

## Vents

### "Five Minutes to Midnight"

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[Vents] Yeah! I got nothing but a lot of resent and an utter contempt Waiting for a scumbag something like a hundred percent Fucking with Vents, fucking with Ses', fucking Pegz Obese and all of that, nothing but friends Nothing but love, rough in the ruggedest form Centigrade heat keep the mic kind of warm We born to live a life to die so I find the right way to jet, no pain and regret Waving the black and the red, justice and peace More getting along and less fucking police Cooking dope over wonderful beats My reputation like Cold Crush Brothers when it come to the beefs I keep no respect for a man that talk to his mother like a bitch and sell drugs to kids (word 'em up) You ain't the hard type You a chicken shit bitch-made retard sucking that glass pipe [Chorus] That's why I don't trust nobody but me Everybody squabbling about nothing look funny to me It's five minutes to midnight You wanna fight about skin colour? Gonna be a long hot summer Don't trust nobody but me Everybody out waving those flags look funny to me It's five minutes to midnight You wanna fight about this bullshit? Get your card pulled quick [Vents] I got nothing but a lack of respect for a fucker that sending men to war, so the damn unleaded can pour I got nothing but hate for a man with a corporate dick so far in his date, he's shitting out yellowcake Nobody get a break unless you make the kind of loot that the fast food generate Eat a Big Mac? I'd rather eat a piece of shit smeared off of Adolph's dick You picked the wrong rapper to fuck with The world like Yorkshire '79 and I'm Sutcliffe And I'ma bust with maniacal rage while my man here scratch like he dying of AIDS, huh! From the padded room to the catacomb living in a vacuum, then back to the maggots soon Back to the dust in a rush Vents in effect, see you in the next lifetime bruz, what up?! [Chorus] [Vents] I got a whole lot of love for my real mates Mr. Trials in effect yelling rage at the kids and it feel great I got love for my girl Kate I know it's hard for you but every day like my birth date And every snake get the finger We could take the ruckus outside like Meninga Sicker than Maralinga, I'm the bringer of justice Hardcore

dissidence, what the fuck is this? Vents One, Hard to  
Kill, bars of steel Rhyme foul like a gram and a half a  
pill Got love for the young guns playing my noise  
Rhyming like Vents, slaying them toys Making that  
choice to get smart Even thought school is a factory  
line and you the next part Much love for my mates  
Much grief and torment forever to the down low snakes  
[Chorus]

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