The Sentinel

Car Bomb

Suffa
We found this club on a side street, but I was kind of iffy,
We could hear some fly beats, but from outside it looked shifty,
I said this to pressure just before I finished my sentence,
This bouncer came out and dragged us both through the entrance,
This guy was huge and I was stumbling with my speech,
I finally mumbled that we just stumbled in from the street,
He said to us "So finding us was accidental?
Well I'm not surprised, we don't advertise at the Sentinel",
He said "What's your name?" he said "Pressure", I said "Suffa",
He said "Join the rest of the suckers",
So we went right in, we sat right down,
Pressure said "I guess I'll get us both our first round",
He had to go downstairs cos the bar was underground,
He came back and said "Man these the cheapest drinks in town",
I agreed, yes indeed, we could be here all night,
They're only charging a buck fifty for imperial pints,
And I'm feeling alright, this place is kind of cool man,
I'm hoping tonight, nobody acts the fool and,
Ruins this vibe that I've got going,
Not knowing where I am, but this jam's growing man this spots blowing,
The ladies were hot I sat down and listened,
To their four thousand watt, in-house sound system,
The DJ was laying tracks, keeping people on the floor and then,
He played a crazy break, and the chorus went...
Pressure
These dim lights hold, silhouetted figures fit in tight moulds,
This beer's ice cold, yeah we're going to be here till the nights old,
I might stroll, see what I can plunder, but I wonder,
Do I feel a blunder or is that the drink putting me under,
A strange feeling, this place got my brain reeling,
Looked up and seen a picture of the barkeep upon the main ceiling,
Feels like a broken dream, I'm walking through a smoke machine and,
In the corner seen a dope fiend, blowing a smoke screen,
Sat down, looked at the picture on the bottle label,

It was the same man and the stripper that sat atop my table,
And as he licked her thighs I saw that glint in her eyes
The wristwatch upon her waistlet it had him hypnotized,

She kissed him goodbye, threw me a smile and a grin,
My reply cut thin by my hand wiping my chin,
Walked to the bar as the tender looked right through me I said
"Excuse me", then he replied in tones as if he talked about me not to me,
He said: "Welcome to the Sentinel, I hope your stay here's perpetual,
We serve drinks and broken dreams but no edibles",
I bought a round, man I think this is watered down,
Its tasting sought of fowl, this place is giving me the creeps and plus the doors are now,
Closing to the public so let's make our move,
Then I was struck by the strangest sense of déjà vu,
Man I swore I was bent "Suffa man I've heard this all before it went",
Ba ba ba ba ba, and then the chorus went...
Pressure & Suffa
Man this place's got me reeling I took a seat to get my focus,
When a group of B-Boys gathered by the stage took my notice,
At about one o'clock, the club manager approached us,
And said "I heard you jokers were MCs, who's the dopest?
Cos we run an open mic battle every night,
And to enter you've got to be, incredibly tight",
I said "Get me the mic I might flip", then the lights switched,
My vision was blurring and burning words inside my eyelids,
Rhyme progression begun, something possessing my tongue,
Blessing the deaf and dumb till I was falling short of breath in my lung,
"When will they let us stop?" I checked the time and it was,
Six in the morning, and we were still rhyming,
Battled MC after MC, battled MCs for days,
But they wouldn't let us go, when we tried to leave the stage,
The manager said "You boys can never leave this tournament,
And you can never leave the Sentinel", and the chorus went...

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