

Flow

Raised Fist

Raised Fist belong to the beat
Our sound from open windows to the street
This beat always on repeat from d-takt to a fucking blastbeat
Now let me contemplate when I dedicate this song
To the instigators that seem to levitate of joy when shit goes wrong
I want to participate in the debate, fascinated of how you fabricate
Stories about how much money we made
Get this straight, the first decade was unpaid
We will drop when our fucking hearts stop
From the club to the squat, you people choose the spot
When I come up, look under both of my feet
Commander up here, you are so obsolete
Och Årven om du snackar skit, it's just a receipt
A proof of you feeling incomplete
Now let me contemplate when I dedicate this song
To the instigators that seem to levitate of joy when shit goes wrong
I want to participate in the debate, fascinated of how you fabricate
Stories about how much money we made
Get this straight, the first decade was unpaid
We will drop when our fucking hearts stop
From the club to the squat, you people choose the spot
What's going on
We will drop when our fucking hearts
stop
From the club to the squat, you people choose the spot

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