

## Contact Play "For Fucks Sake"

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[Ed Scissortongue]

i've tried to fathom all the ways in which the world is  
backwards,  
and tackle the madness with a silver hammer smash it  
out,  
but the trouble is that my discoveries are so fucked  
and ugly,  
that i sprint away faster then the speed of sound,  
outer city limits hide the secrets of the silent crowds,  
so i'm striding further till the silence is the only sound,  
our village idiots are playing basketball with  
volleyballs,  
and shooting hoops at shabby bottle crates on muddy  
grounds,  
a microcosm of the fact that life is hyper-rotten,  
typing in an office 'bout some bullshit tryna' make  
some cash,  
and looking round at suits and ties at peeps resigned  
to spending every living day living like rats and burning  
atlas maps,  
and i fucking hate the fact that people sit and mind  
their own in packed establishments and feign  
acknowledgements of swapping facts,  
to the point where i start thinking crazy thoughts along  
the lines of pulling guns like columbine and shooting  
all those fucking twats,  
man i wish the planets crashed and left a lonely habitat  
where peeps could actually decide what happened in  
their history,  
but shit the sickest thing is the survivors of the crash  
will probably inspire me to still embark upon a killing  
spree,  
my perifory is sick of seeing of these stupid human  
beings shooting semen till the population's super high,  
man i swear the planet cannot handle all these addicts,  
soon the sky will vanish into darkness all man kind is  
paralyzed,  
a sanitized and bubble wrapped existence where the  
hubble tracks,  
the microsystems of the population living every day,  
and keeping tabs on scallywags like edward  
scissortongue,

in search for secret code words in the verses that he  
generates,  
'cause generation is glued to the television for days,  
a marathon of debauchery that i can not translate,  
my giant lakes alive in flames,  
my microphone describes the ways that Mr edward  
scissortongue sits on it and procrastinates.

[Dirt Dike]

I day dream pace and escapism baby,  
and maybe i may seem hate didn't change me,  
i rate being lazy and lay about blazin,  
a cloud ridden shade spittin out little grape seeds,  
so women shout if you hate me (heeeey),  
i know i rate being hateful on tapes to the ladies,  
but i'm james and i can't really change if you paid me,  
i'll dance in the shame till i'm 80,  
man fuck it i'd rather shine some floors,  
then write shit rhymes, lie, try and hide my thoughts,  
you can sit wise rich fucking ride your horse,  
i've got a shit little bike and a 5's a draw,  
this, lifes a bore and i'm still tryna find peace,  
highly unlikely still tryna write deep lines in a beehive,  
we lick and find sweet people behind me,  
speak if your lively

[Jam Baxter]

there aint nuttin like a 9 to 5,  
to merc your creative urge,  
the life and times of jake emerged,  
when brightons bright lights the jake that burns,  
collate the dirt and arrive on the naked earth today,  
i live life in a hazy blur blazed emerged and chasin a  
faceless skirt,  
so wait your turn to pray for you saviour sir,  
the flames'll burn for days in your paper church,  
my brain would burst if it just had the guts to,  
i'd escape the world if i just had the funds to,  
i'm stuck hitting undo, undo, undo,  
but control z never worked like the drugs do,  
trust who when the fucking lust has become you,  
bun you haven't got the time any more,  
let me fly set a course to the sky from the floor,  
and i'll sore from this island of violence and war,  
and the warbling sirens prized from the jaws,  
of my former confinement if died to conform,  
then rise from your moore cause the kids cower  
hellbound,  
piling your thoughts to a twin tower meltdown,  
this is how sweat sounds dripping from a prang fist,  
swimmin in a sandpit missing his atlantis,

thats rich coming from the head of a gremlin,  
man theres too many steps and i'm ever descending

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