# Blood, Sweat And Tears

## Lowkey

[Verse 1: Klashnekoff]
As lightning strikes and thunder pounds,
Over the grey skies of East London town,
Prophecy K returns from the underground,
Signified by the peoples crying, trumpet sounds,
Yeah the system it tried to shut me down,
But I been on my ting before Onyx was flinging guns around,
Blood, sweat, and tears for years,
It feels like my careers been in the dumping ground,
Yeah this is how hunger sounds,

And I'm the hunter now, 'Lash the lion-heart,
A.k.a. the man behind the iron mask
For ten years straight I been raising the iron bar,
Tryna' breathe the life back into this dying art,
So why try and part, when you'll meet the same fate as that lion Scar,
This game's fake, full of two-faced, lie in grass
Who will sell their soul and ass just to climb the charts,
Yeah, but me I put in too much time in the graft,
Refining my craft for labels to sign me for a minor advance,
Picture K'lash miming on Trance,
Now picture Dr. Dre beats/'lash, rhyming with stars,
It's all fate and I got mine in my grasp,
Their all snakes, let them die in the past,
But who knows what the future holds,
These N.W.O. soldiers will probably shoot me cold,
All because the truth was told,
You should know I did it from the heart.

[Hook: x2]
I'm still here, pushing after several years,
I'm still here, standing strong, never in fear,

I'll be still here after the dust settles and clears,
I'll be still here after the blood, sweat and the tears,

[Verse 2: Lowkey]
I don't do this for the happy ravers, or the aggie haters, [?]
I do this for the warriors and the gladiators,
I do this for those whose lives you never cared about,

Can't pronounce their names, their origins, or their whereabouts,
Those brought up around tragedy and sadness,
Who adjusted and found normality in the madness,
Fight the power, till I'm out of breathe like Malcolm X,
You empower the powerful, I empower the powerless,
They'll play you on the radio if you rap about a Gucci belt,
But rap about the government, you might aswell shoot yourself,
Industry fairies, say I rap about conspiracy theories,
Just to hide the fact they lyrically fear me,
Got the eye of a tiger, the heart of a lion,
The mind of a lifer, my stance is defiant,
I rise like a phoenix immediate from the ashes,
My existence is inconvenient for the masses,
Though we are equal I despise an imitation,
I live for my people, and die for liberation,
I stand as a visionary; someone got plans of killing me,
To literally vanish me physically like Aborigines,
Hannibal with the mask, and an animal with the bars,
I'm grappling with my shackles; I channel it through my art,
Feel it in the ambience; Champion: Heavyweight
My life is nothing but my pride is something you could never take,
Think I'm illusive?, or think I'm a nuisance?
I swear these major labels must think that I'm stupid,
Keep your 360's your convincing these dudes with,
Like I'll give you the blueprint for pimping my music,..

I say that like K'Lash, he's another lion,
Every hardship from getting scarred to my brother dying,
Spit all of it with or without a big audience,
Through the Blood, Sweat & Tears I stand victorious!

[Hook: x2]
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