

The Tongue f/ Chasm

"Corruption Dub"

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[Hook] {Chasm on the decks}
Hyper than the little kid on ginseng
Bring ... bring ... bringing the heat

[Verse 1: The Tongue]
Now I'ma rock to my soap box like Marley did
Float like words of peace off a Ghandi's lips
Skate board lyricism pulling narley flips
My whole life has been one long party trick
But now I gotta talk about a bigger part of this
The part of a rappers heart where the darkness is
The narcissist inside the artist
it's time to find out what the fear of an artist is
Starting with the business - the hardest bit
Who you gonna trust when your units start to shift
How you gonna think straight if you spark a spliff
Knowing every A and R wants an arse to kiss
Yo there's no clear answer they'll ask you if
You can record a hit so big it's hard to miss
Rumour mills turn truth into the darkest mist
Blinded by the question "should I be apart of this?"

[Chorus: The Tongue] {X2}
They'll have you bugging out
You'll feel like running now
And all the people and the pressure have you bugging out
Do the Corruption Bounce
When we be bugging out
From the pressure and the stress you're bugging out

[Verse 2: The Tongue]
The second issue is the lifestyle that's wearing me down
It puts pressure on you're neck when you wearing a crown
Elefants built the scene up, not tearing it down
Any weed up on the tour bus we share it around
I'm on the Aussie Batla breakfast, hare of the hound
Dogs bollocks in your wallets, money's rarely around
Tongue can't hear excuses just spare me the sound

Spare some change for the street urchant that's staring
you down
You better up-size your party hat when we're in you're
town
And I ain't leaving 'til I see my CD there in ya house
My heads high off my shoulders and buried in clouds
I know my people when I see them, you're there in the
crowd
Still I rap rookie breaker
Freestyle hash-cookie baker
Call me the inner-space invader
Who treats any fan like a neighbour
And sleeps til it's dark in a park on some bugged out
behaviour

[Chorus] {X2}

[Hook]

[Verse 3: The Tongue]

Man that's my life
Any man has his price
Try'na stay sane while going mad on these mics
Damn is it like this for ya whole career
Who'se dropped, what's flopped, what's gold this year
What time is it here, I'm try'na focus
But keep bugging out worse than flys and locusts
The heat and the pressure both try'na choke us
So the fact I'm alive should inspire the hopeless
Corruption bounces of protest
Cos bouncing be no less than agony throughout this
whole process
If you playing blame games it'll cost ya
Thought hip hop would be laid back but it's corrected
my posture
And I'ma never be the same
So pump up the volume and take a little pleasure in my
pain

[Chorus] {X2}

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