

Art Company

"Don't See the Signs"

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[Sample: Get on up! Do what you wanna do!]

Blade:

Will I be rated as one of the greatest rappers on the planet?

I doubt it

Will Mark be rated as one of the greatest producers?

I doubt it

It's not cuz we ain't good

It's cuz we're from London

That means we're stigmatised

We can't be original

To hell with that prehistoric thinking

Just because your ship's sinking

It doesn't necessarily mean that ours is

I'm known for wearing Carhartt jeans, not Tizer trousers

Your lifestyle is as safe as houses, mine is unorthodox

Oral ecstasy, we never had no videos on the box

Rap's Rambo, one man army

Had it with your mumbo-jumbo

Switchin' roles, now I'm Columbo

Investigatin' the scene

Exposing the perpetrators

How dare you compare yourself to Jesus

Claiming you came to Earth to save us?

Step to the centre stage when you see me yell "May-day"

We ain't here to play, we're here to slay

You better pray

You can bring Robocop, Terminator, Superman, Batman

But none of them can handle this madman

You don't see the signs because you're blind

You're running out of time

I'm using my mind

It's a crime

Stand back and watch a professional rapper rhyme

Put the mic down boy, the show is mine

I don't have time to worship idols, that's for idiots
Triple check the ingredients, strictly no chameleons
On a scale of one to ten you're a zero
Nothing
Learn before you shoot your mouth off
Try to give 'em something
To think about
Work your brain muscles
This has the hustles
Daily from the second the sun rises until it's gone again
The arrival of the full moon means it's time to perform
again
The damage is done with one performance and then
I'm off again
If something ain't correct we cut it off from the stand
It'll be the same the next month, warn your men
Cordon off your area in your feeble attempts
To try to catch a superior rhymers that's out to bury ya
In the confusion, you're all about to witness
The birth of a showdown
A monumental throwdown
I got the world in the palm of my hand
And as things stand
I intend to steal your fans
>From under your nose
Whether you're friends or foes
I've been watching you
You've been looking dead at your shows
And as it goes
[??] acting as prose
One of these days you'll be exposed (because)

You don't see the signs because you're blind
You're running out of time
I'm using my mind
It's a crime
Stand back and watch a professional rapper rhyme
Put the mic down boy, the show is mine

Let's be realistic, you ain't artistic
You're simplistic
Rippin' off songs that already existed
You go ballistic when we tell you the facts plain
The evidence, you lose control of the emotions
Couldn't hack it cuz you think the world
Should rotate around what you do
But you're sadly mistaken
Here's a rude awakenin'
You ain't gonna win
This whole game's full of amateurs
Fake characters

Human beings acting mechanical
Enter the cannibals
That sucks
The mission is to crush
With the least amount of fuss
Turning leeches into dust
Cuz it's a must
He's a re-programmer
I'm a savage and my weapon's grammar
You're the nail, I'm the hammer
Backstabbers don't survive long when my mic's on
Hypocrites are paralyzed, crushed by the unknown
Destroyer destroying the phonies
Those that act up
Step to the front, we'll bring your back up

[scratching]

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