

A Good Year

Drapht

It's too low
Yeah, you know the style, D-Rapht on the mic
Yeah, kicking it wild like what
Like, like, like what
Check, huh I got a feeling now
Like I suddenly been touched by healing power
Now I know who I wanna know
Know this fear and loathing
Is part of the show biz
Won't miss the train, remain namless
Paint-stained hands and Air Max trainers
AM campaign to paint us, knowing what pain is
Ain't down to entertain laymans. (Nah!)
I'm here with the caverlier man that we manifest
The best and standing under our banner
Eric Banner, Goanna, Australian blooded
From the motherland of the fucking Layland Brothers
My sins are washing away this year
But like Jason, addicted to the taste of fear
My translation's like watching a Mason handshake
You only get it if you down with the fanbase
A sad day in the scene we're in
My plan A was just to be down with the team I'm in
But made mates, made many mistakes
Made to play for pennies on slavery rates
But that's life
All the nights I didn't sleep because of this
Felt ripped off by friends, stole the love of this
Away from me
But I had to let it go
Cos I now understand and I know that it's gonna be
A good year
You gotta hear me now
Hear me loud and clear tear the ceiling down
A good year
Yeah, where we're at
All eyes on the grimm and we staring back up
A good year
You gotta hear me now

Hear me loud and clear tear the ceiling down
A good year
Yeah, where we're at
All eyes on the grimm and we staring back up
Hey Trials, you know bro?
Yep, now my eyes wide open
Openly deep as the Indian Ocean
Openly free as an Indian smoking a potent opium potion
The motion has changed this life
I wrote this with a knife
Engraved a paper and prayed to the sky
I was angry at the world, at a girl, no language
Could understand how I felt
It was anguish timed by a thousand
Wanted to vanquish the problem
But couldn't find the power in me
Wasn't enough hours in the day to follow indies
Crusade and raid the Lost Ark
Growing up, swinging like Costa
My Mum thought she created a monster
Contain Paul was like a monsoon rainfall
Live a colourful life like I sprayed by paintball
A chainsaw tongue cut you down
Lose my temper soon as I felt fucked around
And that was daily
But I had to let it go
Cos I now understand and I know that it's gonna be
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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