for the moment?

Is it unconditional, or uncontainable, can I not own it?

May I loan it for a lifetime and maybe learn to control it

To sign a contract to have it in another, with you as a soul mate?

Do I have to earn it by, exposing my soul

To ruthless assaults by your lust for material wealth in a world so cold?

Does it come whole or half hearted?

With selfish underlining intentions undermining my intelligence

Like politicians seeking benefits?

Does it hold relevance to the cause?

Let the answer be ofcourse!

Hidden in the poetic justice of the movements of that body of yours.

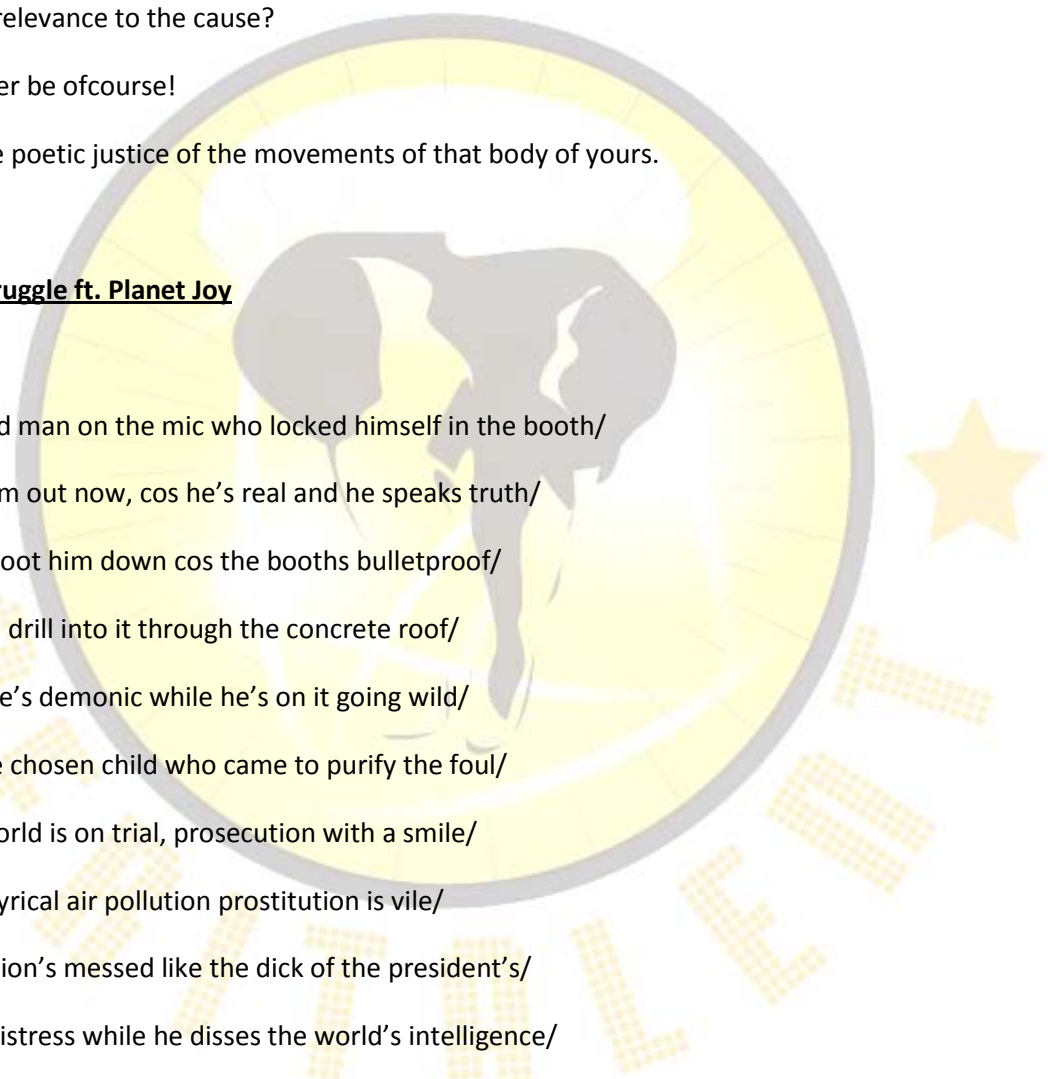
Does it hold relevance to the cause?

Let the answer be ofcourse!

Hidden in the poetic justice of the movements of that body of yours.

Invincible Struggle ft. Planet Joy

V1

There's a mad man on the mic who locked himself in the booth/


They want him out now, cos he's real and he speaks truth/
Cops can't shoot him down cos the booths bulletproof/
So they tryna drill into it through the concrete roof/
Meanwhile he's demonic while he's on it going wild/
Says he is the chosen child who came to purify the foul/
The whole world is on trial, prosecution with a smile/
He says this lyrical air pollution prostitution is vile/
The constitution's messed like the dick of the president's/
Inside he's mistress while he disses the world's intelligence/
And you sit in silence, and then wage riots and violence/
Instead of using that time just to open your eyelids/
He's lost on an island floating on an ocean of emotion/
Not your president the boy in the booth, he's fucking dope man/
He says if you would open, your mind you will find/
The same truth inside that he keeps encrypted in he's rhymes/

Life on the line like a baby choking he's umbilical/
Dying to live yet willing to die for the truth in the lyric yo/
They're drilling through the ceiling no! Guns killed the radio/
Dead in a pool of blood he lies as the truth buried in a flow/

CHORUS

V2

When Michael Jackson died I felt close to people worldwide/
Cos they could finally feel how we felt inside when Pac died/
Back then my heart cried but the pain expired/
Until the end of time replayed in my mind/
It's timeless who would mind this lyrical rhyme fest/
And I'm just mindless trying to contest with the best/
This pest in my chest beats as my heart against/
My mind's quest and attempts to be emotionless/
Causing dizziness and nausea, silliness deforming the/
Link to think beyond the brink of Utopia/
I'd shrink my brain and go insane just to notice the/
High level of lame in the game your unfocused bra/
The trick is to stay true to you in what you do/
For yourself and no one else be an individual/
In whichever avenue you want to do as you please/
You were unique by birth so you can master it with ease/
I don't worry that they're too afraid or paranoid to play this/
Ignorant haters, who don't feel me because they're racist/
Afraid to face this or place this on their play list/
Radio minded and controlled cos to them the truth is tasteless/
I hope this here raises and uprising indeed/
But before you go to war, you should legalise weed/

And before nationalising mines causing an uproar/

I think you should focus more on feeding and housing the poor/

Track: Butterflies

V1

I get Butterflies, every time we lock eyes/

Butterflies, shivers sent down my spine man/

Butterflies, has this playa gone soft?

'cos when God made you he was just showing off/

Butterflies! That's what you're giving me/

I know they say Love hurts but girl you're killing/

I gotta keep my the charm up to make sure that you're feeling me/

I know they say love hurts, but girl you killing me/

And these justified butterflies, will arise my demise/

Hypnotise both my eyes and keep my eyes on them thighs/

Butterflies fluttering, other guys juggling/

You're feelings bubbling in a washing machine/

You know what I mean, this game we play is crazy/

But I'll go sane if you bent me please baby/

Tame me then tell them that you're my lady/

Your lips are my currency so baby please pay me/

And maybe, I'll give you my heart in exchange/

Which will come with my trust and my love and pain/

Yo I'll never play again man, fuck the game/

Why gain a whore to lose your Mrs Last Name/

It's a damn shame, cos your Beauty's unique/

No one can compare girl you're in your own league/

Eyes can't help but stare at your perfect physique/

Girls can climax multiply but never reach your peak/

You make it hard to breathe, make my heart plead for breath.../

My heart fled from death/

Of love, from when you stole it and mould it suit me/

My exploded emotions are bold and mutually I get

Chorus

V2

I get bu, butterflies yo I stutter my tongue twists/

Cos I'm busy watching your hips while your making them dip yup/

You look fit for a queen, fit for a dream/

A playa killing machine if you know what I mean/

Your gorgeous, it's insane you're the ball of the game/

Got every player's eye on you again, Doin your thang/

Hey, hey, hey, hey, you're so, so beautiful!/

I spoke to the heavens and they told me that they're missing you/

It's true baby, you're like a heart attack to me/

Cos you force a playa leave the game in a heartbeat/

Your bodies the party, and I can't ever get enough/

I'm tripping over my tongue, stumbling and then falling in love?/

Yup, Please bring my breath back/

How am I supposed to charm you when you confiscate it like that/

I'll be your rabbit in a hat/

I'll put your cat on a mat/

Then bunny hop you from the back/

Because you like it like that/

Now you've got...?

Hands Up

V1

First and foremost I wanna say fuck bitches/ Now that that is out of the way I wanna say Fuck you/
I didn't come for the lame fame money and riches/ I came to eliminate fake and deliver the truth/
I'm bringing to you, that true Hip Hop you feel/food for thought I drop knowledge as a lyrical meal/
You see your boy's sick, dog I'm to ill I feel/I might die if I get any more iller by any mill/You may try
to conceal your fake but I see through you/working voodoo magic like a Guru is how I do you/
searching for a classic attack using my noodle/the real is back to school you foolish fool on spitting
truthful/Insane and crazy my brain never lazy/days praised daily by praised days baby/a phased laid
lady in a daze maybe/my gained trained lady I laid in the game see/

Chorus: Put your hands up in the club if you feel me/
I got no love for these fake thugs cos they're filthy/
So I killed them all with a zol call me guilty/
But put your hands up in the club if you feel me/

V2

She said let bygones' be bygones' well bitch be gone bye/girl got a glow cos I gave her pussy a spit
Shine/every time I flow emcee's seem to just get shy/I'm never feeling low cos I'm mostly too high/
The same guy s!ck dropping bombs on a song/I'm thirsty I'll suck your pussy dry like a tampon/dam
Where were we drug dealers are making a killing/I stay high cos inspiration is God given/ Lyrics so
Finger licking the kernel would lick a dick covered in shit/that came from the rectile slit of an
Elephant/while the president was celebrating his massive victory/I was drowning my sorrows busy
Getting higher than Whitney/In the circus with Britney busy eating pussy and bread/while the pussy
Cat dolls were trying to get ahead by giving me head/be careful what you wish for cos you just might
Get it/let's see if you can hold that splitting pose with my dick entering it/

V3

I'm iller than whomever and better than you have been/in a million billion millimetres within/
The insanity of humanity under your skin/Hypnotizing and mesmerising he comes again/with a
Lyrical miracle tightening your umbilical/within the simple invisible riddle of the residue/left by you
Know who on that level that we call ritual/gathering to have you been higher and feeling spiritual/
Back to the beat I'm a drop just a little yo/wait where's the beat where the fuck did it go to?/I must
Compete with these fucks I don't think so/you can compete with these nuts suck a dick bro/I heard
Your trying to get your ass on my music video/I'm trying to get my video on your ass you silly hoe/so,
Come her and get low/A.O.S. sick m.u.n.i. coming through the front door like...

Chorus X 2

The Pain

Chorus: The Pain is a close friend it always stays true
 The pain never tickles me it's always painful
 The Pain is the only memory I have of you
 Which is now the mutual memory that you have of me too!

V1

The Pain is my close friend cos he always stays true/The Pain never tickles me it's always painful/
The pain is the only memory I have of you/ which is now the mutual memory that you have of me
Too/We used to get along together now we can't get a long/
Like your granddad who can't afford Viagra anymore/
It's funny cos I used to praise you before looking up in awe talking about thank Lord/
For blessing me with such a gift but now it's over see/
I'm not one for happiness and I guess it's not one for me/
So I remain sour, and still not giving a fuck/

And I'm not rapping to a woman yo I'm rapping to love/
The Pain is a close friend for it never leaves me/
It seems to me, it seems to be, parting me, evenly/
Removing the loving, caring and thinking me from the front/
And putting up that sick bitch who doesn't give a fuck/
Hello darkness I've become such a stranger to the light/
That even if it found me it wouldn't know what I look like/
That's why I spill it all on the mic, heart and soul on the beat/
For the angels seeking me wouldn't need their eyes to hear me/
Take my sorrow Lord, take this hollow core within me/
Tomorrow's not looking good because the war goes on ya see?/
And I'm weary of this battle of this war within me/
The Pain is plenty I'm empty and I've made myself my worst enemy/

Real Talk

V1

These fools are hysterical spitting weak lyrics through the stereo/ we know you like to flow yet you
Should drop some knowledge with it though/ Through a metaphor, or simile, cos dog you're killing
Me/ with your bigotry, I'm spittin real so real be feeling me/ So you can rhyme a line on a beat and
make a melody/ but your promoting ignorance like it's a fashionable accessory/ Chick tryna sell sex
to me but trick I don't find you sexy/ you're wearing nothing exposing your goods for the whole
world to see/ So we're lacking intimacy before the thought of we could be/ you expect me to respect
you while you disrespect yourself openly?/ flaunting stupidity. Another unattractive flaw/ You're
trying to act like a lady but selling yourself as a whore/ That's why my heart gets sore, so I meditate
on the moment/ In an attempt to cure your mind from the ignorance causing torment/ My heart and
mind are dormant as I practice emptiness/ If I'm emotionless pain can't exist resulting in bliss/ And
that is where the light is that you need in order to spark the blunt/ statement to be creative and
unique as you want/ When I hit your heart with this art named Hip Hop/ I do it for the heads who

avoid that pop junk like a roadblock/ cos what they know not can hurt them in ways they can't understand/ like bullets piercing the skin of the San from man of another land/ You 'all like dam! He's gone ebonical again/ but if I don't flip tricks with these sick spits you won't know who I am/In This rap thing some want cash and others want you to listen/ There is a difference between seeking Fame and seeking recognition/ God gave you a blessing the unique individualism of yourself/ It's pathetic how you would waste your life trying to be someone else check yourself!/ REAL TALK/

Track 9 – Let there be light ft. Nikki, Poet of light.

V1

She wakes up as the sun sets/
Looks down upon Cape Town, like 'Morning my little pets'/
She gets dressed in that same attire looking fresh/
But she's dead like the cold heart stagnant in her chest/
Yes! She heads down to the same strip/
Camps Bay, so gorgeous yes isn't it? /
Legend say that her body has killed a kid/
But it didn't just the fangs in her mouth did/
The club lights tend to hurt her eyes/
Her shades are protection, ornaments are crimes/
She's looking for a meal and she loves the taste of guys/
And there's an easy drunk target on the floor surprise! /
She glides over like a boat on a tide/
And grinds her hind on the front of his backside/
The smell of his flesh causes lust to arise/
Cos the taste of his blood is what keeps her alive/
'Baby Imma make a meal of you/
You'll taste great in my bed up in table view/
Drunk off the lust and the skunk he says 'cool/'

How about you take me home with you beautiful/
Without a clue that the feeling is mutual/
She peeks deep into his eyes just to view his soul/
Once they notice they're both really out of control/
They leave the dance floor and make their way to the front door/

CHORUS

V2

The room is dark, yet candle lit/
The sweet scent of incense sticks is rich in it/
Her legs have split, and she grinds hard from her hip/
Tempted to bite into his neck with each dip/
She bites into his lip to get a little sip/
Blinded by her thirst, she wants blood like a crib/
Man embedded the curse in her heart yes he did/
And only light can illuminate the dark under her rib/
And she's loving it, the darkness that is/
She wants to savour the flavour the cartilage is/
Lost in bliss she twists in her sarcophagus/
Unfocused she doesn't notice his motives/
She pins his wrists preparing to give him the kiss/
That will strip him of his soul and human emotions/
As she dips to deliver she quivers yo what is this? /
Two sharp pains in her neck causing heavy dizziness/
Let there be light/

Track 10 – The Funeral

V1

(Under the ash of this blunt, and the liquor of this beer, right now and here, I bury my feelings for Her)

I hate my heart, cos it staggers my logic my judgement has become judgemental of itself/

I hate my heart, cos these feelings wont stop it I must not give in to these emotions felt/

If your hear is filled with faith then you cannot fear/

Don't be worried with sorrow rather live for the moment here/

Have a beer and a smile go out with the boys for a while/

Quit dying to live and start living your life my child/

Is what I heard strange to you yet true to me in every word/

Good times come and go and when I say good times I mean girls/

Love gives me the chills, the scariest thing you will ever feel/

You wonder if she feels what you're feeling and if the feelings real/

Think about what you have, before what you lost/

It's pretty sad to see you lost in thoughts cross at love's cost/

Love doesn't care. If it's over it's her loss/

Ofcourse, look in the mirror, beautiful you're a boss/

There are many of them to go around don't let one get to you/

Unless she's the one, and if she were then she'd be with you/

Stop swimming in a puddle and take a dive in the sea

There's many fish but one shark? No there's two or three/

Or four, five, six hundred what the fuck is wrong with you/

Get in the game to stay true to you/

I'm gonna miss you, but I guess life goes on/

Under the ash of this blunt I bury these feelings gone/


CHORUS: But it's just, just feelings. (Feelings)

It's just, just Pain (Pain)

It's just emotions (emotions)

It will, will fade (Fade)

V2

I'll spit the blood that is beating in my heart/


Bleeding from my heart, I think I need a pain killer doc/
Cos actually, you were my life so naturally I'd miss the air I breath/
These lyrics are smudged by raindrops and so it's hard to read/
I'll spit from my arteries no logic can bother me/
Knowing I loved you properly because you were my property/
You're probably gonna be mad at me but actually/
I'm spitting facts because my conscience decided to speak up happily/
Dam I miss you badly, oh I want you gladly/
Let's get married and be happy till the cemetery/
I hate your mommy and your daddy I think they are crazy/
They hate me too, they think I'm insane is it true? Maybe/
But between you and me, true love was born/
True love was mourned now my heart is torn/
And now I'm lost and hurt in hatred ofcourse/
I don't know if it's love's fault, or if it's yours/
Here's a letter to the lord sent on beats and chords/
My thoughts ofcourse, between you and truly yours/
Life is a course, with hills and gorgeous, some gorgeous/
Others are more or less hard causing haunches/
And pauses for prayer, Lord are you there? /
I know you're with me but sometimes I need some advice here/

I feel alone I so communicate through a microphone/
Using the gift you've given me to let you know/
That I'm thankful and grateful for everything you've given me/
All my real, and fake friends, and unicorn of a family/
To every girl that broke my heart yo I wonder/
If they know they didn't kill it they only made it stronger/
All my lessons, learnt, and attempts that burnt/
I've learnt you're word is the cure for every hurt/
And my word to you, is to always stay true/
My faith glows and grows as I do the same too, but/
Chorus

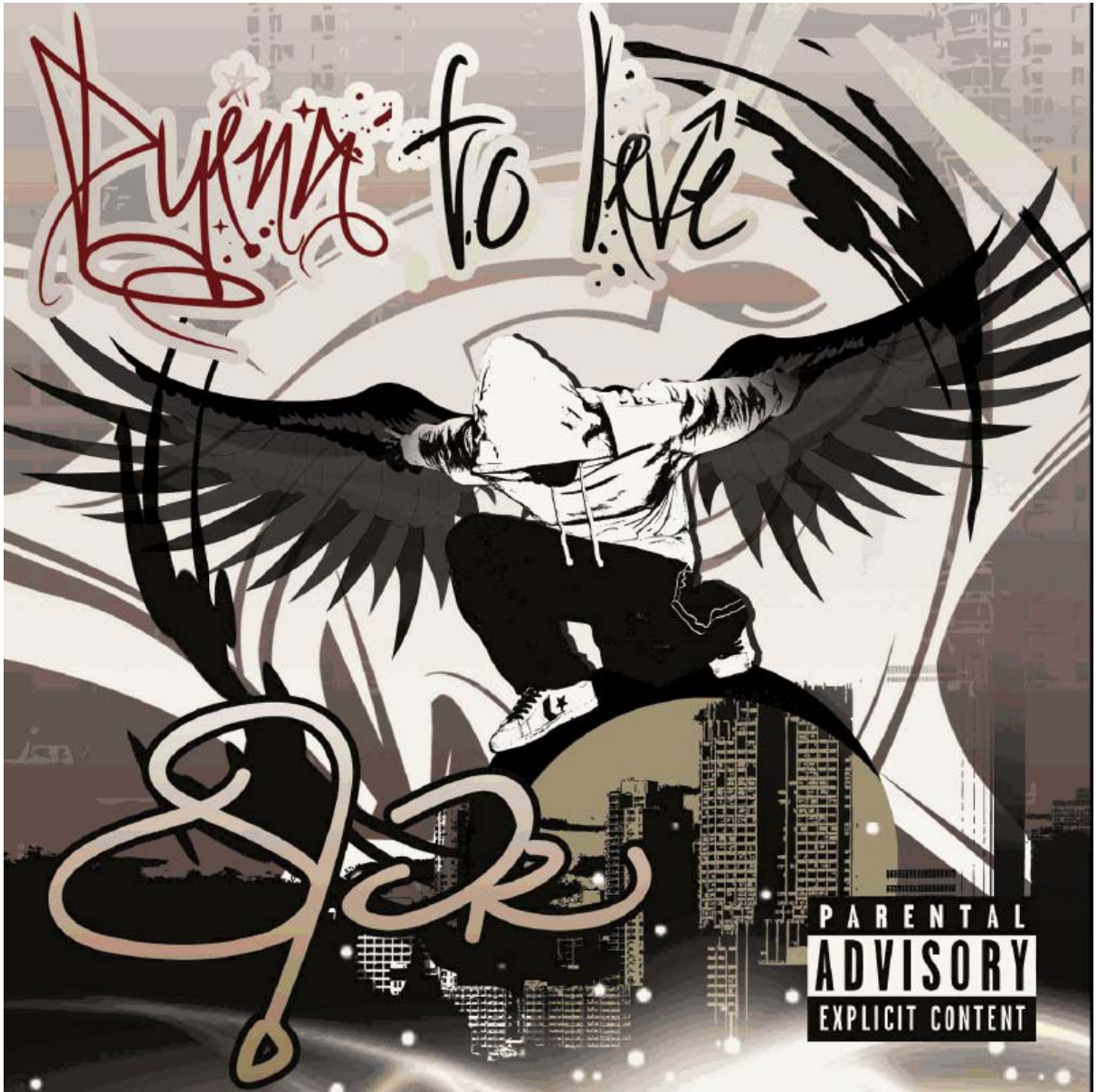
Track 11 – Misunderstood

V1

Everybody is born to shine like they're meant to/ Mine's mental, your top spot is a rental/
I've been sent to, change what you've been into/
I would floss, but I can't cost me the dental/
I've been sent to, change what you've been in to/
I would floss, but I can't cost me the dental/
Lost thoughts cause awes and yours to bend dude/
Hoards of hoars use drunk lords to vent through/
Searching for the fame yet getting a name to/
Climb up the corporate ladder with the use of their genital/
Spread thighs tell lies of love and lust too/
Just to get a fool like you to make it do what it do/
Sex sales tell tales of the pain you've been through/
The loss of everything you've gained because of a overdose of alcohol/
One night is all it took, adultery by the book/

Sex with your ex on your office desk left you shook/
You shudder, with the thought of your nose in her nook/
But brother never used a rubber pussy got him hooked/
And now he's afraid to face he's baby mother he has gotta look/
In her eyes telling lies like a loyal crook/
And he is really cheesy he lives in Featherbrook/
In a automated broken home with a cook/
With Aids swimming through his veins like a cape snoek/
And the rage and that same shame that the devil put/
In his brain, take away the pain yes a bullet could/
Then he can live in hell forever born misunderstood





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