

Jehst f/ Klashnekoff, Lewis Parker**"Give It Here"**

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[Verse 1: Klashnekoff]

While most mans speak
I meditate up in the mountain peaks of Mozambique
Where I choose to count sheep until I rose from my
sleep
An incomplete stranger creation of my mothers nature
She didn't cater, but fuck it I don't cater
I'm driven by the danger
You're just a digi passenger
Who sends death threats while I massacre your
messenger
Too many of you black males manouvre like scavanger
Jankrows and jackals tryin' to assassinate my character
The snakes and ladders that deceive
Try to lead me to believe in nothing
I'm surfing on the surface of suffering
Slowly suffocating, hearts caved in and gave in
Seeking refuge and salvation but there's no safe haven
From this wickedness but still won't forget that criss
tings still exist
Like looking through my son and seeing the reflection
and vividness
His likeless of my father, reminding mums of me
While my circle circulate and elevate
That's elementary my dear Watson
My dear father you're far from gone and further away
from being forgotten
I've not forgotten that foundations start at rock bottom
Where breddahs hearts are dark and rotten
Like what?
Like Dot Cottons gums
Come in your drum, lock, stock and two smokin' guns

[Verse 2: Lewis Parker]

I cross lines society, boundaries I break down
Analyse your status, the conflicting factors shake down
Find a new ground to work on
Always live in the person
LP drop another sky excursion
Without wings I watch the world from a birds view
Champion of light, sunshine styles can burn you

It stays hot, I figure your plot like Dick Tracy
Fakes makin' snake moves and getting paid of those
flaky styles
Safety in the wild, chase me miles
But your feisty smiles is laughin at zilch
Get exposed like Scottish mans in kilts
Feel the wind blow, see you haven't got the info
So your innuendo means nothing, nought
See the frontin' keeps you caught
Droppin science like chalk on blackboards
It's all musical actors gettin' in through back doors
Playin' caricatures of themself
In the sky I'm spiritually stealth, illuminous like felt tips
Mans world is selfish
Get a hell wish on credit
Hold it up with a classic cut like Brian Bennett
Direct through your senate
Get a break and make a gem with it
Beats all day, you know my program
ill on the slow jam with dynamic styles like Oram
Flickin ash in a coke can
Thinkin 'bout the next move
Hookin up the next groove, it's strictly science in the
method
Fuck around with ground rules and see those ties get
severed

[Verse 3: Jehst]

I'll be doin this until I m ragged and aged with varacous
veins
Live long and prosper while amateurs fade
With Klingon ways we bring on brays
Who ask the lord to forgive them for their sins on stage
Or stay home puttin ink on page, after page (after
page)
There's no end to the masquerade
You bend the bars of the cage but you can't escape
Your brain trapped in the part you were cast to play
The same plot, the same genre
The same drama, the same blood stained paper you
chase after
I play the game like a snake charmer
I aim to train harder
I eat hearty but stay marga
More rowdy than squaddies on the lager
But you'll probably scarper from bobbies in body
armour
And if you're smart you'll tuck in your chain
Cos nothin' has changed, you could get mugged on
this rugged terrain
I'm runnin' the plains barefoot hunting some game

J-Star the Drifter, we're one and the same
Smokescreens burn up they can't cover the flame
I stay first class top of the range
Even if the topic is strange I spit a philosophical phrase
At your mockery of Hip Hop and comical ways
And when you feel my phenomenal rage
You'll be suffering abdominal pains
Lost in this impossible maze

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