

The Herd

"Scallops"

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[Verse 1]

Fatty cells expand when we take the mic in hand
Check out the land on which we dwell with the rhyme
unplanned
Now central coastin', not like central heating
MC's minds meating like the lake meets the sea at
Swansea
On solid rock, yes you know we don't stop
'Til we got everyone of you poppin like bottle tops
Like a stubby on the verandah nothing we planned'a
Just spontaneous banter when we take the chance to
Entice you to do this nice to whatever vice you choose
I think we prove you got nothing to lose
By following us - in my tongue I trust
To get done what we must swirls of red dust behind me
So hard to find it so why try, getting high
Wide open skies and country side
Just gimme some beats and rhymes and room to thrive
and
I swear that I'll always come live and direct
Inspect the jam from every angle that you can
And you might interpret the master plan
But if you don't I'll still be rockin the boat
Chillin wit trakswet and tofu, lake side
To promote this new view

[Chorus] {x4}

Like a \$3.40 bag of fresh hip hop
From your local fish n' chip shop
AH Scallops! With Dollops of flavour on top
When we do what we do we give heads the bops

[Verse 2]

Torches reflect in oily water, scorching sun
Ordinary laws, bored people run off the day don't stay
So they pack up, stacked up equipment and set out
The way to play at Lake Placid, snake acid, reak havoc
Groove grabbing, thought skanking, travelled on trains
Buses pains main lines, trusted train departing
We rushed it, discussed it, with lack of preparation
Separation from city scenes littered streets, reversed

beets

Immersed in the heat from the batlas technique
Wants and needs, verbal speed darkness feeds
And bites and beats through the night that are sliced
with a knife
Ripe with the rhymes that run through my life
With stacks and piles of pancakes and pears
For goodness sake I'm aware when we wake
Opportunities we take to break and break
And frantically tickle me; its rushing all over me

[Chorus] {x4}

[Verse 3]

Clip-art cobras descending on wye station
Not of the rave persuasion, we are our own rave
Trakswet tofu and I disembark in strange days
Swarms of Christmas beetles you have to get through
or shoo away
Quick a select few knew what to do
Or chose or choose to fly to flew
to coastal aboads for tunes
that knew the wind that blew
No seeds be sewn it's all be blown in breezes
Reflective foils sonic releases and eases me
Essential, like sunscreen, spf 15 slip slop slap on this
track
When you wanna feel like summer laid back
Song gets stronger, MC's go longer
When folks in live shows nod along to their flows

[Chorus] {x8}

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