Put On A Record

Drapht

"Think I'll put on a record"

Put on a record
Think I'll put on a record
Think I'll put on a record
Let it spin again, again, again, again
Then I'll
Put on a record
Think I'll put on a record
Think I'll put on a record
Until the end, the end, the end, the end, the end

Think I'm a put on a record, reckon you wanna recognize
I'm a wrecking ball, wreck a site recollect the vibe
Exercise CD's, put it in your deck and drive
Jeopardize freedom, might not be a second time
Petrified as the pressure rise like the petrol price
I'm the next in line like Bin Laden's fifty second wife
Step inside the mind, mine so electrifying
Check the time, dropping biters quicker than insecticide
A Dr Jekyll hiding behind the mind of Hyde
Can't turn a blind eye like Alqueda buying dynamite
Still tryna write, still tryna find the time
When you sign the line meet more dicks than a virgina's life
A silent night, when I recite a line my lips bleed
The darkest in my family like Lionel Richie
A nineteen sixty transfixing melody
Rise the sick from the cemetery, the only remedy is

Hear the DJ spin the track
Come back around like a winner's lap
Never would you wanna get sick of that
Rewind that shit, yep bring it back
Hear the DJ spin the track
A cinematic diplomat
Kicking back, drink gin or Jacks
Rewind that shit and bring it back

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Just let it play, feel vibrations through your vertebrae
Dieing to stay the highest like you were Brazil's murder rate
Exterminate all you nerd and hating sherminators
Percolated coffee, rock at night in this nocturnal age
Turn the page still unpaid, I'm paid in paper clips
The pain of being played while I'm praying to the plagiarist
The turntablist razor blade blood
Cutting quicker than Darth Vadar did to his own son
Run with hunger like goldilocks holding the rock
And me and rap we rap together like Holden and Brock, what?
It's the music, it makes your mood move with the wind
Quicker than a little you with some voodoo pins
So we

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Imprisoned in this song's composition
A vision with every listen the listener can picture
A situation, some over rated/over played like Neighbours
Some play then lead off the stage like Ray is (BOO)
Everyday the same play, the same the shit on TV
What yah gonna watch you're lost in Simpsons repeats
Knee deep in monkey see, monkey do
Now we up to the month of June, what up with you? Nothing new
Proven time is short, fuck it man what's mine is yours
Wise words from a dinosaur, still feels like ninety four
Vinyl forces out all the memories you swallowed in
Riders of the storm given life to Jim Morrison
Coroners report dead walking around the corodor

A common law bumping Mortar Graphic Tomahawk
If a graffers bombing or running from an under cover's Commodore
When you're home there's nothing that you want more than

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"Put on a record
Think I'll fix myself some dinner
Frozen egg rolls or spagetti from a can"

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