

Manafest "Downtown"

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Chorus:

On on, and on an, Downtown, downtown
The place that I'm chilling at is Down Town
Where people get the party on its Down Town, Down
Town
When I'm skating with my posse, it's Down Town Down
Town
And If you wanna get live than come Down Town

Verse I

I Place to be at, where we spit raps the DJ scratch B-
boy's with the Air Tracks Battle kats, Grafeedi, Jimmy's
smoking crack I rap a prayer,
2 fingers in the air Party on with Bacardi kardi's song
Body guards folly's on,
God's army got me strong Rocking Psalms
Home to the homeless, dope Trojans and stone folk
hopelessm, Coke addicts and roach clips
Focus on the frontier, CN Towers Engineered, here , All
my peers here, chill, and spend years here
No the city, grab ye girl and look pretty , Flex a fifty,
and give away ye pennies
Not to be trusted, gang busted, and rugged
Tourists Subject to loss so keep your eyes on your
luggage
Towns that never sleep, from New York to Wall Street
Miles of
concrete that rocks without a beat

Verse II

Down town, like new years countdown
Skate and crowd around till the police turn it out ,
Bounce to the next spot, watch,
I scene a lot cops, I got caught stopped eating a vendor
dog
Rep my cross I gotta be it, rap in coliseums
God I see him looking down daily and the weekend
Seeing night life, and the fights and the mic's,
And the wrongs and the rights and the cause is the
pride My side of the track, is for truth and the facts
Where I'm going when I rap through God I'm intact

The fast pace of life, ye forget who ye are
Try to get that girl, or sup up your car Job, dialogue, the
cost to get it all
You Got a 5 year plan but who's there when ye fall
There's nothing wrong with it downtowns explicit
Most peeps after it check it when ye visit

Verse III

If you wanna chill above average Get passed the
madness
Find Jesus of Nazareth or God fearing activists
Toronto's a classic, and has all the matches The
fashions corn rolls gadgets attractions
Traffic cars, girls, the ahhs Left a life of God, living by
no man's laws
Why's the truth hard to see, when God's in yer dreams
Put it down, follow me, Matthew 4:19 Poisonous living,
boy struck ye illin
My voicetrous opinion minds got ye thinking
The T-dot don't stop or sleep
Watch clocks in streets, party blocks loose is
How we do is everything fair in the city?
Why don't you ask the squeegees homeless, or the
needy
Regardless or not, I still call it my home
Residing in the Downtown, land of broken souls.

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