

Horrorshow

"Thoughtcrime"

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[Solo] Hold up, let me backtrack through the catalogue
The scribbled thoughts of a good for nothing
vagabond Emcees is sheep, I'm a cattle dog Herd 'em
up and convert 'em like digital to analogue From
Sydney to Babylon and back, we on track Tryna put that
food for thought rap back on the map Cause they
hungry for some substance, I've seen in it their faces
They questioning the bargain, wanna know what's the
basis See some people say I think too much So I had a
think about it and I think that they should shut the fuck
up If I knew how to silence all the voices in my head
then I would, but I can't so I listen to 'em instead And
right now they telling me that I should be double
checking your pedigree Cause I ain't buying half what
you're selling me Elefant Traks got the rights to the
Territory and ain't a single person yet guessed the
recipe So we back in the kitchen just working on the
flavours Go on and help yourself now, don't be a
stranger Go on and shake what your mama nature
gave ya Let me see you on your baddest behaviour
[Chorus] See when it's all said and done it's about
more than fun Cause there's still original thought left
under the sun We tryna get your mental moving in sync
and I'ma keep on doin' my think See when it's all said
and done it's about what was said Girls move your
bodies and the fellas nod they heads We tryna notify
your next of kin All my people keep doin' your think and
raise your voice and sing [Solo] See there's music that
makes you dance, music that makes you feel No longer
am I sure which one I think is more "real" Cause if we
could 50 Cent all our problems away There'd be
nothing left for the thinkers to say But not today, so we
back with some more rhymes Can I interest anybody in
a little bit of thoughtcrime? If you sick of being taught
what to like Hypnotise you, that's why they play it all
day and all night So while they bumping watered down
product on the airways The truth ain't getting no airplay
cause it ain't that catchy But I'ma get it off the ground
like an airplane I'm flyer than Frank Abagnale, you can't
+catch me+ So fingers crossed that they didn't notice
that I had my fingers crossed when I told 'em that they

was the dopest Cause I wouldn't wanna cause no
offence That's why I'm taking pot shots with my rifle
while I'm sitting on the fence Ayo we drop hot flows,
rocking op-shop clothes Probably catch me out the
front a fucking cop shop stoned Deep in thought, Kid
Solo representing Horrorshow And I'm out like I gots to
go (now let's go) [Chorus] [Solo] You can do it, put
some thought into it, c'mon I can do it, put some
thought into it, c'mon You can do it, put some thought
into it, c'mon I can do it, put some thought into it, c'mon
You can do it, put some thought into it, c'mon I can do
it, put some thought into it, c'mon Put some thought
into it {*repeat to end*}

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