

The Herd

"Burn Down the Parliament"

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[Verse 1: Ozi Batla]

Burn down a pub, we heat up a club
Get a punter feeling hot like they use dencorub
When we do what we love
Smell the smoke above
With a hot-headed approach
Turning push to shove
Like a bushfire in scrub
We ambush the dub
Set alight our rap books like a pencil stub
It's essential cuz, feel it heat ya blood
We be blazing on the mic like Nimbin blazes bud

[Verse 2: Urthy]

Singe the ears keep it lit like gear
With no laws to fear, let it burn in here
Flush you out like a sniffer dog prowling near
Cos it's arson dear, get the crowd to cheer
The beats got an edge like dropping off cliffs
It's a major risk, just like nature is
Leave us with no choice when you make it fizz
Throwing fire on your lukewarm liquid disc

[Verse 3: Ozi Batla]

Let these words incite, like molotovs in flight
And set a panic in the public like a meteorite strike
Have you got a light? I've got a bomb tonight
And I will set it off when I feel the mood is right
Firebugs delight, as the fuel ignites
And turn a civilised affair into construction site
When our raps are tight fire burning bright
We make the others look about as hot as Michael Stipe

[Chorus: Urthy + Ozi Batla] {x2}

Burn down a parliament, we burn down a flag
Burn down a liar like we burn ounce bag
And the dutch oven cooks with the smoke that was
grabbed
So the fire flew fast and the flame licked the red rag

[Verse 4: Urthy]

It's the place to be like South Park hell
Call your agency, better tell Ma Bell
But there's no place to sell and no vacancies
As the furnace starts to melt I smell baked MCs
But it's pay per view so just close your eyes
While the conflagration spraypaints the sky
It's not humid, so why do these fellas need fluids
Man pass the joint, we're near boiling point

[Verse 5: Ozi Batla]

Was a quiet show, now an inferno
Fire start to make you disappear like Sheryl Kernot
In a riot below, watch the fire grow
Outta control like a pushy when the tire blows
Let the word be known let a flag be flown
We take the mic in heavy fire and make the stage our
own
Til the fakes go home, place is set to blow
Cos this rhythms dynamite and the spark is the poem

[Verse 6: Urthy]

You don't need no torch with the background scorched
Cos the char will report, this is not just sport
Sport could never be bought in this circumstance
Unlike ghetto street clothes or urban dance
Turn up your clock radios to nightmare awakening
Crank the beat, enhance the de-stabling
The Herd confuse the labeling
Just here to make you think, we're near ya
We're here to take it in

[Chorus: Urthy + Ozi Batla] {x2}

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