

English Frank

"100 Bars Of Truth Pt. 2"

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I rap with man that can't rap out loud what they rap about,
They only rap to me in the house they live in to let the rap come out,
You can't rap about selling raps when you got rats in your house,
You're either dumb or not about it, you can't sleep with your gun and rap about it,
Come on don! Think about it,
But if it's real beef, how the fuck you gonna sleep without it?
You can't be trappin' at the same time rappin' about it to the masses,
Feds are watching, they know who is on it and who is actors,
That's why they, raided the trap, they got the flat, they seen the laptop,
the flat screen, the settee, the kitchen, even took my mattress,
The phone call saying 'they're watching' and then you start to pack up,
Now I've got a little kid it's time I fixed my act up,
Fourteen years of bad luck,
I smoked my life away and can't get it back,
Sometimes I sit and think I'm just a sad fuck,
With the, blood of a king, I'm asking god why we sin,
The only reason I can think is coz the devils within,
The devils in our pocket, the devils in our bank, the devils in our plans,
The devils everywhere living in this devilish land,
Now I got a devilish plan, I wanna take over the devil's nest,
And fuck that little bitch with his horns in my hand,
Piss on the flames of hell coz health is true wealth,
That's why I gave my friend money, coz he proved he'd do the same thing as well,
But nothing ain't worse than a fake friend, seeing as there they ain't when,
you need your money back when you say you're late on paying your rent,
You say you'd die for me, I don't think you'll try for me,
Sitting back thinking really, did he lie to me?

Or did I lie to him, somewhere down the line take the
piss?
Or realise that true love and business could never co-
exist?
As well as two friends, fighting over the same bitch,
Burning a bridge you need to cross and you realise
shit's shit,
Designer clothes at eleven, because I used to nick it,
Then hit peppermint smith kids and buy machine or
paul smith,
Had a Fubu smith before I could smoke a full spliff,
And smoking was a demon been with me since I was
semen,
Wondering if I got clean then would I stop dreaming,
Having daymares at night,
I'm staying awake smoking talking to myself coz noone
else believes me!
Oh Lord help me! I don't believe you no more,
If you created everything, why'd did you go create
war?
Why did you create disease, so you can control the
poor?
We need to question what we're believing because
nature's our only law,
Man travel faster than the speed of time, man control
the weather,
Man can fly to Mars and back sitting on, luxury
leathers,
I ain't no dumb white pub scum cunt, I am clever!
But never listened in school, coz the teachers are told
to dumb us down,
Switched up my way of thinking, could've been a victim
to the curricular system,
another brother with no vision,
I've sold food so I could buy food, I've been homeless!
Poe-less, dro-less, dough-less, hoe-less walking, drunk
on my loners,
But I got back up on my feet, coz I could never face
defeat,
I was working so hard that I wouldn't think of pussy for
weeks,
My uncle just died, and I didn't even cry is that me?
Or is it that I know, that he's finally resting in peace?
The last few years of his life he got consumed by the
streets,
So he looked happy knowing he would be consumed by
the beast,
The time has now come, for the population to
decrease,
hold your, loved ones close or soon they won't be in
reach,

I been studying some things most of these man
wouldn't believe,
but it'll take much more than 100 bars to explain reality,
You won't understand until you're understanding
multiple theory,
don't listen to me listen to George Greenman that's in
Harameen,
There are more stars in the Universe than there are
grains of sand on every desert in earth, now think,
what are we really worth?
In the Qu'ran it says we go from sperm to baby, baby to
man, man to old man then we go right back to sand,
There ain't no fucking god in the clouds, gods within
our heart,
And god can't send you to hell if he lived in hell from
the start,
That's why I rep for the roads, for the man that's on the
dole, wearing umbro,
can't sleep at night coz the house is so cold,
And he just had a baby girl and he can't pay his gas
bill,
so he does crime knowing he could lose his family as
well,
Now he's behind the steel gates, moving the movable
weight,
He's curling 4 plates in the gym thinking about his
release date,
I do this for the man that won't give up no matter the
case,
for the man with no hope left, and they heart's full with
hate,
For the man's that's on the staircase moving weight with
a screw-face,
Just so one day, he can move him out of this place,
I tell it straight if we don't do crime, we're below the
bread line,
We can't feed our fucking babies let alone a phone
line,
They tell us we should be working, but there ain't
enough jobs,
So the only way certain man can work is hustle and rob,
If you don't have to live it it's cool, if you live it it's cool,
I wish I never had to fucking live this at all,
My white british 'trash', can't afford british gas,
Then you've got the nerve to call us 'chavs' coz we're
living in council flats
Credit cards on the max, he just got jacked,
Dad just died, mum went mad and just started
smoking crack,
Little brother and sister look like tramps wearing hand-
me-down pants,

10p food cans, kitchens filled with roaches and ants,
I say keep your head high coz times are gonna get
bad,
and learn to love, coz love's the only hope that we have
I say keep your head high, times are gonna get bad,
and learn to love, coz love's the only hope that we have

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