

Taskforce

"It's On You"

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(feat. Eno Red Rum, Skinnyman)

[Verse 1: Chester P]

I'm sick of hearing people say how they got everything
going bad for them
And how the world's against them and how the whole
scene hates them
And how it's holding them back, boy you know what...
It weren't me
It weren't the task f.o.r.c.e
It weren't the Mud Fam, the Bury Cru or Mark B
So I run around town searching for clues
And all them people losing touch bredrens it's on you
I'm a drill a bray the Milky Way for trying to operate a
scam
This is an expose resistance makes a stand
Who do you think we are some fly by night militia
Just take hold of your positions the storms about to
start
And you ain't never gonna make this cos it ain't in your
heart
You piss take and get taken over real sharp
I hope you followed the description of my story so far
Cos we ain't operating petty over wars and feuds
So at the end of the night bredren it's on you
It's on you bredren so what ya gonna do
Chorus
MC's it's on you
DJ's it's on you
And the man's making beats for their crews it's on you
It's on you

[Verse 2: Eno Red Rum]

For those who boost their skills with their clothes
For those who run stagnated rap flows
It's over when Eno screams Red Rum
The rhythm murderer smashing verbal rockers on
drums
Practical production over flowing instruments
Desirable finales that remain your only influence
Ripped from my inputs your about to be buried

In the graveyard under moonlit cemeteries
Your decision is to tearaway like delinquents
Put aside your insolence for some hard spoken
militance
Dominate civilians with minus a millions
Operation get a slice of the pie and stay high
Chorus

[Verse 3: Farma G]

It's on you with no blame being thrown off the stage
It's on me when my rhymes broke down yesterday
I'm saying it's on you to accept reasoning way
It's on you includes those who love to lay the blame
I've heard rappers excuses of why they can't make it
And producers say that our rappers are shit
But it ain't down to you to give hope and new improved
It's not just on me it's not just on you
I'm saying when I pull my weight dreams start to come
true
If you're wack it's on you don't blame the world for your
failure
It's all down to you what's gonna make ya or break ya
It's on you bredren how long's it gonna take ya

[Verse 4: Skinnyman]

There ain't no finger to point no name to call
If anyone's to blame for our downfall it's us all
From wack MC's confused about their identities
To journalists in magazines saying you'll never cut the
cheese
There's things to be considered within the industries
Of A and R's who's only concern is making the G's
Take the art form take it apart from the norm
Add their little bit of booj cos their whole plans to
chartstorm
Box and MTV are best to pull up their socks
Cos fake man with all awards we're gonna knock off
your blocks
So all the fake groups pulled together by those A and
R's
Filling your heads with how they'll take you make ya
into stars
Shooting videos with bimbos and hired out cars
Getting down with media hypenitis drinking in the plush
bars
That's the promise but not your artisticness to flourish
Cos when it does they'll shelf you and say your music's
rubbish
And this mud overstand bogus operation
Of the one hit wonders claim to be the latest pop
sensation

Now I'm gonna do whatever I want to
To make myself follow through cos the rest is on you
It's on you to kids with those sprays on trains
Tagging mud fams name to help our shit maintain
It's on you to kids in the record shops
Keep it real and spend your money on the British hip-hop
It's on you to DJ's on rap radio's
Who play our shit on their shows to make sure
everybody knows
It's on you to recognise exactly what you got
Even though you might of thought that it's not what

[Chorus]

[Outro: Chester P]

All you rappers, DJ's, producers, breakers, taggers
All the elements of Hip-Hop must strive together to be
alive together
Because basically it's on all of us it ain't on one of us
It ain't on the Yankees to lead the way
It's all about the UK it's on us today
It's on you

[Outro: Farma G]

Yeah it's the Task Force
It's the Farma G and Mr Chester P Hackenbush
Eno Red Rum, Mark B
Big up to Skinnyman, Mongo, the Bury Cru
Yeah Mr Thing on the cuts and DJ Vadim
Big up Jodie Green and all mans supporting the cause
Don't put this shit on pause
This is the K'Boro shit, ninety nine lick
Get ready cos we're coming

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