

Here We Go Again (Radio Edit) [feat. Spikey Tee]

Roots Manuva

Here we go again
Run into me when you find out you got no friends
I'm sick of your pretense
A pose upon man say you big dog upon your rates
That's a lie, ay?
It's funny how life comes and scolds a dude
Certain people don't wanna learn but he shows a 'tude
And those blokes never used to go to school
Now they wanna come and push up with some playground moves
And a grown man should put down those childish things
And let the knowledge of one's self resonate within
But something in his life isn't right with him
He's caught up in the hype and it bites within
And I hear him say he closer to the pirating
There ain't no business of my own and that's his private ting
And these days I really can't be tight with him
Back in the days we used to raise, we used to blaze the wing
That was then, now is now
We flex a little different
We more significant, we more eloquent,
We more relevant, hypnotic element
Set for the betterment, and now we're telling them
Here we go again
Run into me when you find out you got no friends
I'm sick of your pretense
I pose upon man say you big dog upon your rates
That's a lie, ay?
I told the boy that it's best that he knows his self
Take time with his study and he grows his self
Be aware of the mimicry of prankster life
There's truly few on the road that lead a gangster life
Best we motivate and give thanks for life
Or wind up paying at a costly price
Big our minds up, quick to be hypnotized
Fighting for monetary crumbs, and fable prize
Judge it, blessed we are
And people with a small mind, stretched with nah
Power with the paranoid, putrid debaters
Lonely patriots, trapped in the matrix

Blind to the sacred,
Nature of the sufferer, to reinvent
And heal thy self with the wealth and the know-how
Power to pursue, shall get through
Rebel on the hurt now, Rebel know truth
Here we go again
Run into me when you find out you got no friends
I'm sick of your pretense
I push up on man say you big dog upon your rates
That's a lie, ay?
Here we go again
Run into me when you find out you got no friends
I'm sick of your pretense
I push up on man say you big dog upon your rates
That's a lie, ay?

Songwriters

GRAVES, MICHAEL / FIAGBE, LENA JOANNE

Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, THIRD SIDE MUSIC
INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>