

Audio Bullys, 100 milion

It was early
I woke up
Still had a joint, so I puffed
Shouldn't of, coz it got me stoned
and my mum just moaned
`Simon its time to get a job,
you're 20 years old and you're living like a slob`
but there's so many things i wanna do ma`
i need money and I wanna get a new car
`Simon what do you mean?`
I've got a plan - it'll all be clean
got the joints and the beats rollin`
got the tunes on the decks strollin`
As I walk through my mind all my thoughts are behind
when there's deals being signed and there's walls gettin` climbed
and there's things that we bring when we fling with the sing
and we want to be in from the start to the fin
is it me? is it them?
is it you or your friends?
there's no need to pretend that your mind's on the mend
is the past in your eyes, are your hands on your thighs
coz you cannot disguise that you needed a rise
If I had the time then i'd spend a little more with you
and if I had a hundred million then i'd probably give half to you
Lord of the standard, lord of the landlords
I've been living on the shores of the canyon
pretty girls and ugly guys
twisted dreams and purple skies
back to basics - forward to basics
norms are daytrips - minds are brain-tripped
what's the main lick?
what's the main trip?
-it's like this
For all my fella's that sip the Stellas,
DJ's, Grafters, and drug sellers
To the geeks there's no need to be jealous
we're just doin` our thing
If I had the time then i'd spend a little more with you
and if I had a hundred million then i'd probably give half to you
I just don't know about the way
I just wished I had some more days in my book
call you up and give you a look
If I had the time then i'd spend a little more with you
and if I had a hundred million then i'd probably give half to you
From the edge of the land - Who's that man?
Doin` things that you can't understand
broken or fixed
token or tripped
how many things we can throw in the mix
two thousand sales into two
comin` through it's the Audio Crew
don't bother doin` if it don't sound smooth
as we step with nothing to prove
For all my fella's that sip the Stellas,
DJ's, Grafters, and drug sellers
To the geeks there's no need to be jealous
we're just doin` our thing