

Vanilla Fudge

"You've Got To Look Up"

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(performed by derek b)

To the people in the front
And all the people in the back row
Nice to see y'all jammin left to
Right toe to toe

No more introductions you know
Who I am
If you don't I couldn't really
Give a damm!
So just slide to the glide of the
Rhyme in motion
Or rock to the rhythm of this magic potion

To have an opinion, not to follow a crowd,
Brothers and sisters say it loud
Not here to depress, only to stress
Yes, we can all get out of this mess
My license revoked, people think I choked,
Try to hange me with the rope, but nope,
See I'm too dope.

Chorus
Everybody
You've gotta look up
You've gotta
Everybody
Don't ever look down
Don't let them put you down

With a bang the bass kicks once again,
I'll repeat myself try to tell you again
No, not a politician or an
Obstitrician
Just a down young man who watches and
Listens

Weary of the system tryin to rip us off
So they let you use drugs so your mind goes soft
Confused, amused at what the papers say

Never get their facts straight anyway
'cos I've lived through the night of a 1000 knives
Watched journalistic murder with
My damn eyes
Seen 'em make, take, break many peoples lives
Fillin up the public with nothing but lies
Livin in a class segregated nation
Gutter press, comicbooks, mind information
Try to keep me quiet just sittin in the corner
But my name is derek b
Not little jack horner.

Chorus x 2

The plot thickens as the rhyme goes on
Can you hear "woo yea" anywhere
In this song
Let me take a breath, let me get some space
Hold tight let's kick in the bass,
Out of fourth gear rhyme in to cruise,
Lyrical language, bring you more news

If you have no ambition, no heart, or gold
No ambition no heart no soul
Gotta play to win no second place
Why do you think they call this the human race

Don't wanna be classified or be trendy
Don't like junkfood especially wendy's
No ad in no mag tells me what to wear
Or for that matter what to do with my hair
Not a hip house or hip hop just my kinda song
Delivered by the young black capricorn.

Chorus

Life is much bigger than colour and greed
So slow down and on't feed your greed
Everyman for himself that's not the way to go
Stick together then we'll all go
One world one colour one people as we dance
Get on the dancefloor
Now is your chance to express yourself by the way you
move
The rhyme.... ambassador here's my groove

Chorus x 2

Written by d. boland
Produced by: nyc & costello
Programmed by: d. carter & nyc & costello

Mixed and engineered by hot black four
Recorded at: matrix studios, uk
Mixed by gail "sky" king at soundworks, new york
Engineered by hugy dwyer at soundworks, new york

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