

## **Smith & Mighty "Seeds"**

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IT'S GETTING OUT OF ORDER

THE NEW WORLD ORDER

Gimme the reason why it was brother season

Within Easton yo I strive to survive to kill the feeling

Yeah some brothers buggin' money mad trying to look  
dappa

Selling shit giving out licks or pimping out the slappa's

So for the first chapters I reminisce for a deceased

Who died for one lve balling our peace!

Or my brother who got blast in his chest for fate

Shakespeare said life is a stage I call it fate

Well anyway I kinda WATCHING MY BACK CAUSE I'M  
watching my front cause certain

Friends are full of crap

Yeah It's a damn shame with their mind games

Plus no life aims here this rudeboy I dis em out like  
cocaine

They got crap aims and crap reason's to fight me

Because they like.. Move yourself I ain't no patzie

Yeah.... it's kinda strange how some people change

While societies spitting faster than a Terry's chocolate  
orange

Chuh cause someone once said life ain't fair

I care for my brothers but brothers don't care

So yo I live by God and not he gun

And get ready for the forth coming talking with my son  
about the seeds

Seeds have got to grow

Seeds YOU'VE got to know

Seeds have got to grow

Seeds YOU'VE got to know

Seeds have got to grow

Seeds YOU'VE got to know

Seeds have got to grow

Seeds YOU'VE got to know

Blunted on reality meditate to the system

But when he's born like Kuntah Kenteh watch me lift  
him

To the stars and the pLanets and not tha phallic's

Just sun, stars and talks about Mars I got to have it  
The only bit of innocence that I ever had  
From my a semen from my father from HIS grandads  
Grandson in London to educate one not just books  
I travelled the world like lisa not dumb  
While sucker sippah's living life for face value  
Think yourbrand new but you ain't changing so damn  
you  
Lost souls who never moved on with their shoes on  
In a situation that they can't improve on  
Kinda sad situation bad if you live like THAT that shit  
can send you mad  
So yo I don't because I won't so watch me buss  
This power in perception rudeboy and not justice  
That's why I love this documentary on reality  
Within society my principality is  
To live by God and not the gun  
And get ready for the forth coming  
Talking with my son about HIS  
Seeds

JUST TALKIN' WITH MY SON ABOUT HIS SEEDS  
YES, SIR  
SO, YO, I LIVE BY GOD AND NOT THE GUN  
AND GET READY FOR THE FORTHCOMING  
TALKING WITH MY SON ABOUT HIS SEEDS

(SHINE LIGHT)

Back on street guying off phony personAS  
Leave me alone as the spirituality dead smelling  
aroma's of frauds  
Got caught in the ego and didn't see the cloud  
On that robert de niro mate talking out loud  
Acting to put the fear right back in  
Your cerebellum but first I tell 'em facts  
And certain heads are swelling  
Because they don't like the rythm  
For some it's easier to tell than to listen so listen  
Realism and truth ain't the same wave  
Within the brainwave check the difference  
The order is to maintain  
Throughout the struggle and the strife  
Because "if" is the middle word within the word "life"  
word life  
So I live by God and not the gun  
So I live by God and not the gun  
So I live by God and not the gun  
And get ready for the forth coming  
Talking with my son about the  
Seeds

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