

Jehst

"Run Hard"

Visit "[Run Hard](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's the million militant picture paintin, quick debatin'
I hit terrain my trainers grip the pavin'
The city's depraved decayed, quick to cave in
I kick the greatest game, pick up the pace
Shake the cage, rattle bars, we bare battle scars
Fresh blood out the abbatoir
Avant Garde rappers are ready for champagne and
caviar
I stay camouflaged armed with a travel card (travel
unchartered paths)
Pass the parcel, I'm partial to parsley, puff it like Bob
Marley
Charged without charlie, chalk the score up
Babylon upon us better board the door up
Dancefloors are torn up we tourin' Europe
Warlords secure, fuck Tora Bora caves I fornicate with
hate
Make love to the break
Each verse a verbal earthquake make the world
celebrate my birthday
Sick in the worst way, wastin' away waitin' for first aid
I break bread with the first ape
To walk upright and talk just like a drunk on a rough
night ('nuff strife)
Queens sellin' themselves at cut price
Open like butterfly knives it's not nice I rock mic's
Duppy put rock in their pipes
Deprived puppies keep barkin', blockin' my light
Yap yappin' at my ankles
I work so many angles, so my jeans jangle like bangles
I manhandle ample stress, spark bless, then I blow out
the candles
Get sweet dreams

(Chorus by Usmaan)

Hybrid fiends dominate your TV screens

Diablo's, near death fiasco's

RUN HARD

Keep your worst thoughts on charge

When you see a mirage

From Gestapo at large

RUN HARD

Fiends dominate your TV screens

Diablo's, near death fiasco's

RUN HARD

Keep your worst thoughts on charge

Towards the mirage

RUN HARD

J Star spit for catharsis, me and Dr Who buil'in' spliffs in
the tardis

Leave your reputation tarnished

I talk carnage garnish tracks with ganja and garlic for
vampire varmints

Fire for them halfwits, and hard heads who start shit

Any last requests? spark your last spliff

Before you get dragged into darkness

I walk through your palace in the raggedest garments

Baggy hangin' off of my arse shit

I spit arsenic, if you're askin' the wrong questions

In the studio for long sessions

Stressed out about the rent every pound spent lost or
lent

Begged borrowed or stolen

Wrestlin' with stress like it's Hulk Hogan baby

That drank the whole cauldron of magic potion

Potent, I patent my own slogan

Alone smokin' a cone, stoned

Approachin' in a Trojan horse, with a hundred heads
from up North

Negative and 'nuff coarse of course

Forcefully stormin' your fort

The rebel with a cause without pause for thought it's

WAR

RUN HARD

Visit [Jehst](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.