

## Jehst

### "High Plains Anthem"

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[Verse 1]

I walked in a saloon at high noon, the moonshine sipper  
Spit a new rhyme till it's asta la vista  
The king balloon twister, smash your transistor  
"It's the High Plains Drifter", that had to resist the  
Sickness of the city life, I sat by the river  
A packet of Rizzler and a flask full of liquor  
Made the locals ask: "who's the masked figure?"  
Fill a page with the pain it seems you can't picture  
The last heavy hitter, so many consider me  
To be very bitter, switching up my delivery  
Stitching up my injuries, and flipping imagery  
Mixing toxins till I'm lost in the synergy  
Drown in my misery, a man of mystery  
I stand in the blistering heat as the epitome  
Of the anti-hero, tipping my Stetson  
Space cowboy, I drink whiskey with George Jetson  
Two thousand and one, the space western  
Quick on the draw, bring a war to your section  
Blood Sport veteran, contraband cargo  
The known desperado rolled into ?

[Scratches]

[Verse 2]

I ride with lost peasants, hot stepping across deserts  
Letting the dust settle for sheep who watch shepherds  
Yeah I rock sessions, with unorthodox methods  
The messenger, ready for death when God beckons  
On frontlines worldwide kids have got weapons  
And grey skies hide sunshine from the heavens  
I'm threatened, by the seven sins of my species  
I don't need TV, I read tea leaves  
Smoke the peace pipe, in the chief's tepee  
I speak freely, the 3D graffiti writer  
Is kinda like the new easy rider  
More bad apples in the cruel and cheap cidar  
I breath fire, the propane flamethrower  
Man the fort for this hostile takeover  
I play poker-faced, hold a ace  
Tucked up my sleeve, leave your mouth with a sour

taste  
That's just how I play the game nowadays  
Apologies to the crowd, I'm a hour late

[Scratches]

[Verse 3]

Battling me? That'd be an embarrassing mistake  
Like promoters who don't get the "H" in the right place  
My mic stays in close range, I travel the low plains  
But drift on a high like cocaine  
Exchange words with the man with no name  
Inspectors, throwing up letters on the ghost train  
I rotate, like old brakes on chrome plates  
Hunched up, punching keys till my bones ache  
I blow fakes outta the water, chucking harpoons  
You can't move, running on the spot like a cartoon  
Leaving a trail of destruction when I pass through  
The drunk fool, fighting off demons with a barstool  
Screaming "Ja Rule", my instincts are carnal  
The dirty rascal, or the king of the castle?  
I'm partial to both titles, the soldier's quote in the Bible  
Holding my rifles to false idols  
I love the crackle on the old vinyl, I rock break loops  
And make moves from my HQ  
I stay true to the ancient ways  
The herbalist curb-surfer riding paper waves

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