At Midnight

The Discowboys

Midnight guitar strumming, being one with the moon.
Laying down my lyrics, near a lovely lagoon,
With a bucket of shrooms, and a staffy to pat.
Mans best friend, yeah I'm happy with that.
I wanna be happy, I bet that we all do.
Ninety percent think they'll never afford to.
What a shame that moneys gone to their brain,
Any country any colour everyone's in it's range,
It's like (uh), but I dodge the missiles,
So duck down mother fuckers hip-hop's the issue.
I will not get played, like hansel and gretel,
Do it for the dollar, or dance with the devil,
You know why, coz I know how to fight back,
And transform this mic. stand into a spike bat.
So with a smile on my dial I write raps,
And hold down my ground till the empire strikes back,
It's me, and imma tell you how I feel,
I'm the real, I'll be flying with or without a deal.
Can't tackle what you can't touch,
It wont matter when you can't love.
So imagine me at your window singing this song,
With twenty eight thousand kids straight up singing along,
So through basics eyes, I'll be blessing the beat.
With a raw reputation like everly street, (yo) rest in peace.I wont be put down, I wont be shackled.
I wont be held back, I wont be tackled.
I wont be locked up, I wont be thrown out.
Now that I know how to fly,
Now that I know how to fly.(yo)I wont be put down, I wont be shackled.
I wont be held back, I wont be tackled.
I wont be locked up, I wont be thrown out.
Now that I know how to fly,
Now that I know how to fly.Oh yeah, uh huh, it goes like this check it out, yo.
From the seas turn region I roam,
On my tree trapeze, through the leaves I have flown,
In a stained glass skies, the evening unfolds,
Stay sharp like a beak of the crow.
I just creep on the low, through my secret window,
Frill, the niche and my mic. plucks a leak in the boat.
Never hit the mainstream in the creek where I row,

Feel the wind in the willows from the breeze when it,
When it's freezing below, when I'm deep in the snow,
Opened up my heart, brought heat to the cold.
And I, wont follow sheep like a clone in this rat race,
They compete for the throne,
Treat freedom of speech liek a breach of the code,
So I unleash and stampede the beat with a flow.(oh lord)
All I want is peace for the globe, yeah were so segregated,
It's like each to their own,
To my freaks and my peeps that I peep at the show,
Imma keep this brief, can you reach in your soul,
Feel free with the seeds of the dreams that you grow,
Till they eat what they speak and you read what you sow,
Left this message, like I heard a beep on the phone,
(at night on a beach see my teepee aglow,
Send folk signals from the weed that we blow,
Hear the bigger picture like what the bleep do we know, you know)I wont be put down, I wont be shackled.
I wont be held back, I wont be tackled.
I wont be locked up, I wont be thrown out.
Now that I know how to fly,
Now that I know how to fly. (yo)I wont be put down, I wont be shackled.
I wont be held back, I wont be tackled.
I wont be locked up, I wont be thrown out.
Now that I know how to fly,
Now that I know how to fly.(can all the brothers just put one hand up in the air,
This is dedicated to a very close friend of ours just passed away, justin.
This is for you,
He's watching us right now guys, a very close friend of mine,
Meant a lot to me, meant a lot to our music,
And so I want you guys to take note,
When DJ izm drops this beat, I want you to bob with us.)Freaks and my peeps, peep at the show,
Keep this brief, reach in your soul, (x5)

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