

Drapht f/ Porsah Lane

"Can't Escape"

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[Verse 1] I can't waste no time, I still remain a mystery
Mister D-Rapht is re-writing history Quick to be judged
and rubbed up the wrong way Far beyond strong but I
flip after long days Songs play over in my head
Haunted by Hip Hop, won't let me rest till I'm dead
Lead by light but in sight of the darkness I'm quick off
the draw like graffers with markers Regardless of all
the mistakes I've made An ongoing avalanche can't
stop my rage But still struggle, I can't reveal a
weakness Bounce back as an outlaw with ghost-like
features Best kept secrets are best kept left Regrets
are for the weak, I plan my next step Best yet, let time
take its path All bets are set on Drapht's task to have
the last laugh [Chorus: Porsah Lane] Can't stop the
demons in my mind Ohh, you can't escape the power of
the rhyme Can't stop the demons in my mind Ohh, you
can't escape the power, you can't escape the power
[Verse 2] My mind sits between two worlds of fact and
fiction Building barriers for pain infliction Victim of
perfection, thought of a thought to mention Every word
that I mention is never short of attention I'm indeed up
to my knees with mud Won't budge, slowly swallowed
by the rising flood Cold blood, more aggression than
some Cause I'm misunderstood like a man with no
tongue No fun, sunk as low as a shipwreck Disrespect
Paul more than whores wearing fishnets I'm in sets like
the surf Just like an alcoholic, Drapht lives in the 'burbs
Plus I confer to work for my earnings Rely on number
one till the world stops turning Learned to hustle the
streets My only means to survive is to think like a thief
[Chorus] [Verse 3] Tough time, got many techniques to
uphold mine Refuse to dry up and rust, confined As a
bandit, yeah it's a hold up Dirty style, more triple X files
than Moulder Told ya, new age Ned Kelly of the century
Highjack on horseback, every pocket end's empty It's
elementary, what's done is simple On topic, hypnotic,
telepathical signals Simplified slightly, aggressive I
might be But every word that I spit just wraps it up
tightly Reoccurs nightly, highly explosive The sound of
magic ransacks with no motive I came to ride the high
saddle avenger Remember temper strike the spite of

your gender So surrender, no point in tryna fight Code
red overnight, dynamics of dynamite [Chorus]

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