

## The Roots

### "Sinking Sands"

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F/ Sober Now

Alright, okay

I arise in the morntime and cut through fresh books  
Put them old Bruck trainers on my foot  
For I am the picky mystic, I max the most  
Drinking ginseng tea, eating huddle bread toast  
While my skeet nags, jacks up my coat  
She don't like the smell of my smoke  
She says my eyes dem is red  
And I need to go and fix up my head  
Honey, my head is fixed  
I'm getting deep with my purpose  
Synchronizing to the mystics of cosmic energy  
My specialty be to write buff raps  
Weakhearts, they hate me like my name was poll tax  
I don't part for none, I be the Godsend, God gifted  
I work nuff shifts turning a penny to a pound  
>From a pound to jacks, from a jacks to a score  
My brainwaves is twisted, my tactics is raw  
Cause I

[Chorus 2x]

Grip my teal boom as hard as I can  
So I can find me a path through the sinking sands

[Sober Now]

Shit's hit the fan but I'm not the fan the shit's hit  
It's the man with the bad arse bitch in town  
Put her into the circles but she tore them down  
And I frown, but in my heart I know it's all good  
So I stick around like a true friend should  
And they say that some things in life can't be really  
mended  
But only time will tell how well you and your spark  
prevail  
Try not to implore to the stereotype factors  
That they brand us with cause there's enough love to  
give  
Oh, Lord! What's happening to me?

All these situations I'm checking with intense scrutiny  
I need to slow down there and hold the horses  
And just concentrate on paving the right courses  
So, so, so, so, so I

[Chorus x3]

[Roots Manuva]

Putting the reins on the joke ting in rap ting  
We be inner city sorcerer rebel types, we roll!  
Snowball effect planet wide  
Diving and ducking, constantly rucking with the devil  
Actions speak so we get active  
Roots-fi perspective holds my mental in position  
I supervision coach my decision  
Cause there's may routes to take, much money to  
make  
I fight not to buckle under pressure  
I'm on a quest, got to find that real self  
Uno priority be wealth in the mental  
Cause nothing down sweet like the feeling I reap  
When I plan with my peeps and them plans come  
together  
Strong and cold-sheist, them coast the I'll weather  
I weren't supposed to be but still am  
Vibes catch a hold of my mind, I write jams  
Take it to the mans dem for the instant rewind'  
If I gets no rewind still I pay fools no mind  
Cause Hylton Smythe never took no bribe  
I be independent, my jacket stay stinking  
Nuff of them be thinking that the smile's off-key  
They're right, I'm full of mad eccentricities  
I believe in the power of the G-o-d  
While nuff of them be burning their obeah candle  
I strap on my sandal and walk like Jesus

[Chorus 4x]

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