

# 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)