

Ice Mc

"Tomorrow Will Do"

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[Verse One - Pressure]

Be careful what you wish for; be cautious what you seek
Women are like opportunities; grasp them when they're in reach
All that glitters is gold, and sold for green locally
Life's a blind struggle that's why fate keeps tripping over me
With fines, debts and warrants trust me when I say they serve you
What you don't know can't hurt you; so not knowing you's a virtue
It's a fast food world; I fear that I'm a die gluttoning
But life is like John Howard, too short to waste time worrying
I moved from my parentals, used to lose it in the mental
Now I'm using my potential, for bruising instrumentals
I'm a bad natured human, bound to stagnate in ruin
Till these man made delusions catch a bad case of bruising
We're all drunk philosophers so give it time now
There's a fine line between a smile and a frown, Yeah?
It's called an eyebrow
If measurement of ones worth was one word of testament
I'm done keeping it real I keep it relevant

[Chorus]

Life is a road, full of turn-offs, short sprints and long runs
We'll deal with it as it comes
If I lose my way I'll follow you
Cos today's like yesterday I guess tomorrow will do
Life is a road, full of turn-offs, short sprints and long runs
We'll deal with it as it comes
If I lose my way I'll follow you
Cos today's like yesterday I guess tomorrow will do

[Verse Two - Suffa]

I've been an out and out loudmouth since my youth
I'm generous with words but selfish with the truth
I'd never say some things on my mind anyway
Cos ideas are like cars, they get stolen everyday
And when I do speak women call me a creep
Ladies chivalry's not dead it's on the couch where you
made it sleep
I get deep without the meaningful
Mimed a rhyme to a blind man, he said 'Boy now I've
seen it all'
The worlds an ugly place filled with beautiful women
And people, who love music but lack suitable rhythm
What a computer will give them an instrument won't
It's called hip hop, guess what we're the industry joke
But hip hop followers, follow us till your sorrow is gone
And be strong cos tomorrow it's on
We ain't no beat nick, weak trip, kids on the sneak tip
We spit deep shit all of life' secrets

[Chorus] - 2X

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