

## **Herd, The**

### **"Burn Down The Parliament"**

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ozi

burn down a pub, we heat up a club  
get a punter feeling hot like they use dencorub  
when we do what we love  
smell the smoke above  
with a hot-headed approach  
turning push to shove  
like a bushfire in scrub  
we ambush the dub  
set alight our rap books like a pencil stub  
it's essential cuz, feel it heat ya blood  
we be blazing on the mic like Nimbin blazes bud

urthy

singe the ears keep it lit like gear  
with no laws to fear, let it burn in here  
flush you out like a sniffer dog prowling near  
cos it's arson dear, get the crowd to cheer  
the beats got an edge like dropping off cliffs  
it's a major risk, just like nature is  
leave us with no choice when you make it fizz  
throwing fire on your lukewarm liquid disc

ozi

let these words incite, like molotovs in flight  
and set a panic in the public like a meteorite strike  
have you got a light, i've got a bomb tonight  
and i will set it off when i feel the mood is right  
firebugs delight, as the fuel ignites  
and turn a civilised affair into construction site  
when our raps are tight fire burning bright  
we make the others look about as hot as michael stipe

chorus

burn down a parliament we burn down a flag  
burn down a liar like we burn ounce bag  
and the dutch oven cooks with the smoke that was  
grabbed  
so the fire flew fast and the flame licked the red rag

urthy

it's the place to be like south park hell  
call your agency, better tell ma belle  
but there's no place to sell and no vacancies  
as the furnace starts to melt i smell baked MCs  
but it's pay per view so just close your eyes  
while the conflagration spraypaints the sky  
it's not humid, so why do these fellas need fluids  
man pass the joint, we're near boiling point

ozi  
was a quiet show, now an inferno  
fire start to make you disappear like sheryl kernot  
in a riot below, watch the fire grow  
outta control like a pushy when the tire blows  
let the word be known let a flag be flown  
we take the mic in heavy fire and make the stage our  
own  
til the fakes go home, place is set to blow  
cos this rhythms dynamite and the spark is the poem

urthy  
you don't need no torch with the background scorched  
cos the char will report, this is not just sport  
sport could never be bought in this circumstance  
unlike ghetto street clothes and urban dance  
turn up your clock radios to nightmare awakening  
crank the beat, enhance the de-stabling  
the HERD confuse the lable-ing  
just here to make you think, we're near yeah we're here  
so take it in!

chorus x 2

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