

Spongecola

"Faster Than You Know"

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[Intro - Ming Xia]

Heeeey. Ooooooh yeah

Hee-eeey

[Chorus - Ming Xia]

Faster Than You Know (know)

Love will only make you grow (hiiiigh)

And free yoooooooo

Don't be scared to show (show)

Why don't you just let it flow? (hiiiigh)

And heal yoooooooo

[Over Chorus] - UH! Yeah, Spook clique!

[Verse 1]

There's a lotta fans sayin' they'll die for us

But where's the fans tryin'a live for us?

For real, clean up the block and raise some kids for us

'Cos we don't need you gettin' high and doin' bids for us

And listen up close all my wannabe thugs

The realest warriors was always motivated by love

They used their strength to rise above the violence and the drugs

Then went home and gave they queens and they kids hugs

If you wanna be free, released from the unrest

The stress and the emptiness just follow me

Help me break down this wall of hypocrisy

And we can rise up and fulfill prophecy

Faster than a shot of light to ya ground shot

Love, can help ya breathe and make the pain stop

Love, can open eyes and make the chains drop

And that's my word - from the fire to the raindrops

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Water Water]

Yo, Yo

Some dudes are fakin', off-stage a "wanksta"

Displayin' they prankster, claimin' they gangster

Naww! All the real thugs are dead or in jail
Sweatin' in cells, your man Terelle is now
madamoiselle
We laughin' at Rell, runnin' round yellin "bout society
fell"
With two fakes and chewin' on nails
And castin' too hard when explainin' feelings
Playin' wit' they children, vexin' our women
Then flexin' as villains
I'm not buyin' so save the nonsense
You paid to lie in confidence
A made man, but in the fabricated sense
You gotta hear with the intent to benefit
And feel when you repent
To never sell your soul up in cement
Time is well spent when you present
The love over torment to rock like 'em ornaments
So stop with the foolishness!
The love movement, we explored
And brought to you, Spooks sittin' by the door

[Chorus]

[Vers 3 - Chali 2na]

Yo, these self-proclaimed kings of writing songs
Ain't concerned with the distinction between right and
wrong
Through love we face hate, it's barely a surprise
That the truth tastes great to a belly full of lies
Mainland villains wit' your gangland killin'
Get that same gland fillin' from gang your man's still in
The mic (his wack poems)? attract swarms of frivalous
fans
Usin' devilous plans, they decieve and expand
Their influence 'cos looks at what takes precedence
Pockets are desolate, but you rock a ridiculous neck-a-
lace
Competin' with Mrs. Jones
Completes the message sent to these kids through
wicked poems
I stick it to 'em and re-inform
Poeticly (aplomb)?, no credit for bein' calm
Theoretically be at arms
And fightin' if need be
On a mission, exposin' the malnutrition globe-ified on
TV, so

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