

Tricky, 6 Minutes

Six Minutes I'm on (repeat)
It's a long way from Knowle West to Hollywood
I've never seen a triple beam
from LA to NY I eat pork make 'em scream
Six minutes I'm on
I'm premenstrual I bleed because I'm not a vegetable
Six minutes I'm on
Lies don't suit me I think it's my duty to say I don't like guns
And in them comes spoil the rude boys funds
I'm resilient I don't just wanna make a million
And if the radio shows throw low blows
we do this with or without the air play
Like a cycle forget about Michael
I'm gonna take this time out for a promotional click
Durban Poison artist are the smartest
In this industry full of vomit
My voodoo make 'em sick
My voodoo make 'em sick
Now when people got a good thing they want to make it a bigger thing
Bullet proof from the truth
now it's gone to far
and all the tough guys are dropping like flies
Like old styles and riches and those industry bitches
I hear they're taking over the benches
to be high paid wenches
Forget the champaign at the bar you need A&R
Is this making music or money?
I can't make my mind up
They think they're safe 'cause they're signed up
You're under contracts that brakes those backs
You brag and boast now look-a-here I control my destiny
I control my career
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