

## Autopsy

### "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 rhymer 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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