

## Streets, The "Turn the Page"

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That's it, turn the page on the day, walk away  
Cos they're sensing what I say  
I'm 45th generation Roman  
But I don't know 'em  
Or care when I'm spitting  
So return to your sitting position and listen  
It's fitting  
I'm miles ahead and they chase me  
Show your face on TV, then we'll see  
You can't do half, my crew laughs  
At your rhubarb and custard verses  
Your rain down curses but I'm waving,  
Your hearse is driving by  
Streets riding high, with the beats in the sky  
All stare, eyes glazed  
Garage burnt down, the fire raged  
For 40 days and in 40 ways  
But through the blaze they see it fade  
The sea of black, the beaming heat on their faces  
Their figure emerges from the wastage  
Eyes transfixed with a piercing gaze  
One hand clutching a sword raised to the sky  
They wonder how, they wonder why  
The sky turns white it all becomes clear  
They felt lifted from their fears  
They shed tears in the light  
After 6 dark years  
Young bold soldiers, the fire burns  
Cracks and smoulders  
5 years older and wiser  
The fires are burning on fire, never tire  
Slave warriors in the forests and on higher  
We sing, hear the strings rising  
The war's over, the bells ring  
Memories fading, soldiers slaying  
Looks like geezers raving  
The hazy fog over the bull ring,  
The lazy ways the birds sing  
A new babys born every day  
Few men may be scorn today  
But look at things the other way

Cos it may well be your final day  
And then the crowds roar they slay, they all say  
I produce this using only my bare wit  
Gimme a jungle a garage beat and admit defeat,  
Use war and past injury as my metaphor and simile  
Get all applications into before the deadline  
Cos it's a fine line between strife or crime  
To a life of crime  
But you will reach the day, and it's all mine  
You can take it or leave, I shake  
And reveal stage tricks like Jimi Hendrix  
In the afterlife Gladiators meet their maker  
Thrown through the wind fields and lakes of Bluewater  
To the next life from the fortress  
Away from the knives and slaughter  
To their wives and daughters  
Once more before the law judges over all of us,  
Cos in this place you'll see me,  
Brace yourself, cos this goes deep,  
I'll show you the secrets the sky and the birds  
Actions speak louder than words  
Stand by me my apprentice  
Be brave, clench fists.

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