

# Spooks, Faster Than You Know

(Intro - Ming Xia)

Heeeey. Ooooooh yeah

Hee-eeey

(Chorus - Ming Xia)

Faster Than You Know (know)

Love will only make you grow (hiiiigh)

And free yoooooou

Don't be scared to show (show)

Why don't you just let it flow? (hiiiigh)

And heal yoooooou

(Over Chorus) - UH! Yeah, Spook clique!

(Verse 1)

There's a lotta fans sayin' they'll die for us

But where's the fans tryin' a live for us?

For real, clean up the block and raise some kids for us

'Cos we don't need you gettin' high and doin' bids for us

And listen up close all my wannabe thugs

The realest warriors was always motivated by love

They used their strength to rise above the violence and the drugs

Then went home and gave they queens and they kids hugs

If you wanna be free, released from the unrest

The stress and the emptiness just follow me

Help me break down this wall of hypocrisy

And we can rise up and fulfill prophecy

Faster than a shot of light to ya ground shot

Love, can help ya breathe and make the pain stop

Love, can open eyes and make the chains drop

And that's my word - from the fire to the raindrops

(Chorus)

(Verse 2 - Water Water)

Yo, Yo

Some dudes are fakin', off-stage a "wanksta";

Displayin' they prankster, claimin' they gangster

Naww! All the real thugs are dead or in jail

Sweatin' in cells, your man (?) is now madamoiselle

We laughin' at Rell, runnin' round yellin' "(?) society fell";

With two fakes and chewin' on nails

And castin' too hard when explainin' feelings

Playin' wit' they children, vexin' our women

Then flexin' as villains

I'm not buyin' so save the nonsense

You paid to lie in confidence

A made man, but in the fabricated sense

You gotta hear with the intent to benefit

and feel when you repent

to never sell your soul up in cement

Time is well spent when you present

the love over (?) to rock like 'em ornaments

So stop with the foolishness!

The love movement, we explored

and brought to you, Spooks sittin' by the door

(Chorus)

(Vers 3 - Chali 2na)

Yo, these self-proclaimed kings of writing songs

Ain't concerned with the distinction between right and wrong

Through love we face hate, it's barely a surprise

That the truth tastes great to a belly full of lies

Mainland villains wit' your gangland killin'  
Get that same gland fillin' from gang your man's still in  
The mic is (?) attract swarms of frivalous fans  
Usin' devilous plans, they decieve and expand  
Their influence 'cos looks at what takes precedence  
Pockets are desolate, but you rock a ridiculous neck-a-lace  
Competin' with Mrs. Jones  
Completes the message sent to these kids through wicked poems  
I stick it to 'em and re-inform  
Poeticly (?), no credit for bein' calm  
Theoretically be at arms  
And fightin' if need be  
On a mission, exposin' the malnutrition globe-ified on TV, so

(Chorus x2) - \*fades out on repeat\*