

## Jehst

### "Brimstone Rock"

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[Verse 1]

How do expect me to sleep at night  
Knowin my people ain't eatin right  
Gimme a mic, I'll strike with heat like a meteorite  
Fuck the media hype  
Scribes sniping at me and mine  
Megatron clockin Autobots with the eagle eye  
They got you covered, eye colour to your sneaker size  
Revolutionaries demonised, Mother Earth colonised  
Stolen culture commodified  
Modified genes, each regime modernised  
Maximum terror, fear and efficiency  
Military missionaries  
New age crusades  
Faith for your misery  
Minds in the grind  
No time to meditate on the mysteries of life  
Can't motivate, drive trapped in the traffic jam  
Bare-knuckle boxing, brand new caravan  
I m cat-a-walling like Margarita Prakatan  
Til Sona Fam go platinum in Pakistan  
And stack collateral  
Watch the country bumpkin smash the capital  
Smack the sabbatical, batter the biblical  
Smooth I move as a criminal do  
Beatin' me'll take a miracle dude  
I'm screwface in the mili-ist mood  
Make you eat your greens  
You ain't leavin til you finish your food  
My outlook is like a villainous view of the near future  
Beer goggles bottle of brew and the punky brewster,  
puffin'  
Taking your title, no discussion  
Two shades darker Mr Parker on percussion

[Verse 2]

I m goin global so folk are all approachin' me locally  
Hoping that I grab the mic, I'm like "Hokily dokily"  
Straight Ned Flanders  
Blaze trees and leave dead branches  
I see red, think left - my mindset's Marxist

Overstand and we'll get past this  
More talk and less carnage  
Calm and peace  
The future's bright, the future's the mark of the beast  
And the devil with a smile is easily the hardest to beat  
yo  
I'm here caving my niche so  
I stand out from the damn crowd at the freak show  
Find wifey and breeze  
The system want me on my knees at ninety degrees  
Picture that? Hell no!  
I m jet propelled by elbow grease and these squeaky  
Shell toes  
Signing on until the twelve blows  
And if it don t then it s back to the telephone sellin dope  
Welcome to the terrordome  
This is where we live  
Street kids lookin' for a god to make peace with  
Modern day beatniks  
Beat digger jazz cats  
Bag wax, barren lands  
Bad man, mad max  
Beyond the Thunderdome  
Dope with the microphone  
Dynamo charged up, spark up the hydro-po  
Blow out the ital smoke  
Choke on a solar flare  
Blue foot soldier stare colder than a polar bear

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