

Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip, Back From Hell

One-two-three-four-five... four, three, two, one

When I get back from hell again
I'm gonna be so elegant
The relevance of my benevolence is evident

I'm sentimental
Oh no, I mean I'm said to be mental
When I don't get what I want
I find it's hard just to be gentle
Gentle? The rental of some self control
When you lose your mind
Is when you start to find your soul unfold

This morning when I woke up
All the thoughts that I had just broke up
Broken fragments of my dreams left me choked up
Distant memories I'd repressed all spoke up
Oooh fuck!
This was something that I wasn't expecting
My dreams solidified and started asking me questions
And the deeper I looked into their hate-filled eyes
I realised they were you, only in disguise

So I jumped to my feet
How the fuck did I become so weak?
Too soon did I admit defeat
I grabbed a pen and start writing to the beat
And I wrote:

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I'm gonna be so elegant
The relevance of my benevolence is everything

As time went by
I realised you can't just drop out
But I'm telling you man
It's hard to block out
The sound that rebounds and resounds
And resounds again
Off the walls of my mind
'cause I miss my... friend

But now I'm on a mission to mend
Everything that broke and make it glisten again
Strip down redesign construct and improve
While the rest procrastinate I'll be making my move
I hope in years to come I've elevated
But chances are I'll be inebriated
But that's cool
As long as my mind ain't sedated
And the things that I've learned
Haven't been erased and wasted

When you forget about the hand you're dealt
All that really matters is the things you've felt
So fuck it, bring on the good and bad times
If rapping don't work I'll start a band of mimes
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