1988

Warscout

ride the train and it takes me back to the days when Frankston was our line I used to live for getting up man don't get me wrong killing trains just to kill the fucking time I was true to the graf scene travel miles just to rack I was so keen I also was a hip hop b boy to boot used to write my name while you'd commute shove our paint inside our kleptomaniac to fund another coats you know we'd paint attack window down whole car lay up hit never pay for shit what I had bombing trains a one track mind is is all I thought about wouldn't believe just we'd stay in places you so many writers had my to kill the suckers inside and out dma/ac/wca/camecorrect ci boys respect so def with a fucking shit up in effect can put those toys in check but my crew holds the fondest of memories ci brothers still fucking shit up with Melbourne pride and always will with new school and old PRIDE AND ALWAYS WILL

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