

Tha Blue Herb

"3 Days Jump"

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The era's abuse saturates, Hip Hop degraded to commercial and cafe background music.
Reviews are only a first impression, a last-minute job before the deadline.
Those who sit comfortably in a V.I.P. room corner, power eating maggots sustaining on journalism.
Sobre Otaku, a garbage heap, hanging about the DJ booth waiting to be recognised.
Have you ever created a single snare beat? Do you understand at least one element?
You have opened Pandora's box, don't sleep, crappy critic, part-time working minnow.
Scrath DJs only scrath, dancers only dance, gather round a suntan salon once a week.
Empty women, after the class, on the floor, made to sleep with the teacher on top of the monthly fee.
The flattered single pumping artist, that interview was a good,
Ignorant to the fear of dark thoughts, children are always happy.
Next, you bilingual sellouts on FM can no longer boast about Hip Hop.
With your "chekkiraa's" just like a black rapper extradited to Japanese shores.
It's only the number that's increased, don't bullshit about 'the scene'.
A contest, audition, convention, such things don't keep you safe on snowy roads.

I'm the one in Japan 2 shots 3 killed, there are also some cats who deserve my respect.
Reckless graff writers and breakers, skaters and their resistance.
Full of wit, dogmatic and deranged, and the clone that a dart has pointed out.
Behind each boom, the enriched brokers, promoters, ad agencies.
My industry up the dark end of every arrangement, exchanging e-mail addresses at the counter.
Those who manipulate this month's top 10, watch out, another commercial deal.

Unlike stamp-collector wannabe rappers, we elaborate
on different kinds of accidents.

An inventor of in house power generators, we are in the
North, not sneaking nor hiding, speaking
from 12 inches.

Two questions for the editors, I don't care what the
original break is,

Tell me your favourite song; please tell me what it says.

They say we are being modest, this is the official
answer to your solicitude.

The sullen duo from Hokkaido, from the start we hold
back for no one.

A Japanese Will Smith? yeah right, just a cheap comedy
after all, yeah yeah.

The tabloid uncovers the sell-outs, I stick with what the
ideal rapper should be.

Accessing the cerebrum day and night, handle the
rumours, tame the haters.

Nameless critics prattle on the web, I'm here to answer
you.

Your commentary on "Jidai wa Kawaru", making fun of
our pain.

We can see it all through, you are shunning change.

With a triple X dis and one love, with 100 honesty we
keep on battling.

My Hip Hop is what you threw away that day, not 'mass'
but 'core', 'tight' and 'rough'.

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