

## **Drapht f/ Dazastah, Hunter, Layla**

### **"Front Line"**

Visit "[Front Line](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Drapht] Pushing your luck (whoa!) treading on thin ice  
Don't know how to play the game, then why roll the  
dice? My battle tactics I kept locked in a chest The right  
time to strike is your one wrong step Classed a pest by  
the eye of society Sun goes down, appears Drapht  
almighty Sight me, unlikely, a shadow in the night  
Leave a trail of fat cap chrome that shines in the night  
Aggressive appetite for destruction Bombing or  
busting, won't be brought down by your suction  
Number one function, I illuminate the moment  
Uncontrollable damage unleashed on opponents Like  
anacondas, wrapping/rapping tight and deadly  
Stunned, left breathless by more class than Bentleys  
This deranged frenzy feeds off a soul Rocking more  
heads than medieval catapults Necks jolt, led by S-B-X  
cult The rest bolt from text that burns quicker than volts  
Your fault, for even thinking you can step Not saying  
we're the best but don't call us nothing less [Hunter] I  
live my life on credit, spend my cash before I get it It's  
true because I said it, in the paper I had read it Now it's  
all lies, open your mind's eyes See the disguise of  
people living their lives through possessions And I,  
found wealth and it's written on this track I take what I  
want from Hip Hop and give it right back A true player  
and I'm always on the Hunt And that's the reason why I  
wrote the song 'I'm a Cunt' I'm out the front taking  
pictures of pretty girls I'd like to travel the world and  
see the banners unfurled Of Hip Hop, and its cultural  
diversity I stay to the walls of beats like textbooks to  
universities A professor, an obsessor, don't accept  
nothing less From the West, but the best of Syllabolix  
unrest The quest, the text is through with making fans I  
just want the shit out there before the world ends  
[Hook] {X2} [Dr] The front line, where battles are first  
met [Hu] Explosive text dropped on swirling heads [Da]  
S-B-X, the platoon from the West [La] Skills progress as  
we demolish the best [Dazastah] The notes and keys of  
this mad melody Unlock the secrets of Dazastah's  
wizardry Spawned from a single idea The S-B-X germs  
spread a disease called fear Starting out maggot, we  
feed off this shit Buzzing prot<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>g<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>s fly under my

wings Syllabolix drop like paratroopers All armed with a  
mouth like bazookas Heavy artillery, don't take us  
lightly The soles of our shoes are landmines see?  
Cunts, join us or perish On this Aus' Hip Hop voyage the  
journey is endless Walk through hell and swim through  
lava The nights get cold and the days get darker  
Extreme conditions, built to last My problem is you  
won't hear me have the final laugh [Layla] I Hunt for  
Dazastahs and perfect my Draphts I force tasks on  
myself and stay true to the art We sharp lines like  
darts, I hit red every time And got threads through my  
eyes so I joined the front line A fanatic warhead eager  
to campaign And what I'm believing in today is your fall  
of fame To be frank, you were just singing in the rain In  
gutter as you shatter as I soak up the hand shapes A  
hurricane, I sweep cunts off their feet Not with fuss but  
with a gust as powerful as this beat You got no choice  
but to remember me With a giant rejection, Jack can go  
FUCK his beans I stalk instrumentals like tomcats on  
heat Then pull my thoughts in like open doors on  
submarines You come to see the techniques of the  
West A performance barrier that keeps the crowds  
pressed

Visit [Drapht f/ Dazastah, Hunter, Layla](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.