

Jehst

"China Shop Taurus"

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The sun sets over cityscape silhouettes
Bright lights flicker cigarette smoke pirouettes
It's the addictive kiss of death in effect
I'm a little stressed spittin' liquor breath introspect
Hot like triple X, getting lost in the mixing decks
Sweat glistens like glitter balls reflect
Recollect on the dreamscape
Escape the freebase infested Police state
Teenage protesters riot in the heat wave
Fire in the streets place bets on the sweepstake
Watch how the greed shapes their mind sets
The beast clockin' like Timex flexing their biceps

There's nothing out here for us,
Negative forces force us to live lawless and spit
rawness
I'm like a china shop Taurus
I talk of torment and pen chorus after chorus

BNP berserkers bent on murders
Teens tagging for a sense of purpose
Streets is tense and nervous
So bait is bound to tempt the serpent's
Appetite, parasite paradise
Po-lice patronise, lappin' up a pack of lies
Macho guys turn hermaphrodite by candlelight
Still they wanna scandalise mine cos' I spit rhyme
I'm tryin' to scrape the paper and escape quick time
Get yours, utilise your get out clause
Outlaws on course for the great outdoors
I'm way out like Cheech Wizard
Keeping warm in the winter blizzard
Banging my head like Lynard Skynard
I'm having nightmares I'm naked in my ground floor
flat
Gripping a baseball bat
With the back door open to night-time predators
Crack-heads highlight heaven gone wrong
Watching back street revellers
Revelation of the Devil's messed up messengers
Sin is effortless, yet affecting us

In fact infecting us with disease
Beast inspecting expecting us to mess up, muck up
Leave you bruck up, you'll get beaten the fuck up
And cuffed some even got snuffed
Others live on to puff another bag and brag
How they're mad tough, man I've had enough
There's nothing out here for none of us

There's nothing out here for us
Negative forces force us to live lawless and spit
rawness
I'm like a china shop Taurus
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Post-modernist, pre-apocalypse
Living in this rotten metropolis
Existing with broken hopes hearts and promises
Part bench politics, soap-box soap bar
Smokers acknowledge this novelist
The broke pocket economist on a mission
Fists clenched for the opposition
Sitting tight like Taliban in Tora Bora
The last stand now we're living land of the lost
And the age of Sodom and Gomorra
Divide and conquer your block by the border
Locked by the law and order
The war reporter walks streets
As the cycle of suicidal thoughts repeats
In the minds of the poor and meek
A meat market of morbid freaks
Freebase heads speak to inform the beats
The bleak picture, the cycle of war and peace is crazy
vulgar
Sick as the kids that killed Damilola Taylor and Jamie
Bulger
My heart broken open and beating slower
The cold blooded grow even colder
In a globe so rotten like teeth in Cola
No hope of mending, a culture of violent endings
pending
Our pens become government scapegoats
But no guns bust at my stage shows
(So yo it's like...)

There's nothing out here for us
Negative forces force us to live lawless and spit
rawness
I'm like a china shop Taurus
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After chorus
After chorus

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