

Down Town

Manafest

On on, and on an, Downtown, downtown
The place that I'm chilling at is Down Town
Where people get the party on its Down Town, Down Town
When I'm skating with my posse, it's Down Town Down Town
And If you wanna get live than come Down Town

I Place to be at, where we spit raps the DJ scratch B-boy's with
the Air Tracks Battle katz, Grafeedi, Jimmy's smoking crack I
rap a prayer,
2 fingers in the air Party on with Bacardi kardi's song Body guards
folly's on,
God's army got me strong Rocking Psalms
Home to the homeless, dope Trojans and stone folk hopelessm, Coke
addicts and roach clips
Focus on the frontier, CN Towers Engineered, here, All my peers
here, chill, and spend years here
No the city, grab ye girl and look pretty, Flex a fifty, and give
away ye pennies
Not to be trusted, gang busted, and rugged
Tourists Subject to loss so keep your eyes on your luggage
Towns that never sleep, from New York to Wall Street Miles of
concrete that rocks without a beat

Down town, like new years countdown
Skate and crowd around till the police turn it out, Bounce to the
next spot, watch,
I scene a lot cops, I got caught stopped eating a vendor dog
Rep my cross I gotta be it, rap in coliseums
God I see him looking down daily and the weekend Seeing night life,
and the fights and the mic's,
And the wrongs and the rights and the cause is the pride My side
of the track, is for truth and the facts
Where I'm going when I rap through God I'm intact
The fast pace of life, ye forget who ye are
Try to get that girl, or sup up your car Job, dialogue, the cost
to get it all
You Got a 5 year plan but who's there when ye fall There's nothing
wrong with it downtowns explicit
Most peeps after it check it when ye visit

If you wanna chill above average Get passed the madness
Find Jesus of Nazareth or God fearing activists Toronto's a classic,
and has all the matches The fashions corn rolls gadgets attractions
Traffic cars, girls, the ahhs Left a life of God, living by no man's
laws
Why's the truth hard to see, when God's in yer dreams Put it down,
follow me, Matthew 4: 19 Poisonous living, boy struck ye il

lin

My voicetrous opinion minds got ye thinking

The T-dot don't stop or sleep

Watch clocks in streets, party blocks loose is

How we do is everything fair in the city?

Why don't you ask the squeegees homeless, or the needy

Regardless or not, I still call it my home

Residing in the Downtown, land of broken souls.