

## Streets

# "Hotel Expressionism"

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The fine art of hotel expressionism  
Pen a sentiment with the kettle and condiments  
Compose your mood using the soap and your shoe  
The minibar can be part of the art also

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In the early hours of a blurry hotel  
You need guests and venture forth  
My word is word if we earn success  
In hotel expressionism

Stay away from small boutique hotels  
So when wrecked there's no victim  
I've been ejected from hotels that  
When I'm checking in will swear to be with them

Man, I'm not some crank vandal  
Swinging the TV about at random  
Attached to the lamp stand for a handle  
Is the art of action through crafted illusion

Tediously mischief from rakin'  
Is why we hide from enemy pages  
Throwing the TV out the window  
Mate, is nothing clear of weak cliché

It's vandalism an expressionism  
Is to be keenly disassociated  
I'm talking incontrovertible  
Structural damage human injury, real mayhem

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Fill the iron with minibar brandy  
And blam see you have a brandy iron

The sweet boozy steam moves freely  
And is in no manner mindless fun

Express yourself in anyway, say anything you may  
And anyway that man lied to you  
That's fuckin' lies, fuckin' cunt  
The fuckin' damage isn't minor, fucker

But louts harassin' is fuckin' drole  
Spellin' through the death of rock and roll  
Rap and roll are separate to some acid trip  
'Cause rock and roll is fuckin' old

The group of girls your zone in on  
Have to be on their own there and pissed  
But you have a problem with the man they're with  
He's a dealer but there's a rift

You need to get him fucked up on his own shit  
Take his gear, he disappears  
Leave him there his hand in a bucket of water  
A gaffer taped to a chair in a lift

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I'll tell you straight  
Expressionism is his own form of art  
Because with normal art someone usually  
The artist they pour out their heart

But it's worth is decided by committee  
And has to obey the law and sharks  
I tell expressionists walk out the lift  
Mind checkin' out pay for their art

Real art should be nothing but that  
Shouldn't be about the money or fashion  
I make these crap rap rhythms  
To pay the hotel bills that fund my passion

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It's tedious, the mischief from rakin'  
Why we hide from enemy pages  
Throwing the TV out the window, mate

Is nothing clear of weak cliché

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I'm talking incontrovertible, structural damage

Human injury, well mayhem basically

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