

Lo Fidelity Allstars, Battleflag

Your construction
Smells of corruption
I manipulate, to recreate
This air, to ground saga
Gotta launder, my karma
I said hallelujah, to the sixteen loyal fans
You're gettin' down on your muthafuckin' knees
And it's time for your sickness again
Come on and tell me what you need now
Tell me what is making you bleed
We got two more minutes and
We gonna cut to what you need
So one of six so tell me
One do you want to live
And one of seven tell me
Is it time for your muthafuckin' ass to give
Tell me is it time to get down on your muthafuckin' knees
Tell me is it time to get down
I'm blown to the maxim
Two hemispheres battlin'
I'm blown to the maxim
Two hemispheres battlin'
Suckin' up, one last breath
Take a drag of the death
Hey Mr. Policeman
There's a time for getting away
There's a time for driving down the mother fuckin' road
And running from your ass today
Now tell me if do you agree now
Or tell me if I'm makin' you bleed
I got a few more minutes and
I'm gonna cut to what you need
So one of six so tell me
One do you want to live
And one of seven tell me
Is it time for your muthafuckin' ass to give
Tell me is it time to get down on your muthafuckin' knees
Tell me is it time to get down
Got a revolution behind my eyes
We got to get up and organize
Got a revolution behind my eyes
We got to get up and organize
Got a revolution behind my eyes
We got to get up and organize
You want a revolution behind your eyes
We got to get up and organize

(Columbia/Skint release:)

[Come on baby tell me
Yes we aim to please]

(Original Skint release:)

{A new production of a new breed
Leaders stand up, organise}