

Prayer for My Demo

Urban Dance Squad

Equipped and packed with a funky jam
finished the touch, hope for the best
behind my back, uds the band
forcin' a priest to bless my cassette
dealin' with armies of unbelievers
leave us, deceive us, with rolled gold
though the bubble-'o-soap ain't bursting
who'll relieve us of the burden
my style's getting old

Hold a banner, panel of fans nod head
judge unanimous for my interpretation
ten for my manner of speech my man
I should be happy as a clam
I feel perspiration, sweat from my neck to my hands
hands shake, though I hold a mojo-rope
I know the big dome heard my jam
but his eyes are fixed on the other side of the globe
too much pressure is too much
I tap a fan's back to be my bro'
while the rhymes are bust, it's you I trust
just say a little prayer for my demo