

# Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip, The Beat That My

Every now and then I cower and I need to find empowerment  
Empowerment is paramount to how I can begin to mount  
A plan that I can implement  
to make a dent on ignorance  
Instead of drunk belligerence  
and the dissidence of miscreants  
Especially in this instance  
with the never ending persistence  
to use the words in each sentence  
as if they were blunt instruments  
to beat a hole in the defence  
of this beauty and her innocence  
which serves to just build resistance  
in spite of all my good intents.

The beat that my heart skipped

This is the beat that my heart skipped when we first met  
Now that I've heard it, it leaves me with a kind of regret  
No disrespect  
But we left a lot of people upset  
And what we had wasn't really what we'd come to expect

Well good god damn and other such phrases  
I haven't heard a beat like this in ages  
To miss such a beat would have been outrageous  
But when you heart skips a beat its ruthless and aimless

She caught my attention in her fishnets  
Then she reeled me in expecting nothing more than kissed necks and quick sex  
But that weren't the case with this platinum princess  
She's attracted my interest  
So I wanted to impress'.  
Upon her all the positive things  
That come from having more than just a one night fling  
But that's something that's easier in theory than in practice  
Since pick up lines are tactics  
To get prey to the mattress  
And this actress  
Is practiced  
In shunning such theatrics  
When put upon daily by tactless geriatrics

So my genuine advances are met with po-faced scepticism  
Throwing complements but she just straight elects to miss them  
Her lips were put on this earth for dispersing wisdom  
God forbid I suggest she lets me kiss them

But I really want to know what she thinks of me  
Because I'm loving every idiosyncrasy  
But I ain't one to jump through hoops to make a 1st impression  
Been there, done that, learnt the worst of lessons  
We want to be loved for who we appear to be instead of who we are  
So I real selves take a backseat behind the pomp and the faade  
And that's as true of the rude boys, downing pints and acting hard  
As of the kids shunning convention with clinical disregard