

Horrorshow "Uplift"

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welcome to the manifesto of the man who stood
the test of time, seventeen years still
here to testify, i poured my heart into every
line, even so you probably could have made a
better buy, whats done is done not here to be
number one, just to burst your bubble gum and
its only just begun the best is yet to come,
so kick back for the story of how the inner
west was won, i call it how i see it, nothing
more nothing less, war between the name sayers
and the yes men, theses are my songs and you
can love them or hate them by the way we have
something in common, oi brother you cant sing,
yeah i cant rap neither but im here to do my
thing til i make you a believer so flip a coin,
pick a side i dont give a fuck, im here to kick
a rhyme grab your spirit try to lift it up,

in this cold barren land that i call home im just
a man searching for the strength to walk alone,
i stand tall wear my weakness with pride, the
gliche in the system with a fist in the sky,
in this cold barren land that i call home,
im just a man searching for the strength to
walk alone, i stand tall wear my weakness
with pride, the gliche in the system with a
fist in the sky

this is one part love, one part hate, one part
luck and one part fate, a whole lotta hard work
and some heartbreak, but the scars fade

life in the fast lane, they stressing me im
trying to slow it down, focus on my goals,
be an unknown celebrity, the every mans
anti-hero, rocking a jam til i have a fan
base of zero, Sydney hip hop politics the
the white hats ignore the black hoodies and
they all ignore the back packs and me i walk
the grey space between all three, thin line
between fat laces and pre-torn jeans, so you
might catch me reading your girls sky blog

maybe **** with a *** on rocking my ipod

like what im a national icon in the making
here to get my right

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no i dont know any trade secrets but i made
a promise to myself and im gonna keep it,
black hoodie with a crooked cap, black
human with a crooked smile rolling with a
crooked pack of hop scotch players who
rock cross-faders but still time in each
day to watch neighbours, what you go
something to say run your mouth dude, one
day soon we'll be coming your way, self
appointed cynic, passionate pessimist,
border-line physiopath, manic perfectionist,
my question is this how every record every
rappers claiming their the best there this,
somebodys lying, we like whos house, mums
house, rents free if you dont like it you
can get the fuck out cause its never be
about fifteen minutes of fame to a crowd,
or fifteen or fifteen-thou, i spin it the same
see thats what im about both feet on solid
ground, rocking out with my head in the
clouds and when its all said and done at
the end of the day you catch me headphones
and a notepad penning a phrase

i might not be the coolest, i might not be
the flyest, the toughest, the most likely
to succeed, im definatley not the best,
there will never be another foot print on
the surface of the earth quite the same
as mine and thats the only claim that im
walking outta here with

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