

# Urban Dance Squad, Tabloid Say

Finally the truth shone through  
It's all hell when the smell's on you  
Used to read all the papers  
Mags that caught the vapors  
Takin' a crap with the tab, ain't takin' no shit  
Who turns to be the vandal  
What's the drugscandal  
Shit worn out like a pair of hippiesandals  
Stuff got really trippy on me  
I blew the picture huge  
Like a skippy, and see  
It's all out-o'-proportions  
Their notion, presumption  
The speculation - causin' irritation like guitar distortion  
Yep, pencils get pushed, poison flows out  
Printing on paper, paper on the doormat  
Watch brothers scream out  
How to live with a big knife, avoid the daylight  
Hawk with bloodred eyes  
Through the night ?

Finally the truth shone through

It's all hell when the smell's on you  
Got to live a life through, hectic like a zoo  
Got to go for what you know, what would you do ?  
Avoid the paperstand and  
Cast glances elsewhere and  
On your feet when the heat is on withstand  
Be a man  
The titan with the item, hard to beat and fight 'em  
Some come to throw the odds against  
And simply duck-'n-slide them  
Got the thing right, professionalism opposite  
Heard the cynicism, watch how it get dropped kid !  
Wreck with the data  
Flow like a feather  
Get yourself in check, expect heavy weather  
So finally the truth shone through  
Take the papers when I got to do  
A heavy poo-poo  
Ask myself what's new, ask myself what's new  
And flush the toilet through