

Early morning waking
Back aching
7 am pick up
Demolition
Back breaking
coffee on the go
No time for eggs n bacon
No Hipster in this pose
Swing a sludge
Show who's faking
Hard labour built this nation
Not the market you've forsaken
With The working population
Layered in the cold
Working hard for job creation
Try to break us down
But we're patient
Waiting, anticipating
Tired in anticipation
Not taking what you're baiting
No reserve for debates
Make another reservation
No work

No food
No time for contemplation
This is for my dead generations

Hard Labour and a rap did that
Brooklyn put me up
Guaranteed I brought it back x 2

Overtime hours
Miss the kids
Dirt works paying
but I'm not picking up bids
gotta cross borders
conquest this biz
cause you wrote a lot of pop
But it's written for little kids
Ones we're with
Don't talk about did
done and doing it
while we pop these lids
kids are cold n hungry
watch us burn these cribs
fire storms coming
you ain't seen this

Better tie that bib
Give your ass a kiss
don't know what ya got
Till it's something you miss
Non stop
From the port to the block
With our eyes on the clock
Tick tick
Tick toc

Hard Labour and a rap did that
Brooklyn put me up
Guaranteed I brought it back x 2

Riding on a rainbow
never find the end though
Falling through the ice
I'm arms with my friends so
Dreamers gotta dream
you will never get that
We've been working so hard
We won't ever find our way back
We are hay in the needle pile
You are needles in the hay stack

Light a match
On a big screen
We could bring it HD
I don't really care
if my passions in debate
words are easy
actions are harder
Easy locking doors
harder bending bars
Time to get what's ours
Called up Rench
Messing with a dubplate
Find me down in Brooklyn
cooking up a mixtape

Hard Labour and a rap did that
Brooklyn put me up
Guaranteed I brought it back x 4