

Skinnyman

"Fuck the Hook"

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I don't wanna blow up, throughout every era I've been here

So far the underground circuit has been fair
The home of hip hop, can you say you've been there?
Home's where the heart is so hip hop lives right here
I'm from UK, to you that might seem rare
I'm steppin' up now to make sure I seem clear
In every council estate we've got pure talent
No one don't care because I seen as a challenge
I suppose we'll never be the balance that you're lookin'
You wanna dilute the realness then sling their hookin'
Most A&R cats I've ever met was all shookin'
I'm lost for words if they don't bring a chequebook in
I'm livin' in a place where you can get your life tucken
For half steppin, by kids that'll blast weapons
Pull out by the lights they'll have you out in half seconds

Think your rough hang around if your ass reckons
Don't have to look for trouble, trouble it'll find ya
Don't turn around it'll be right behind ya
Then September the 11th will remind ya
Nobody ain't too major nor minor
If you're back in the streets or in a brand new recliner
Grab ya dicks and girls rub your vagina
Pay the pound I'll provide the punch liner
Might look young but I'm a real old timer
Been around ever since the days of Boogie Down
You can check my rÃ©sumÃ© the evidence can be found

Forever been blessin' eloquence over sound
Before they had the line off for spinnin' underground
Since then shit's changed man, shit goes down
But we're still gettin' down to the same old sound : it's hip hop

It's good shit for rockin a crowd
Where there ain't no space for mistakes allowed
I feel proud if I'm leavin crowds cryin' for more
This year I'm really thinkin bout tryin a tour
Is hip hop worth dying for, if your life's on the line and your only crime is being poor?

This time around I feel I want more
I wanna see my son's future set secure
Without havin' to go out and start breakin' the law
I'm sick of being sat in the flat shuttin' the drawer
I'm sick of watchin every day come and go by, tellin'
teacher and fat boy, hold ya head high
See others come and go, watchin' their mothers cry,
sayin', "why did my boy have to die?"
And still we'll try
As others might choose to get high
But we must up rise through to get by
It don't take too much to figure out the facts, who's
bringin in all the coke and the crack?
This week an 82 year old got her throat slashed in the
flats, cats are lookin' cash for their crack
And we're the kids whose left facing the facts
Now used for lookin' mobiles that match their straps
As if it's fashion, everybody's ready for the action
Ready for the mashin' and thuggin' it with a passion
Only takes two egos to start clashin, bullets start flyin
then the blood'll start splashin'
Social wages really climaxing
Everyday I see it getting worse by a fraction
Drougts for the weed, but 'nough of that crack thing
Nobody round here is gonna be relaxin'
And this ain't no whites or a blacks thing
It's if you're livin in the council flats...(?)
They got us on a lab rat thing
And it's funny to me how easily we're all adapting
So I'm jus gonna keep-a rappin'
You lot keep ya next snap in, but fuck the hook
What fuck the hook, I said, "fuck the hook"
Kung-Fu fuck the hook, come on fuck the hook
Just say fuck the hook, fuck the hook..

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