

# Dedicated to (Intro)

## Home Brew

Ooooosh sounds dope

Yea bro sounds dope

Yea

It's dedicated to

Check

Yea It'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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