

Mental Floss For The Globe

Urban Dance Squad

You're holding me in a musical state pen.
can't do my rock, 'cos of the color of skin
I'm whack say my black, I'm black say the white
yep, the globe is populated by clydes
and got me categorized in a box
a tom for a sum when I try to rock
but it's a piece of the role that we don't play
so free our way when d says:

let the rudeboy step outta jail

let the rudeboy
step in his own game
yeah, and call it insane
that you're narrowing my mind, my brain
to a style close to one track
we're so versatile, here's another track
for the clydes, the five make sure they'll hit
their minds, excuse the words, are full of shit
ducks oppress uds to a few laws
we treat the jacks instead a mental floss