

## Conscious Youths "Play"

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Verse 1 (Mr. Singh)

Here we go again a perfect ten from beginning to end  
Surrounded by men and she never pretends  
She gets fit in the gym / sporting all that gold  
And he don't even know that she's cheating on him  
Housey wife turned Sista Bling now she's out with  
Mr.Singh  
Sting so bad it is blistering and the ex-boyfriend can  
Kiss the ring  
When he talks about love she's dissing him when I  
speak  
About love she's listening  
High heel boots what a flashy thing in a birthday  
Suite since christening

Chorus:

Here we go again just one more rounds with my friends  
And I hope it never ends because today is my time to  
Play x 2

Verse 2 (Paleface):

You know what they say every dawg has his day  
Some bark some bite and still they might get caught in  
The game  
Left in the rain jumpin' up and down they wanting to  
Play  
Heads keep talking and talking but they got nothing to  
Say  
(Paleface: ) Particular people are critical, bickering  
(Redrama:) That we too mainstream  
(Paleface:) They really political, silly and pitiful  
(Mr. Singh:) Meaning you and me  
(Paleface:) The cynical side is clinically typical  
(Redrama:) For all the humanbeings  
(Paleface:) Is he really a criminal? Killing a lyrical?

I'm feeling the ridicule reaching a pinnacle

Chorus

Verse 3 (Promoe):

Well you know what they say every dawg has his day  
Some want the bone some chase the cars I'm leaving

More than a stain  
Let me get it all won't settle for the so-called  
Luxuries in life  
That's such a cheesy lie I'm callin' the bluff doin'  
It for more than the fame  
Gimme freedom of speech gimme equal rights  
Gimme clean air to breathe in the peaceful night  
Gimme whatever it takes to break our chains and make  
us  
See the light  
Gimme just a lil' bass and a bit of space to let me  
Speak my mind  
Won't you please just let me play  
Verse 4 (Redrama):  
Give me space enough for me to breathe, enough for  
me  
To be, enough for me to play  
I don't ask for much, so just pass the blunt, coffee  
Half a cup, I'm okay  
I feel fabulous though I don't have a buck/ It's  
Hazardous trying to rhyme after us  
Check mate, ain't no matching us/ they lack the nuts  
And here's where the laughter stops  
It goes "oh, no, look at them go Mr Singh, Lil Red,  
Daddy Pales, Promoe  
See the logo bro? my dogs is some stone cold flow  
pros  
Acting local, thinking global  
Get a load off and let me play See my bros won't ever  
Separate

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