

Your construction  
Smells of corruption  
I manipulate, to recreate  
This air, to ground saga  
Gotta launder, my karma  
I said hallelujah, to the sixteen loyal fans  
You're gettin' down on your muthafuckin' knees  
And it's time for your sickness again  
Come on and tell me what you need now  
Tell me what is making you bleed  
We got two more minutes and  
We gonna cut to what you need  
So one of six so tell me  
One do you want to live  
And number seven tell me  
Is it time for your muthafuckin' ass to give  
Tell me is it time to get down on your muthafuckin' knees  
Tell me is it time to get down

I'm blown to the maxim  
Two hemispheres battlin'  
I'm blown to the maxim  
Two hemispheres battlin'  
Suckin' up, one last breath  
Take a drag of the death

Hey Mr. Policeman  
There's a time for getting away  
There's a time for driving down the mother fuckin' road  
And running from your ass today

Now tell me if do you agree now  
Or tell me if I'm makin' you bleed  
I got a few more minutes and  
I'm gonna cut to what you need  
So one of six so tell me  
One do you want to live  
And number seven tell me  
Is it time for your muthafuckin' ass to give  
Tell me is it time to get down on your muthafuckin' knees  
Tell me is it time to get down

Got a revolution behind my eyes  
We got to get up and organize  
Got a revolution behind my eyes  
We got to get up and organize  
Got a revolution behind my eyes  
We got to get up and organize  
You want a revolution behind your eyes  
We got to get up and organize

(Columbia/Skint release:)  
[Come on baby tell me  
Yes we aim to please]

(Original Skint release:)  
{A new production of a new breed  
Leaders stand up, organise}