

# WICKED AURA

## THE PEDESTRIAN

I go walking when the city sleeps.  
and all my trouble fades away.  
Beneath the stars and city lights,  
I see folks in disarray.

The city gives me all that i desire.  
no one tells me where to go.  
Under the big bright city lights, i find  
my rhythm takes control.

In the quiet of the night,  
I hear a band begin to play.  
I close my eyes and drift away  
and dream to the sounds of batucada...

### Verse 1

Got my headphones on, I feel I'm sinking deeper  
Feet hit the tarmac, yeah, I feel at home  
I'm just walking my blues away, I gotta be strong  
Trying not to go astray for far too long  
I'm just cruising in my hood, and I feel good  
I got swing in my stride, my rhythm, relentless  
I walk the streets, it awakens my senses  
The cracks in the pavement, the sounds, the places

### Verse 2

I see familiar faces and I'm feelin their vibe  
Because folks who know have got nothing to hide  
I see, I hear, I feel, I fear, I live  
I learn, I yearn and burn, I love, I give  
Adapting and morphing, A web of positivity  
With every step I take my world flows in harmony  
The concrete JUNGLE and the city LIGHTS,  
I hear the streets sing to me, in the dead of night.

Rhythm instigator, innovator, trailblazer  
We flip with finesse, dexterity, and power  
Wicked is our style, and the method is clinical  
Fearless and flawless, tough and physical  
We flow, we flex, with polyrhythms complex

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A blockbuster hit with the special effects  
Preaching the end of silence,  
Eliminate ignorance, hate, bigotry and oppression

The beat and the rhythm, stupefying and bold  
Bringin' out somethin' new from the sounds of old  
Order in chaos, and never lose control  
Resistance in music, in art, in soul

It's a journey into sound, comin'  
straight from the underground,  
big, phat and heavyweight, pound for pound  
A commando unit, strong, steady and tight  
An aura of wickedness, let the drums – ignite

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