

# Who Am I

## Drapht

Who am I? An Aussie battler, man that manufactures  
Plans to fracture, can't handle or stand my stature  
My raps saturate, every batch I make is packed with hate  
An act of fate, once I'm r'ound the corner, I've been trapped in rain  
Scrap the page now, I've got to start from  
scratch again  
The whack catch a break, I'm sick of sayin' congrats to them  
I lax it in, catch a pen, gettin' straight to work  
Take the first steps, redirect the hex and break the curse  
Shake the nerves, makin words', I bear it all for this  
Can't call it quits, standin' way too tall to miss  
Paul is this, who am I? A phantom watchin' down  
Struck a random till I'm handed all these knuckled frowns  
Stop these clowns claimin' king, bring you back to planet Earth  
I stand firm from the day this planet merged from Perth  
A learnin' curve from the birth of this  
Try to take me down but swerve and miss, motherfucker  
Who am I? A slave to the beat and its rhythm  
Who am I? I'm ashamed of this world that we live in  
Who am I? I'm a threat, I'm the voice in your head  
The one telling you to jump off the ledge, motherfucker  
Who am I? I'm the man from the land down under  
Who am I? I'm the rain, I'm the sun, I'm the thunder  
Who am I? I'm the hope that elopes through your speaker  
Runnin' as the wolf pack leader, motherfucker, who am I?  
I'm carin about one fan base in sunburnt landscape  
Plan A is summed up with one word, rampage  
Man-made disaster, no bandaid or plaster  
Is big enough to cover up this blood, sweat, I'd rather  
The heartfelt saga, targets an audience, my marker  
B-Boys or girls that are as horny as Drapht  
But I'm warnin that I'm born in this to shout out  
Be burnin them then I'm servin the corniest on our planet  
My anatomy's had a beating, I'm feeding off heads  
Like Hannibal but never leavin em dead, plant my CD/see-d instead  
Believe in the right season it will grow  
For now I'm happy standin back and letting nobody know  
Who I am, remaining to stand as the ghost in the backdrop  
Won't ever abandon my pose for a snapshot  
Or hope for the jackpot to carry me  
I'd rather crack the luckier mentality man so...  
Who am I? A slave to the beat and its rhythm  
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Runnin' as the wolf pack leader, motherfucker, who am I?  
What makes your tick climb makes me sick to the  
stomach  
Amateur dicks pull out 'cause they know that DR's coming  
Its certified, no spermicide can stop me  
Fertilisin' a lot while only a third of the eyes watch me  
Measure dying monopoly, building another level  
Diversifying it properly, rule and run with the rebels  
I never settle for second  
We be goin' off quicker than the metal detection at Al Qaeda's mosque  
You lost in translation, costing you to listen  
To what this man's facin', offer you the vision  
Just once and it will never be repeated again  
I stay conceited from the greed and all the trends, motherfucker  
Who am I? Paul Ridge to the death  
Who am I? D-rapht to the death  
Who am I? S-B-X to the death  
And I'm gonna represent till there's nothin' of me left  
Who am I? AM crew to the death  
Who am I? War crew to the death  
Who am I? WA to the death  
And I'm gonna represent till there's nothin' of me left  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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