

Roots Manuva "Witness"

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Taskmaster burst the bionic zit-splitter
Breakneck speed we drown ten pints of bitter
We lean all day and some say that ain't productive
That depend upon the demons that you're stuck with
Cause right now, I see clearer than most
I sit here contending with this cheese on toast
I feel the pain of a third world famine
Segue, we count them blessings and keep jamming
It's him scumbag, scum of the earth, his worth was nil
Until he gained the skill of tongues
From fifteen years young straight to my greyback self
I stay top shelf material, jerk chicken, jerk fish
Breakaway slave, bliss
Generate gees and then we stash 'em in the Swiss
Fools can't see this, audio pistols
A fistful of hip hop banzai, progressing in the flesh
Esoteric quotes, most frightening
Duppy took a hold of my hand while I was writing
Let go me ting, duppy, let go me hand
I summon up the power of banana clan!

[Chorus x4]

Witness the fitness
The Cruffiton liveth
One hope, one quest

Swigging that beetroot juice, now we dipping and boost
Set the spirit dem loose, go head go slash up the
noose
We conclusive proof of both the truth, the right
Cause whether we hitchhike or push bike or travel kind
of trash
Manifest that with wholesome roots rap, manifest that,
yeah!
I do my same way, ain't nothing else I know
Gone up in the life with this here rag-and-bone flow
Squeeze the pain from my belly and set my soul free
Travel over ocean, land and sea, face nuff stress and
difficulty
Flung back from the brink, gwan in kinda stink
We don't give a frigg about what dem fools think
Frigg your network, our debt work a speak for itself

Proof of the trophy and champion belt
Come sun, come rain, come hailstone pelt

[Chorus x4]

Bwana Smith with some old time shit
Let the whole world know we on some off-key tip
Mega-manic when time the pressure start lick
By the hook or by the crook, by the poop or by the kick
He's sickly cryptic, spitting that code
And most proud to present that Cruffiton mode
And it shows that they bros done seen a few sleights
Life throws scenarios, reality bites
We in collision with the beast
Lost we religion and we can't get no peace
Idiot weakhearts want to take I for chief
Stoop to their level and we plotting cold grief
But we should know that discipline maketh the gees
Separation of the DAT from the rap, that's a must
Proceed set speed with the Cruffiton touch
Proceed set speed..Cruffiton, y'all

[Chorus x4]

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