

Juggle Tings Proper

Roots Manuva

(Great Scott! I say, old bean)
This happens to be the article of fusion
Huh! The roots-fi discotheque
As we move

It's that jet-black flow from the southwest of illo n d-o-n
The second nature of the vent dem rebel routine
I scheme and plot, ain't no use in stepping if we don't step hot
Let the movements be made, there's goals to be getting
No second for no love or no fettin
Why there's all these ugly mans on my TV screen?
I wrap my head with foil so I don't catch so I don't catch them beams
The sound of half a downer don't pray fi step solo
We far flung frontier, captain kirk, the sun trekker
Full time I climb, my chip deeper taught as I sow seeds of thought
The fruits of the roots, a vision of splendid splendiddness
Now be proud to be spittin in the face of the beast
With each and every move I make, every shite I break
You might watch me but I watch you too
Ain't a thing you can do to stop me!

Whom wants this or that
Watch these enzymes react
How we juggle tings proper
Man, don't

When I swing I'm far fetched like hicks from hicksville
High steps got me trippin from Peckham to Bucks Hill
Still I stand firm through the strife conflict
Motion slick, hip to every ring poli-trick
So I spread love like Lennon and Yoko Ono
Keep vibes slow-mo for a ho-tential
Don't go callin me coon, you'll catch a boot to your jaw
We pro-black, freak that, can't sweep no floor
I heard those my people, them burst their backs
Work hard for eons and paid tax and have not seen jack
In return, how does shit burn
It could well make a guy lose sense and rationale
Onto kamikazes on shifting streets
It's eyeball for eyeball and teeth for teeth
While we spin on this ball of confusion
I sight no solution, cesspits just get more frowsy
Chemical rain got me drunken and drowsy
Rowdy, I got no choice but to be
The living example of a root-fi youth type soldier
Bowling through like there ain't no tomorrow
Brave them terrains of pain and deep sorrow
But still keep sliding on, I try to make sense of the madness
But it seems like I'm wasting my time, it's best I just
Go get me mine, find some inner peace
Climb to higher heights, embrace the light

This living dead noose, the bane of life in the west
But who's down for civil unrest?
In times like these comrades is hard to find
The beast keeps the masses toeing the line
With them sneaky tactics they'll keep them boys running

So they can have a market for their guns and ammunition
Keep the third world in a stagnant position
Begging for monetary aid from IMF
Who don't seem too keen to write of the third world debt
Cause they profit from holding it down
Soon there'll be no dollars, no yens, no pounds
Just madness, microchips and hi-tech war
And all because the beast wants to gain control
Of each and every mind, body, spirit and soul

We keep it jugglin, keep it jugglin