

Metronote Quintet, The

"Wild Boyz"

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Ayo its six o'clock on the dot
C-money comes and picks me up
He beeps 3 times I throw my 90s on we hit the pub
I'm charged up, everybody's getting spuds
Mouth getting numb I need a lager
Pull up to the cark park blasting Skibba in his prime
One nation 99, a windy night
We hit the bar and get a pint
I'm sitting by the pool table, heard him say is he Mic?
I turn my waist he shakes my hand and says his name
is Micky Kyte
His body language demanded respect
Anger painted his eyes
Known on the ends for his vicious ways
Looks intimidating but he's all blessed
Worn out tattoos on his arms
Face covered in scars
From the years of brawling
It only gave him more strength
Over the years of torment
Fought to many battles, so many tears have fallen
All of it was true I knew it weren't the beer talking
I guess man like me and Mick have had our fair share
of bullshit
People that have needed us, at night we hear them
calling
Micky said he heard my passion on the Hardway
Wanted me to write a track for his dear brother that
passed away
His name was Richard one of the hardest man in our
gate
A family man that loved his life and lived it in the fast
lane
I agreed immediately inspired by Micky's heartache
He invites me to his yard next weekend and eager I
can't wait
It's getting late we finish our drinks and start heading
out
Jump in the car Micky winks I'm thinking I can't let you
down

HOOK

I know it kills you to see your brother's grave
But the same things that break a man can make
another change
I'll stop thinking that my life's a game
Richard never died in vein
Mick wipe away them tears from under your face
I know you want to go insane every time you hear your
brother's name
I'm a change the way I live my life dedicate this to
Richard Kyte
A wild boy at heart that never gave up on a fight
A wild boy that passed on but never give up
HOOK

Knock on Micky's door anxiety building up in my gut
Not knowing what to expect he welcomes me with a hug
I'm touched so much for being nuts but trust me he was
ruff
He wouldn't hesitate to open you up he's seen enough
We got seated in the living room but Micky's in a
different mood
A little gloomy his Missus stay sitting in the kitchen
Maybe it's a little too deep
Crack a few tinnies roll up a doobie
As soon as he's ready away we go
Micky begins to speak his teenage daughter taking
notes
He tells me about his father I can tell he was pissed
from the way he spoke
He changes tone he sounded hurt
Dad was in and out of bird
Mick and Richard had to learn to ruck for themselves
Must have been love for one and other that made them
tougher than nails Made them play the father role
because
dad was up in a jail
Nothing could ever separate them together take on the
world
Maybe they hate the bastard coppers for taking their
father from them
Richard and Mick were born 18 months apart he tells
me about their play fights how they had taken some too
far
Neither man would back down they try and break each
other's arms
It was these same play fights that had made these
brothers hard
Gave these brothers heart, made them want to tear
apart
Anyone that starts give a fuck who you are

You'll get sparked
And yeah their hard but they'd still share a bath with
each other
When they were younger getting drunk looking after
each other.

HOOK - HOOK

Mick shows me a photo of Richard at the beach with his
boy
I can see the joy in his smile but deep down the boy is
wild
In came the rainy weather,
the drink, the cane, the girls, the rage, he couldn't take
the pressure
At 16 he joined the army looking to make things better
Plus he's used to going to war by now the pain is
pleasure
He fought a couple years
But the walls come crumbling down when he got
caught touching gear
But that's what happens when the coke gets yah
Before he tastes another beer its 2 years up in
Colchester
Military prison done 6 months but shit aint no better
Richard and Mick still criminally driven and pissed
Of cold Stella both fed up
When you're hit by wild boys you won't get up no never
Do anything for each other no matter the measure they
roll together
I dedicate this track to Richard Kyte a legend in my
eyes
Although your gone, your legacy will never die,
Coz what can break a man can make another change
Make a brother brave; make him stand and fight
instead of runaway
Like Wild Boys
Laugh in the face of confrontation
I'm a change, life is not a game God I'm gracious not
afraid
Put righteous on Rocky's grave
Wild Boys for life
And Richard Kyte we've not forgot your name,
Until the day you meet again Mick will miss you dearly
Dear brother dear friend Richard if you hear me..

HOOK -HOOK

Wild Boys...

