

Streets "Turn The Page"

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That's it
Turn the page on the day, walk away
'cos there's sense in what I say
I'm 45th generation Roman
But I don't know 'em
Or care when I'm spitting
So return to your sitting position and listen it's fitting
I'm miles ahead and they chase me
Show yer face on TV, then we'll see
You can't do half, my crew laughs
At yer rhubarb and custard verses
You rain down curses but I'm waving,
Yer hearse is driving by
Streets riding high, with the beats in the sky
All stare, eyes glazed
Garage burnt down, the fire raged
For 40 days and in 40 ways
But through the blaze they see it fade
The sea of black, the beaming heat on their faces
Then a figure emerges from the wastage
Eyes transfixed with a piercing gaze
One hand clutching a sword raised to the sky
They wonder how, they wonder why
The sky turns white, it all becomes clear
They felt lifted from their fears
They shed tears in the light
After 6 dark years
Young bold soldiers, the fire burns
Cracks and smoulders
5 years older and wiser
The fires are burning on fire, never tire
Slay warriors in the forests and on higher
We sing, hear the strings rising
The war's over, the bells ring

Memories fading, soldiers slaying
Looks like geezers raving
The hazy fog over the Bull Ring
The lazy ways the birds sing
A new baby's born every day
Few men may be scorned today
But look at things the other way

Cos it may well be yer final day
And then the crowds roar, they slay, they all say
I produce this using only my bare wit
Gimme a jungle, a garage beat and admit defeat,
Use war and past injury as my metaphor and simile
Get all applications into me before the deadline
Cos it's a fine line between strifeful crimes
And a life of crime
But you will reach the day, and it's all mine
You can take it or leave it,
I shake and reveal stage tricks like Jimi Hendrix
In the afterlife gladiators meet their maker
Float through the wheat fields and lakes of blue water
To the next life from the fortress
Away from the knives and slaughter
To their wives and daughters
Once more before the Lord judges over all of us
Cos in this place you'll see me
Brace yourself, cos this goes deep
I'll show you the secrets, the sky and the birds
Actions speak louder than words
Stand by me my apprentice
Be brave, clench fists.

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