

The Logic of Chance

dan le sac vs Scroobius Pip

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1 Sick Tonight

I feel sick tonight,
Something in my stomach ain't sitting right,
But I've got to overcome it, keep spitting tight,
I've gotta overcome it, keep spitting tight, keep spitting tight,

I feel sick tonight,
Ring the bell, throw in the towel; I ain't fit to fight,
I'm in hell; I don't know how I can hit this height,
But I gotta overcome it, keep spitting tight, keep spitting tight,

Trick the switch and get my brain to begin again,
Adrenalin and Benalin will get the cerebellum in,
A state to deliver lines timed to be the medicine,
Lose my breath, they're Ventolin, lose an arm, then rent a limb,

Choose to not present them in lies but still remembering,
I am not am not a veteran; I do not know everything,
Hide behind this pseudonym, I do not presume to win,
Write lines till I feel true to them, decided by the mood I'm in,

So I serve up words naked, never in sugar coats,
And I write more quotes than a fucking big book of quotes,

That's that, straight fact,
When it's down on the track you can't take it back,
And if the crowd don't react or get on ya back,
Then you've failed and you just have to live with that,

I remember when I was a kid 'n' that,
Way before I found beards and caps,
Pencils came with erasers that,
Could erase your mistakes erase, retract,

But in the real world things just ain't that easy,
You can't take back your mistakes so freely,
You gotta take them in think about them deeply,
Not ignore them and just move on discreetly,

They say Jesus died for somebody's sins but God knows he didn't die for mine,
Coz I'll stand accountable for my own damn sins each and every time,

2 Five Minutes

Each night she lays quivering, shivering here,
Asking why she keeps forgiving him, hidden in fear.
At work she has a glistening, driven career,
But at home, with one swing of the fist, it disappears [X2]

She dreams of different ways to break from under his noose.

And if my sins are too great to be accepted in the circles which I strive,
Then I'll go right ahead and live a lone lush life in some small dive,

I feel sick tonight,
I feel sick tonight,
I feel sick tonight,
I feel sick... tonight,

My head hurts,
From running head first,
Into another said verse,
(on a subject that ain't easy to talk about)

It gets worse,
Feels like my legs burst,
I swear I feel cursed,
(get up; if you feel the strain you just walk it out)

Because we live a lie for a lie and then truth for truth,
But lies can be sly and the truth aloof,
And it seems that lies can disguise and dupe the youth,
So we gotta try to define what suits as proof,

Back on track now quick to react now,
If the beats change then my flow will adapt how,
Ever it has to do so break up words like letter cubes thrown,
Around the room without a care,
Stretch out letters when there's space to spare,
How can you not love this language?
It's beauty and pain and relentless anguish,
Each twist and turn that you're controlling,
Taste each verb as off ya tongue it's rolling,
Nothing is more entertaining,
Than fuckin' with words and their arrangement,
Every syllable can rhyme,
If you will afford the time,
But now I'll leave it there alright,
And simply declare,

I feel sick tonight.

I feel sick tonight.

It's one thing to see a path, but it's another to choose it;
It's one thing to want to run, but it's another to do it;
It's one thing to buy a gun, but it's another to use it.

But buy a gun she did, and it made her feel good;
She told herself if she really had to use it, she would.
The next night, drunk at the end of the bed he stood.

She said she'd take it no more and she prayed he understood.

But he didn't take to kindly to being put in his place;
She fled after the first blow and of course he gave chase.
She sat hunched, holding a gun, praying she wasn't pursued,
But when the door swung a route, he found her to shoot.

She watched in awe as his power cascaded on the floor.
It wasn't long before police came bursting through the door,
In store, a new prison, enforced by the law,
And she let out a whisper with the strength of a roar.

For the bad times, I wish you'd just admit and
Never cast a shadow across my bed;
But for the good times, I wish you five minutes
In heaven before the devil knows you're dead. [X2]

Each night she lays quivering, shivering there.
I wonder how we came to live in unforgiving despair.
I find myself given the delivering stares,
As the smell of Glenfiddich starts sieving the air. [X2]

As the bullet flew towards me I swear time stood still.
I felt every single emotion that a man could feel;

3 Cauliflower

Fell in love with a boy from the city

I fell in love with a girl from the city
Still got cauliflower ears from when her voice first hit me
And a swollen lip, from when her lyrics first kissed me
As I went to pull away ever so gently bit me

Within those three days it gets no better
We were inseparable; no-one could separate us
-rate us make us question our status
It was like someone, somehow found a way to syncopate us

And it'll stay that way forever, in my mind that is
Coz it was a stolen three days and a stolen kiss
And although those three days I sorely miss
I own those three days when I write like this

I fell in love with a girl from the city

(Chorus)

You're all I want, you're all I need
You are the one for me
You hold me close, you hold me near
You are the one for me

How did I get here? How could this even be real?
How could I become a person that a loved one could kill?

It wasn't always this way; I once saw love in those eyes
That now just despise and chastise all my lies,
My sarcastic replies, each new drunken guise,
And first of all these heavy hands which surmised her demise.

There was a time when we never thought the honeymoon would end;
She was my wife, my lover, confident and my friend,
But it seems these days, happiness can depend
On financial stability and the need to contend.

But I make no excuse; I let it get this way.
Other people live their lives on the minimum wage,
I was the one that couldn't cope and let it turn to rage;
Now I'm looking down the barrel, playing against the game.

For the bad times, I cannot be acquitted or
Let off as the bullet enters my head.
But for the good times, I wish for 5 minutes in
Heaven before the devil knows I'm dead. [X2]

Before the devil knows I'm dead.

The pain I feel when you leave
You are the one for me
You're all I want and all I see
You are the one for me

Fell in love with a boy from the city

I fell in love with a girl from the city
Still got cauliflower ears from when her voice first hit me
And a swollen lip, from when her lyrics first kissed me
And when I went to pull away ever so gently bit me

I still hear her sometimes but it's not the same
Like when you get a pen and pad and write your name
Over and over and over again
Although it hasn't, in the end it somehow seems to change

But I feel right now I must stress
That I write this with a smile on my face and nothing less
Coz when I think about the times we waste on regrets
I realise for those three days I was blessed

I fell in love with a girl from the city

(Chorus) (x4)

4 Great Britain

I'm from a little place called Great Britain,
But I dunno if I love or hate Britain,
These words upon my page written,
Are the things that make and break Britain.

See, I'm from a little place called Great Britain,
But I dunno if I love or hate Britain,
These words upon my page written,
Are the things that make and break Britain.

One inch, to the left, to the left,
Could of been the difference between life and death,
Knife wound to the heart to the side of the chest,
Could of been one statistic less.

See sometimes great Britain ain't that great,
Kids getting stabbed at an alarming rate,
Press with a passion to exaggerate,
Increasingly clueless heads of state.

You see, knife crime, knife crime ain't about knives,
It's about young Britain and their ways of lives,
You don't solve knife crime by taking knives to hand,
You solve it by instilling new hopes and plans,

It's got positives though, I swear its true,
North, South, East, West to the midlands too.
God damn 'versity, that shines right through.
Who's makes the best music in the world? We do.

I'm from a little place called Great Britain
But I dunno if I love or hate Britain
These words upon my page written
Are the things that make and break Britain

See, I'm from a little place called Great Britain,
But I dunno if I love or hate Britain,
These words upon my page written,

5 Get Better

Imagine a song, that really reached out and touched kids,
And not in a Daily Mail way, innocence corrupted,
But in a way where criticism remained constructive,
And wasn't too politicised and children weren't instructed,
To behave in a way that was unrealistic,
Or made out the way they live was somehow sick and twisted,
But simply pointed out reasons to get it together,
Not shouting "get a job", but just saying,

(Chorus) Get better, get better, get better, get better,
Get better, get better, get,

Are the things that make and break Britain.

In a 2008/2009 government report,
Violent crime was not listed to increase,
Or decrease, it was instead listed as stable.

Now what I ask you is, is stable really acceptable?
You see between 2003 and 2008, the number of children
admitted into NHS hospitals
With knife wounds saw a rise of one hundred and twenty
percent.

So in my eyes, 2008/2009's stability, just marks our cards
as desensitised.
But statistics can be twisted, and our contexts aren't re-
alistic,
And while this might seem over simplistic, we need to fight
this and resist it.

I'm from a little place called Great Britain
But I dunno if I love or hate Britain
These words upon my page written
Are the things that make and break Britain

See, I'm from a little place called Great Britain,
But I dunno if I love or hate Britain,
These words upon my page written,
Are the things that make and break Britain.

See, I'm from a little place called (Great Britain),
But I dunno if I love or (hate Britain),
These words upon my (page written),
Are the things that make and make and

See, I'm from a little place called (Great Britain),
But I dunno if I love or (hate Britain),
These words upon my (page written),
Are the things that make and break Britain.

Get better, get better, get better, get better,
Get better,
Get better,
Get better, get better, get better,
Get better, get better, get,
Get better, get better, get better,
Get better,

You see the young mother capital is where I live,
Little kids being raised by slightly bigger kids,
Society seems unphased that this is how it is,
While I'm constantly amazed that this is how it is,
They confuse love at first sight with lust at first light,

It must have hurt right when trust first took flight,
You're young, you've no rights, you long for new heights,
But some of those nights leave more than love bites,
Tops cropped, skirts stop at the top of their thighs,
And the boys got that hungry look in their eyes,
They wanna be grown up and have respect you see,
But they're acting uneducated sexually,
I ain't saying' be celibate,
Go out and have your fun,
But there's plenty you can do without impregnation,
And there ain't nothing wrong at all with having children,
Just build yourself a little before you try to build them,
And,

(Chorus)

I see small town syndrome growing in size,
There's not a lot to do, so the kids they decide,

To get drunk every night, a glazed eyes disguise,
Do drugs every night, tired from their lives,
People getting off their faces for a quiet night in,
Kids rolling around the streets rowing and fighting,
But it's all just because life ain't too exciting,
And it's easier than trying to do the right thing,
But there are other choices — if you want them,
You don't have to tow the line and just float with the flot-
sam,
You can build your time better when you find a passion,
The Internet and public services give free education,
So it really ain't a case of rich or poor,
It's a case of self-motivation and nothing more,
Like Billy says, whether you have or you have not wealth,
The system might fail you, but don't fail yourself,
Just,

(Chorus)

6 Inert Explosions

Verse One:

When I spit, intensity intensifies,
My thoughts contort inside,
The thought behind my eyes are bought in simple rhymes
The rest are galvanised, ingested and applied,
The waste then ostracised, potential realised.

Not a potential to speak as speaking works,
But a potential of those very words then by the listener
heard,
These words, that in my head, once meant nothing at
all Now flow with the full force of a waterfall And that's
enough force to break the death star,
Then I gotta pause, and take a breath.

That's better now, let's put some words together,
Put that letter with this letter till we get a better set of
words,
A sentence, or maybe even a verse,
That we can write and rehearse, and then recite till it
hurts,
Pack it tight till it bursts, if it feels right then it works,
A need to try this in verse, leaving the riot inert.

(Frozen) Frozen in a different time
(Chosen) Chosen as a vessel for this stringent rhyme
(Supposing) Supposing we all have these things inside
(Explosion) An explosion's all you need to make this
rhyme benign

Chorus:

As I lay rhymes on this beat my

Pen-shaped sword cuts deep this sheet and
If it cuts too deep to take I
Pray the Lord my pen won't break. x2

Verse Two:

This internal spontaneous combustion engine,
This evil grandiose, eruption pending,
Inside all of us, comatose and hibernating,
Until you overthrow the demon at the gate that's waiting,
And when you do, it all just flows through,
The roads have no queues, no one can slow you,
It's bright, there's no hue, the sights are in view,
It's tight and it's true, each line feels so new.

You sit down and write, write, write right now
On your laptop type, type, type now
Everything feels right, right, right now
And you won't stop and you don't stop x2

Spoken Word:

How're you gonna get lost inside a place that you know
better than
Any other person in the world, it aint clever man?
And what was it that made you get stuck in this riddle?
Before you answer, sip the question a little.

Chorus:

As I lay rhymes on this beat my
Pen-shaped sword cuts deep this sheet and
If it cuts too deep to take I
Pray the Lord my pen won't break. x4

7 Stake a Claim

In this democracy I as a citizen reserve the right to stand
up for what I believe in
In this democracy I as a citizen I'm not accountable to
the government
In this democracy the government is accountable to us,
the people
In this democracy the government is elected by us, the
people
To represent us, the people
In our best interests, on a national and international scale
And if they're not doing so, In this democracy, I as a cit-
izen reserve the right
To rise up

I will not move, I will not change
I will not bend or play their games
I will stand tall with a full frame
I will take pride I will stake a claim

I swear, as a citizen of this country
To stand up for what I believe in
I swear, as a citizen of this country
To not just sit around, bitching and moaning
I swear, as a citizen of this country
To take action if action be needed
I swear, as a citizen of this country
To realize that the power is with us
And no one else. . .

I will not move, I will not change. . .
X4

I will stake a claim
I will stake a claim
I will stake a claim
I will stake a claim

I will not move, I will not change. . .

8 The Beat

We're bringing you the beat, yo
It's coming through the back door,
You feel it when the beat goes (Boom Boom)
You feel it when the beat goes (x2)

This one ain't about the words, the words, the words, the
words
It's all about the beat, the beat, the beat, the beat
This ain't about your brain, your brain, your brain, your
brain,
It's all about your feet, your feet, your feet, your feet.

Miss 'Too cool to move your feet' - (I see you)
Mr 'Dancing as you walk down the street' - (I see you)
Mr 'Tapping your feet at the bar' - (I see you)
Little Miss 'Sing in your car' - (I see you)
Mr 'Cautionary little cynic' - (I see you)

Mr 'Big man in their critic' - (I see you)
Mr 'Loving every beat per minute' - (I see you)
I see, I see, I see, I see all of you.
Mr 'Real music has guitars' - (I see you)
Miss 'Posing online in your bras' - (I see you)
Mr 'I can't understand what he's saying' - (I see you)
Mr 'Inappropriate for daytime playing' - (I see you)
Miss 'Covered in emotional scars' - (I see you)
Mr 'Gazing in the gutter at stars' - (I see you)
Mr 'What kinda genre is this?' - (I see you)
I see, I see, I see, I see through you

We're bringing you the beat, yo
It's coming through the back door,
You feel it when the beat goes (Boom Boom)
You feel it when the beat goes

9 Last Train Home

I'm close I'm close I'm there!
With 10 seconds to spare
And now I'm checking for chairs below the threatening
stares
I've got my ticket, my fare
Now there's sick in the air
On the last train home, yo I don't wanna be there.

I'll just pretend I'm on my phone son
tall, dark and lonesome
Fools spark explosions

Drool marks their clothes on this mechanical Trojan
This journey is no fun
Keep myself to myself to get through this home run

And it's the same every time
Which plays on my mind
I pray times will find
Escape from this grind
But fate seems inclined
To make this a sign
Maybe I should've stayed home tonight.

There ain't no luck in sight
Young mothers ruck 'n' fight
You think you hear disdain in my voice, you're mother-fucking right
Carriage by carriage of disparaging savages
Each passenger manages the maximum damages

On the last train home and I don't wanna be here
They're either stinking of weed or they're stinking of beer
They're being loud and obscene or they're sitting in tears
No no this ain't my scene, yo I don't wanna be here

On the last train home and I don't wanna be here
They're either stinking of weed or they're stinking of beer
They're being loud and obscene or they're sitting in tears
No no this ain't my scene, yo I don't wanna be here

City city boys in power suits suits
Try to impose their roles upon the group
They're drunk and looking to fuel some fear
It's times like this I wish I didn't have this beard

See the last train is more stressful than flying
Which ain't to relaxing for me, I ain't lying
Since 9/11 this beard ain't travelled well
Act calm in customs or you'll end up in a holding cell

"So Mr. "Pip" what's your reason for travelling today?
"Business?"
"Come this way please sir..."

And when they asked if I was Jihad I said no no no
My passport and my visa I did show show show

Maybe I'm a miserable guy
But everywhere I look I see things I despise
Nah, I swear I ain't a miserable guy
It's just everywhere I look I see glazed over eyes

And the girls, man they're worse than the boys
Ten times as rowdy, ten times the noise

10 Snob

Little Sammy was a kid on a council estate
His dad listened to the skids, the slits and the slates
So Sammy listened too, he loved the passion in it
He loved the feeling in his spine with every snare hit
One day his dad bought the Sunday rag
Came with a CD of Mozart and a TV mag
The TV was broke so he put the CD on and listened
And his eyes lit up and his smile, it glistened

He had never known that music could have so many layers
Different emotions placed upon different parts and players
Each week he waited for the next free CD
To put on his headphones and get lost completely

What may have looked good under neon lighting
On the last train home just looks straight up frightening

'Cos all that glitters ain't platinum
It's just the smoke and mirrors that's distracting 'em
They may be fine on their own, but with a pack of them
They terrorize from Tilbury to Dagenham

So I just sit there in silence
The only way to avoid all the violence
Writing rhymes in my mind inspired by them
It's either that or stand up and fight them

Speak instead of holla
Lead instead of folla
I plead and I implore ya
To leave this drunken squalor
The choice is there before ya
So grab it by the collar

Ah fuck, here's my stop...

Last train home and I don't wanna be here
They're either stinking of weed or they're stinking of beer
They're being loud and obscene or they're sitting in tears
No no this ain't my scene, yo I don't wanna be here

Last train home and I don't wanna be here
They're either stinking of weed or they're stinking of beer
They're being loud and obscene or they're sitting in tears
No no this ain't my scene, yo I don't wanna be here

Last train home and I don't wanna be here
Last train home and I don't wanna be here
Last train home and I don't wanna be here
No no this ain't my scene, yo I don't wanna be here

Last train home and I don't wanna be here
Last train home and I don't wanna be here
Last train home and I don't wanna be here
No no this ain't my scene, yo I don't wanna be here

So he saved all his money, one goal in mind
To go down to a performance and see this live
It took eight long months to raise these funds
But the excitement was immense when that day did come

With his pockets full of coins he got the bus to the city
He watched the view become less shitty and gritty
Even though he was alone in this big dark place
Nothing could remove the smile from his face

When he arrived, everyone was in suits
Sammy stood there in tatty jeans and boots
He slammed his coins on the counter "one ticket please"
But the guy turned up his nose like he was gonna sneeze

He looked away and served the next couple suited and booted

But Sammy stood his ground and asked again less muted
They laughed and someone sneered "Get out of here pikey
Appreciation on your level seems less than likely"

Tears built up in little Sammy's eyes
It seemed his place in society he could not hide
His head dropped for a minute but then his head was held
He looked them in the eyes as he screamed and yelled

He said. . .

Stop being a snob with ya music
It's made to be heard man, anyone can use it
Ya get so damn precious sometimes
It's just rhythms and rhymes and melodies in time

There was this other kid, she lived on the outskirts of Leicester

Her friends called her Frankie, her parents Francesca
I gotta admit she was kind of ignorant
But the kind you expect of wealth and affluence
No offence! She just lived in a different world
With different priorities, a real status girl
Her musical taste were an NME playlist
And anything recommended by the rich and famous

Now one day she was buying tunes online
She'd just got into Beck five years out of time
When she went to download Midnight Vultures
She got confused and grabbed Midnight Marauders

11 Cowboi

Cowboi get back on your horse
Home boy get back on your horse,
Rude boy get back on your horse,
And find your way before your horse gets lost.

This story's is dedicated to its main protagonist,
And it illustrates how the human brain, it manages
To pull through, the toughest of terrains and challenges,
Even when it seems we maybe can't sustain the damages,

Helen lived in London,
She was an office clerk,
Her job required her to focus and to stay alert,
She was walking home one dark evening late from work,
The wind was strong and it caused that kind of rain that hurts,
Now out of nowhere a figure did grab at Helen,
His hand covered her mouth so she was gagged from yellin',
Into an alleyway she was then dragged, no tellin' What
more in store for her this evening had this felon,

The only hip hop she knew was when that boy Kanye
Got featured in her mag doing a track with Coldplay
But as she reached to turn it off Q-Tip started to speak
And in that split second somehow he connected deep

She sat up, 'til god knows what time
Hunting for more beats, breaks and rhymes
She could barely believe that music so far from her role
Could resonate and connect to the root of her soul

She woke late the next day and hit the record store
She'd found a lot of dope tracks but she wanted more
She walked in and went straight to the guy at the desk
She said, "I'm loving De La Soul and a Tribe Called Quest

I've heard good things about Rakim and KRS
So I'm looking for advice on what's the best of the best"
The guys looked at each other, raised an eyebrow and smiled
And they looked back at her like a little lost child

Then they laughed "little posh girl getting her ghetto on?
Go back to daddy little girl this ain't where you belong"
She felt demoralized and stupid and all alone
And then she screamed in their faces with a visceral tone

She said. . .

Stop being a snob with ya music
It's made to be heard man, anyone can use it
Ya get so damn precious sometimes
It's just rhythms and rhymes and melodies in time

Now pause the story there and put yourself in that road,
Plucked from your life minutes from your warm abode,
In that situation most people would freeze up and implode,
But Hellen somehow managed to remain composed.

Cowboi get back on your horse
Home boy get back on your horse,
Rude boy get back on your horse,
And find your way before your horse gets lost

She said "look it's clear that my fate here is sealed,
You're twice my size so it's either give in or be killed,
But this cold cold rain just adds to the trauma,
Lets go to my house, its just round the corner",
He contemplated, he smiled a sick smile and then agreed,
And to her doorway she did then lead,
Her hands shaking, as she fumbles for her keys,
But what would come next, he just didn't see,
You see on the other side of her front door he saw,
Her husband standing at 6'4",
Our villain turned and ran, as the husband gave chase,

And soon enough that sick smile was removed from his
face,
See that is London, and that is Britain,
We might get scratched and we might get bitten,
But even when our heart and resolve is depleted,
We won't lay down, no we won't be defeated,

(Kid Carpet)

Cowboy get back on your horse
Home boy get back on your horse,
Rude boy get back on your horse,
And find your way before your horse gets lost
X2

[http://lyrics.wikia.com/Dan_Le_Sac_Vs_Scroobius_Pip:The_Logic_Of_Chance_\(2010\)](http://lyrics.wikia.com/Dan_Le_Sac_Vs_Scroobius_Pip:The_Logic_Of_Chance_(2010))