Dedicated to (Intro)

Home Brew

Ooooosh sounds dope
Yea bro sounds dope
Yea
It's dedicated to
Check
YeaIt's dedicated to all the artists who struggling
Through the hardship and punishment
From the heart for the love of it
It's motivated by all they partners who stuck with them
And help them pick it up again when they were thinking fuck it then
It's been inspired by all the marvellous mothers and all the fatherless
Troublesome broken bastards that bum off them
It's for the hustlers scabbing off of the government
Wandering in the street playing cricket with the rubh bin
It's for the lonely nerd rolling herb on his broken turntable
That he mixes beats on that no one's heard
It's for the bony bird spitting spoken word blowing dough on phony fur
Rocking headphones that only work in one side
For the unsigned drunk guy who never let the funk die
Working like he's done by
(hard)
It's for the Sheila with the bung eye
And too much pride to let her son see his mum cry
(real)
It's for the has beens who had dreams
The fuck ups and crack fiends
The drop outs and drag queens
It's for the last kid picked
The first picked on
The one they laugh at
Opposite from a sitcom
It's for the fat kid
The misfit rat kid
The lipstick black chick that no one ever sat with
Dirt broke brat kid that never really had shit
Rat back scab eating noodles out the packet
It's dedicated to the skater kids chucking rocks
Taggers cutting locks
Stoners huffing ogs

Fuck the cops and the rugby jocks
Fuck my boss and the goodie goodie prefects sucking cocks
For the fellas that I sit up in detention with and anyone that's
Ever had their name up on the attendance list
It's for every kid that ever thought of ending it
And every piss poor bum living on a benefit
This one goes out
This one goes goes goes out to you (it's dedicated to)
This one goes out this this one goes goes out to you (it's dedicated to)
This one goes out this this one goes goes out to you (it's dedicated to)
(turntable scratching)This for the open arms the prisoners holding bars
Watching life rolling past faster than stolen cars
For fiends trying find a fix for their broken hearts
Rolling grass while they wash their hands of time toke their chance
For the stoners laughs that we shared over Nas
Full blast on my arse sitting in my bro's garage
Going halves on a cask making moments last
Wishing we could hold the past frozen like it's golden stars
For the days gone
The days made on
The cardboard we breaked on with blue puma suede's on
It's for the boom-box 2Pac played on
The same one I chewed up my Snoop Dogg tape on
This is for 94
When I had the highest score running new street fighter with the double fire ball
This for the change that I spent on a giant jaw
Breaker and the pocket money that I used to buy the Source
It's for the rap fanatics
The Illmatic addicts
Racking stacks of classic wax and baggy jackets
Backpackers on the train tracks tagging backwards
From the back of Mathematics to the back of paddy wagons
This for when I rapped the plastic of fantastic
And when I first heard fat lip on labcabin
That magic
I felt when I sat in my bomb that I boom saw them play a list of Cadillacs to
This for back then the back-seat dirt I did
Permanent scars are left on hearts of birds I hit
It's for the burning with the first herb I lit
For my worst hurt I turn to the best I spit
It's for the world turning as well all turn to shit
Predetermined ill return it to it no alternative
Getting high killing time like murderers
This is life peace to the cell-mates I serve it with
This is dedicated to (you)

This is dedicated to (you)
This is dedicated to (you)
This is dedicated to (you)This one goes goes goes out to you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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