

A General

28 Days

Tonight I saw your true face
Vindictive, a language of your reaction
And thank you for returning my faith in what I believed in
It nearly went in vain while you took aim
So when you wake tomorrow with no one left to crucify
You know that you'll still feel afraid
The way you woke up this morning today
That's right, I saw your true face
Or rather a representative of hatred
Don't you fight your own wars?
A general saluting yourself yesterday
While you think about your prey
So when you wake tomorrow with no one left to crucify
You know that you'll still feel afraid
The way you woke up this morning today
When you wake tomorrow with no one left to crucify
You know that you'll still feel afraid
The way you woke up this morning today
I hope for your sake
You work out your problem lies within
Your tortured mindset you put out
So where's your violin?
So where's your violin?
So where's your violin?
So where's your violin?
So where's your violin?
So when you wake tomorrow with no one left to crucify
You know that you'll still feel afraid
The way you woke up this morning today
When you wake tomorrow with no one left to crucify
You know that you'll still feel afraid
The way you woke up this morning today
The way you woke up
The way you woke up
Tunnel vision
The year is two double 0 two, nothing is brand new
Kid Jimmy, you know, you hear me spitting lyrics over loops
Close friends used to call me sups, mad respect to CI crew
Still ripping over PFK, so what you gonna do?

Nothing, puffing out my fucking chest, crims rock the best

Shout out to mesk for putting run ups to the test
Dressed for success but we look like some bums
So easy fucking go, not easy fucking come
Tunnel vision won't enhance your view
So think it through, do it for your self
Everything you read might not be true
So think it through, do it for your, for yourself
We rock London, Amsterdam, Carrum Downs and Osaka
You don't have to dig my style, so step back, fuck you
And you're getting jealous, man, claiming that it's luck
You can't handle it
I don't give a shit you can suck my dick
Say you can smoke me, you probably could
Going down south with your mouth
Wrap wrapped around my wood
Say you can smoke me, you probably could
Going down south with your mouth wrap
Wrap, wrap wrapped around my wood
Tunnel vision won't enhance your view
So think it through, do it for your self
Everything you read might not be true
So think it through, do it for your, for yourself
Whoa, slow down, I got the low down
On this bigger than Benhur sound
That we just lit, so I hit it with a lip
That spits real in harmony with hits
I can't help it when you shit your pants
I saw you fucking dance
Up and down when the record went number one
Fuming 'cause they're paying for my skills
While were having fun, now you're sober
Not drunk from thinking it's over
Time to face the facts whack
It's only just begun
London, Amsterdam, Carrum Downs and Osaka
You don't have to dig it, fuck you, fuck you
Tunnel vision won't enhance your view
So think it through, do it for your self
Everything you read might not be true
So think it through, do it for your, for yourself

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