

Muph + Plutonic f/ Ivens

"What You See"

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[Verse 1: Muph]

Trout plowed landscape, hands out - man waits for spit
How my acting ability could never really save shit
Take this at face value and we'll break it down to cross
priced, cross side
Blurred words incurred curved out in Bondi
Hung from a long line of keep it reals and an even
longer genre
of you gotta get that meal
What you see is what you get, from the music to the
feel
Innerfuse it with the never kill, over
and you know it's straight up goal posts
While their all over the place like a Volvo
Hold those hindsight into the warmth of the limelight
Pipe blind, travel under the ravel
Tryn'a fire fight out burnt down bridges
While we work out the business and we churn out the
fitness
Like the Biggest Loser, click the user
Use a dooner filth ridden
Four flat tyres and we're still driven

[Chorus]

We've come along way, let's go further now
You know it started out just by word of mouth
This is life and we'll try our best to work it out
Without churning out a faithless heart because

[Hook] {X2}

What you get is what you get and what you see
We tell it like it is

[Verse 2: Ivens]

Return of the faceless I foresaw how I sees in these
days blatant??
Hot shaped box rattle on the pavement, skipping a
ledwing
Impatient minds quick to grab the template
How walking demonstations seem to be dated
Ethics lost with the ages, 'character buildings a waste

of time'
Truth flies and why they mention no glamour shots
Pick a winner off the rack - money well spent,
monotonous
Style so symmetrical, my sentiments exactly
Romanticising life though bucket of crabs stop, money
tragedy
In a world in that all the while looking at me like 'he's
not down with the movement
Can't even walk right, leans to the left, looks foolish'
The feelings mutual friend, just keep my plate heavy
with amusement
Laughing aloud at all these product placement games
for the youth
I don't try to walk in shoes that aren't gonna fit, not my
intent
But a tap of the multi-coloured pigment of vision inside
my head
Don't say I used up rockin all that 50 minutes 'til death
Work my way up outta the trench with a more
interesting mess

[Hook] {X2}

[Chorus]

[Hook] {X2}

[Chorus]

[Hook] {X4}

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