

Urthboy "No Rider"

Visit "[No Rider](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was working as an MC the other day
With a cup o' instant coffee and some marmalade
It's hard to play when just wanna run away
It's underlay underlay since underage
Then the phone rang "It's Urthboy here,
I'm Elefant Traks just like Kenny Sabir
"Hi, someone led me to believe you're an MC
I've got an offer that would maybe eve tempt me.
What I meant means we give you a set fee
You play at our gig for peanuts and a little prestige"
So the rest see me as a success
While I'm struggling to pay rent with records to press
But yes I agree to it, how can you not?
Thinking of the fluid with the international slot
I've got no time for rhymers, slash social climbers
It's just another gig I'm doing for the rider

There is no rider my friend, so why we doing this then?
We all go broke by night end (like, broke as hell, can't
you tell)

Leave the house, lock the door, catch the train
Or the bus it's a rush tame the peak hour crush
to the venue, nothing but trouble on the menu
Cock-rocking headstrong soundmen to get through
This shit can really send you to the pub next door
Either that or make sure he leaves with a broken jaw
(Ahh) nah man I'm just joking around
Just hoping to soundcheck without choking this clown
I'm just about over it now and I'm not hopeful
Can I get a test vocal from the pleb locals
This opals got rough edges and a hard centre
I'm doing it for the love music's my warm sweater
Kinda like a second placenta so when I enter
In performance endeavours there's Desmond Decker-
like measure
And ever different, but listen, there is that divider
Drink up cos the other act will steal all ya rider

I was working as an MC the other night
With a couple shitty mics and an appetite
Cook MCs like, look it's a parasite

Eat em up but first wipe the dirt out of sight
Iâ€™m your supermanâ€™s cryptonite talkback
shock jock sponsorship, politicians dirty money
Saw you coming from a mile away you got the
right-of-way yeah thatâ€™s what all the rhymers say
Iâ€™m inclined to play cos in the end itâ€™s entertainment
Crafted and created, lounge room and the basement
Break-in, and of the things stolen by the sly crooks
Cash, backpack, laptop and rhymebook
Start from scratch, and scrap the last seventy-ish
Pull out every single hair and tear em to bits
Material things, gone with the pied piper
(Okay winona, Iâ€™ll do it for the Ryder)

Visit [Urthboy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.