

# Turn the Page

## The Streets

That's it, turn the page on the day, walk away  
'Cause there's sense in what I say  
I'm forty-fifth generation Roman  
But I don't know 'em or care when I'm spitting  
So return to your sitting position and listen  
It's fitting, I'm miles ahead and they chase me  
Show your face on TV then we'll see, you can't do half  
My crew laughs at your rhubarb-and-custard verses  
You rain down curses but I'm waving your hearses driving by  
Streets riding high with the beats in the sky  
All stare, eyes glazed, garage burnt down  
The fire raged for forty days and in forty ways  
But through the blaze they see it fade  
The sea of black, the beaming heat on their faces  
Then a figure emerges from the wastage  
Eyes transfixed with a piercing gaze  
One hand clutching his sword raised to the sky  
They wonder how, they wonder why  
The sky turns white, it all becomes clear  
They felt lifted from their fears  
They shed tears, in the light after six dark years  
Young bold soldiers, the fire burns, crackles and smolders  
Five years older and wiser  
The fires are burning, on fire, never tire  
Slay warriors in the forests, and on higher we sing  
Hear the strings rising, the war's over, the bells ring  
Memories fading, soldiers slaying, looks like geezers raving  
The hazy fog over the bullring, the lazy ways the birds sing  
A new baby's born everyday, few men may be scorned today  
But look at things the other way cause it may well be your final day  
And then crowds roar, they slay, they all say  
I produced this using only my bare wit  
Give me a jungle, a garage beat, and admit defeat  
Use war and past injuries, my metaphor is simile  
Get all applications in to me before the deadline  
'Cause it's a fine line between strife full time and a life of crime  
But you will reach the day  
And it's all mine, you can take it or leave it  
I shake and reveal stage tricks like Jimi Hendrix

In the afterlife gladiators meet their maker  
Float through the wheat fields and lakes of blue water  
To the next life from the fortress  
Away from the knives and slaughter, to their wives and daughters  
Once more before the Lord judges over all of us  
It's in the is place you'll see me  
Brace yourself cause this goes deep  
I'll show you the secrets to sky and the birds  
Actions speak louder than words  
Stand by me, my apprentice  
Be brave, clench fists

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