

The Motive

P Money

"Hello"

"Yo whats the motive cuz"

"Well i'm booking still but you gotta ring millen in to come get you"

"Alright anything, man will link you up there

"ight holla back" Listen, I'm at home on a dark night

Gettin' dressed in front of the mirror practicing getting my bars tight

And I still got a headache from last night

So you know I ain't thinking too clear

And I gotta rave to go to at half 9

I'll tear it down and get a few cheers

I feel nuts lately I've had a hard time

So I don't want nobody getting too near Sitting in my room, ounces on the bed

Two phones and a glass full of root beer

Keys on the side next to the aqua

Lyric book on top of the blue chair

I pick up my knife and I balls it

But I get paranoid thinking its too clear

The computer games on so I pause it

Then I leave 'cause the rest of the crews here Head hurts but my minds in a deeper state

Right now I'm feelin' to par the rave

'cause I got Kats on my line ringing me for eighths

Panicking like they ain't had weed for days

The car in front of us leads the way

Full of real niggas I don't need to name

I'm starting to think I don't need a blade

But i'll keep it just incase It's 7.30 in the evening

I ain't strapped to the seat so the seat belt sign in the car keeps flashing and beeping

I'll do it after I put the CD in

Track one plays, everybody's singing along cause the one line throw keeps repeating

I feel cold so I turn on the heating

Then we talk about the guys beefing Nowadays everyone after cake

We're on the motorway and it's after eight

Crackin' joke, but it all stopped when we saw the blue lights as we passed the jakes

Shit, who these bastards? Who's duckin'?

Nobody answers

I got a knife in my balls and we're gonna get pulled

But they went straight past us We could of made a mistake

I rang the guys in front

Hello, blud man nearly got pulled by the jakes

Swear down you man are nuts
I know, boy mans at the service station
Catch up to man we ain't far from the place
So we drove fast getting into the place
Speeding going 90 miles per hThen we slow down for the exit
You can hear the wheels skid and exit
Slowly approaching roundabout driving roundabout take the second exit
Driving into the town
Everybody looks round scoping this one girl with a next chick
Now we're passing the venue looking for a space but the road signs grime on the next tipWe found one but I'm
late
Times ticking I should be on the stage
I don't wanna do a whole set on my own
I just wanna get one bar sprayed
We walked up to the VIP door
Search through the guest list
Look there's my namePeople are arguing : "come on you're late"
"Blud shut up man, 'least I came" I walk in the rave, head for the decks
Take my time I've done this before
I'm tryin' to hear what riddim is next
I'm with about five guys plus four, no feds inside but I still gotta check
I gotta shank so I gotta be sureBare girls here but I ain't impressed
I concentrate on the motive some more
Champagne sprays all over the floor
Bare guys in the way, can't see who's on the decks
Pissed off now the criminal minds in effect
The boy with the champagne gets grabbed by the neckIn my head there's an explosion
Cause of commotion
I heard "P money lowe it, let go"
Don't touch me's what I told him
I stormed off and got back to the motive
I picked up the mic like a weapon
It happened in a matter of seconds

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