

## Savage Garden

### "Run Hard"

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It's the million militant picture paintin, quick debatin'  
I hit terrain my trainers grip the pavin'  
The city's depraved decayed, quick to cave in  
I kick the greatest game, pick up the pace  
Shake the cage, rattle bars, we bare battle scars  
Fresh blood out the abbatoir  
Avant Garde rappers are ready for champagne and  
caviar  
I stay camouflaged armed with a travel card (travel  
unchartered paths)  
Pass the parcel, I'm partial to parsley, puff it like Bob  
Marley  
Charged without charlie, chalk the score up  
Babylon upon us better board the door up  
Dancefloors are torn up we tourin' Europe  
Warlords secure, fuck Tora Bora caves I fornicate with  
hate  
Make love to the break  
Each verse a verbal earthquake make the world  
celebrate my birthday  
Sick in the worst way, wastin' away waitin' for first aid  
I break bread with the first ape  
To walk upright and talk just like a drunk on a rough  
night ('nuff strife)  
Queens sellin' themselves at cut price  
Open like butterfly knives it's not nice I rock mic's  
Duppy put rock in their pipes  
Deprived puppies keep barkin', blockin' my light  
Yap yappin' at my ankles  
I work so many angles, so my jeans jangle like bangles  
I manhandle ample stress, spark bless, then I blow out  
the candles  
Get sweet dreams

(Chorus by Usmaan)

Hybrid fiends dominate your TV screens

Diablo's, near death fiasco's

RUN HARD

Keep your worst thoughts on charge

When you see a mirage

From Gestapo at large

RUN HARD

Fiends dominate your TV screens

Diablo's, near death fiasco's

RUN HARD

Keep your worst thoughts on charge

Towards the mirage

RUN HARD

J Star spit for catharsis, me and Dr Who buil'in' spliffs in  
the tardis

Leave your reputation tarnished

I talk carnage garnish tracks with ganja and garlic for  
vampire varmints

Fire for them halfwits, and hard heads who start shit

Any last requests? spark your last spliff

Before you get dragged into darkness

I walk through your palace in the raggedest garments

Baggy hangin' off of my arse shit

I spit arsenic, if you're askin' the wrong questions

In the studio for long sessions

Stressed out about the rent every pound spent lost or  
lent

Begged borrowed or stolen

Wrestlin' with stress like it's Hulk Hogan baby

That drank the whole cauldron of magic potion

Potent, I patent my own slogan

Alone smokin' a cone, stoned

Approachin' in a Trojan horse, with a hundred heads  
from up North

Negative and 'nuff coarse of course

Forcefully stormin' your fort

The rebel with a cause without pause for thought it's

WAR

RUN HARD

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