

Taskforce, One Step Ahead

(Chester P Hackenbush)

Any competition finish quick like a brody
This parocat rapper spells set backs to phonies
I mosy through my art form all cosy and warm
My cries electrocute the skies like a lightning storm
With moon child poetry, I don't rain I monsoon
And in this high noon rebellion I'm totally cartoon
This is freaky animation, man the stations
For a brain tax, tangible levels of creations
Look back from a space age history
I'm like a cosmic gypsy, from black holes to red dwarfs
I'm known for crushing pip squeaks
Who talk that familiar talk but ain't cutting it
Deeps how I cut, I beam you up to my mothership
I got time on my hands and dirt under my fingernails

(Farma Giles)

From grabbing dirty tricks and gathering street tales
Many follow the bear, I walk the ways of explorers
Some heads got bypassed trying hard to ignore us
Individ Robustus, strong solo
Moves silent on your promos
Removing sapiens from your homos
I'll derange your feelings like Silasiben fungis
Farma's hawkeye the slayer
Fork tongue destroyer
Slain the warrior, holy war sagas, rap related war starters
So get ready for your orders
The final chapter inciting flames to wrap around your stature
Mess with a decade like Thatcher in the 80s

(Chorus x2, Chester P Hackenbush)

I'm a space man type, urban cowboy perisher
Word consuming voice box leveller
I'm the vox populi plus the one man burial
MUD Fam, Bury Crew one step ahead of you

(Farma Giles)

Catch a banger word rapper explosive
Like Joseph's technicoloured coat that he posed in
I suddenly have full bloom, I rose to cris' anthems
Played by boys and girls like 'We Are The Champions'
This is my piece, a soundscape plus visual backing
I'm attacking with force in all areas that you lack in
Farma fortified aspects represents me alone
Skill packer rapper gold diction, iron bones
Body's damaged words savaged, hiding feelings in holes
My pole position left skidmarks in your ho
Tombstone sideburns, concrete hairstyles
Absorbing stone faces of statues of Farma Giles

(Chester P Hackenbush)

And you can watch us fathering a million offsprings
In this orgy of construction, who's the stud running tings?
Speaking slang that you can't dopplegang, too unique
Off time from the mouths of many minds, I speak
To those running blind in search of what I definitely own
There's no shares in what's mine so take your sorry self home
And go to work, on something you created yourself
Or go to dirt, my twelfth's 'n' five, that's where my fires born
Via N5 worldwide is where I get my corn
I'm feeding from a field of form packed to the borderline
Knowing that I've got to stuff my face because we're short of time
Although there's no expiry date on none of my lyrics

They're best before the end, also known as the finish

(Chorus x2)