Turn The Page

The Streets

That's it, turn the page on the day, walk away
'Cause there's sense in what I say
I'm forty-fifth generation Roman
But I don't know 'em or care when I'm spitting
So return to your sitting position and listen
It's fitting, I'm miles ahead and they chase me
Show your face on TV then we'll see, you can't do half
My crew laughs at your rhubarb-and-custard verses
You rain down curses but I'm waving your hearses driving by
Streets riding high with the beats in the sky
All stare, eyes glazed, garage burnt down
The fire raged for forty days and in forty ways
But through the blaze they see it fade
The sea of black, the beaming heat on their faces
Then a figure emerges from the wastage
Eyes transfixed with a piercing gaze
One hand clutching his sword raised to the sky
They wonder how, they wonder why
The sky turns white, it all becomes clear
They felt lifted from their fears
They shed tears, in the light after six dark years
Young bold soldiers, the fire burns, crackles and smolders
Five years older and wiser
The fires are burning, on fire, never tire
Slay warriors in the forests, and on higher we sing
Hear the strings rising, the war's over, the bells ring
Memories fading, soldiers slaying, looks like geezers raving
The hazy fog over the bullring, the lazy ways the birds sing
A new baby's born everyday, few men may be scorned today
But look at things the other way cause it may well be your final day
And then crowds roar, they slay, they all say
I produced this using only my bare wit
Give me a jungle, a garage beat, and admit defeat
Use war and past injuries, my metaphor is simile
Get all applications in to me before the deadline
'Cause it's a fine line between strife full time and a life of crime
But you will reach the day
And it's all mine, you can take it or leave it
I shake and reveal stage tricks like Jimi Hendrix

In the afterlife gladiators meet their maker
Float through the wheat fields and lakes of blue water
To the next life from the fortress
Away from the knives and slaughter, to their wives and daughters
Once more before the Lord judges over all of us
It's in the is place you'll see me
Brace yourself cause this goes deep
I'll show you the secrets to sky and the birds
Actions speak louder than words
Stand by me, my apprentice
Be brave, clench fists

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