

STING LIKE
A
BUTTERFLY

By
Brian, Ralph and Monkey

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Sting like a butterfly

Sting like a butter fly, fly like a bee, that's me.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Sting. Sting. Sting like a butter fly, fly like a bee.

Sting like a butter fly, fly like a bee, that's me.
I sting like a butter fly with my soft gentle wings.
Flutter, flutter, nothing melts with me.
Because I am one heck of an F-ing nutter.

That Muhammad Ali got it half wrong.
The was no need to go in the ring to fight.
If you want to change the world to be right.
All you have to do is fly your mind as high as a kite.

Sting like a butter fly, fly like a bee, that's me.
You got J S on me, so you can not do anything to me.
Because i am a model citizen of the best kind.
Look at my background and you will not find.
Anything in my past, that will allow you to rubbish me.
So you had better take a back seat or else flee.
Because I sting like a butter fly, with soft wings.
And if you try and hurt me you will find.
That you will only be hurting yourself.
Because we now live in the Justice Zone, Ay Ralph.

Peace.
I am out of here.
Word up.

Fly like a bee

This is going out to you wacko's.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Fly. Fly. Fly like a bee.

Come. Come. Come fly with me.
Come on, you all, be a bee, like me.
Come fly with me.

According to science, bees do not fly.
What the F are they on.
I saw one fly past me not the other day.
Are these wacko's on something or what.
Who in their right mind would say a bee cannot fly.
When it is so obvious that they do, you know why.
Because there they are collecting pollen and things.
To take back to the hive, to make honey and other things.

A bee is a very strange creature.
Because it works as part of a community.
Telling its fellow bees where the pollen is, just by doing its dance.
Waving its little body about, as if in a trance.
These bees you know, really know how to prance.
And things . As well as make good noises etc.

Put you F-ing head into this pooh.
Come on. Come on. Come fly with me.

Feel the wicked rhythm of this big fat bumble bee.
Feel the space time glue in your mind.
Come. Come. Come fly with me.
Come. Come on. dance with me.

Huh.
Hah.

Boy this pooh is in my mind.
Freaking me out like I am at one with man kind.
Fricking, fracking, snaggle, fracking.

Beat Transformer

This is going out to All you little transformers.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Transformers. Transformers. Transformers Brian's in disguise.

Dot. Dot. Dot.

Ping. Ping. Ping.

Snoop. Snoop. Snoop.

Sniff. Sniff. Sniff.

The torch has been passed to the next generation.
F off that is all I am saying.
Watch MTV and you will see me there.
Peace.

Super Fresh Junk XL

This is going out to the under ground D Jays.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Yeh. Yeh. Yeh.

On that groove train. Am I not.
Take anything you like from my soul, dance or funk pot.
Play it, mix it, scratch it, D Jay it, whatever.
These beats were free and so is my time.
To not share the funk is a real crime.
And one which I have also committed.
So if you want to purge the world, then get with it.
The program that is.

Super. Fresh. Junk. X L.

Chips, Fish, Fish, Chips.

Fish and Chips. Chips and fish.

*Fish and Chips and Chips and fish and Fish and Chips and Chips and fish and Fish and Chips and
Chips and fish.*

Riding Big Blue

This is going out to the big blue whales, you got one hell of a todger, peace.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

*Yo. Yo. Yo big blue.
Can I take a ride with you.
In the deep blue ocean sea.
And ride this groove properly.*

Yo big blue. I am riding you.
I am on your back as we ride the waves.
Singing out our songs to the ocean's brine.
We know what we sing will always find.
Our partner and then they will know.
What it is that our heart wants to tell.

Singing is not really my thang.
But I have started, so I might as well as go on.
Because I am riding that big blue whale.
We are thrashing about, we are splashing with our tail.

*Let's ride this groove until we can ride no more.
Let's sing our songs until we can sing no more.*

Big blue, you are me, and I am you.
Will you forgive mankind for what they have done and do.
Or will you wreak you havoc on us too.
Dear, dear, dear big blue. If you only knew.

How much it pains me to think of the things that have been done.
To you, and all of your kind.
But what has been done has been done.
And it would be best if we could just move on.
So that we might learn from our mistakes, and hopefully to learn to live in peace.

Grunge Gromit

This is going out to Wallace and Gromit.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

I went back to the drawing board I could not see anything wrong with my space ship.
All I needed was a comfortable arm chair and a nice cup of tea.
A couple of crackers and a nice slab of Wensleydale cheese.

So I launched myself into deep space.
Without thinking of what the F might take place.
Once I was adrift in that very, very, very dark place.

All around me there was just, well empty space.
What is the F-ing point of being here, I did think to myself.
Looks like a right boring place.
They should add a bit of colour, what an F-ing disgrace.

And blow me down with a 3 watt hair dryer from Woolies.
Out popped something that was mildly interesting.
His name was Brian and he wanted to have a chat with me.
Not that this is a true reflection of what actually happened.
But you get my drift, don't you.

So there we were, a drift in deep, deep ,deep space.
Not really having much of a conversation.
Because he is still an infant, infinite entity you see.
But he was friendly and he wanted to chat with me.

Well the conversation was boring to say the least.
So I asked him back to my gaff, that means place.
To see if we could discover what the F was going on in our space.
So there we were all nice and co-see, then people started saying I was acting freaky.

Well I am a freak, it is what I do best.
Freaking, funkking, getting undressed. In the privacy of my own home that is.
And anyway, that was all part of some test.
Brian thought I should do before he let me in on his little game plan.

Anyway to cut a long story to the bone.
Brian decided he liked me and that is that.
Peace.

Grunje. Grunje. Grunje. Gromit.

Synchronised

Boy do I feel at one with the world.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

You guessed it, I am well and truly synchronised into the heartbeat of the world.
I want for nothing, I feel everything I want to feel.
Sometimes those feelings are too strong to hold back my love or rage.
But it is only let out in the gentle form of slow tears.

I am well, well, well synchronised.
To the steady rhythm of Gaii's life force.
Maybe if I try hard I might get to use her force.
To fix some of the damage that has been done.

I tried to do it last year.
But I am afraid that I failed.
As despite my best efforts.
The tide did not turn.

*I am. I am. I am synchronised.
And I feel so fine.*

The ozone layer needs to be fixed.
It is well and truly effed up.
I ordered some high level thunder storms.
Does anybody know if that helped.
Shall I order some more.

*I am. I am. I am synchronised.
And I feel so fine.*

I asked for more trees to grow too.
Hoping that this might help to.
Slow down the planets low level winds.
While absorbing lots of lovely C O 2.

*I am. I am. I am synchronised.
And I feel so fine.*

Maybe if we helped Gaii out, things would be fine.
What do you think, Ay.

Hip Hop style

This is going out to my old school rap crew.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

You know who you are, were, whatever.

This is the story of me.
Came from the streets of London town.
Never used to smile, well I did actually.
Never used to frown, I did that too.

Looks up at Humphrey and smiles.
Ha-ha, Humphrey, what do you think.
Humphry is me, but when I was on a spring.
He has around his neck all the places I have been.
Badges and pass cards from all the monkey's I have seen.
And I must say, I have done a lot in my short life.
But now I think it is time to re write the plot.

Never learnt to rap, never was much good at singing.
But with technology I have learnt how to make do.
Even when what I have got is not really a lot.
All I do is make up a rap or a beat for the streets.
Then turn the tables on which ever I have not.

Then create its matching pair to give birth to a wicked tune.
Scratching is one of my favourite sounds.
Along with snap, crackle and pop.
When I start to do something, I usually do not stop.
Until it is completed or at least 90 per cent there.

All my raps are in free form text, and my beats are out of a box.
So to be honest, any one could remake the tunes that I have made.
And that was the point of this little exercise.
That is, to tell you that even if I die.
Another can quite easily carry the torch.
Just in case those at the back are worried.
Peace.

Last laugh

This is going out to those who have the last laugh.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Ha-ha-ha.
Ha-ha-ha.
Ha-ha-ha.
Come on laugh with me.

Chortles. Uncontrolably.
Smirks left, then right.
Ha-ha-ha.

Slaps his hand down on his knee.
Folds into a ball and laughs again, uncontrolably.

Ha-ha-ha.
Ha-ha-ha.
Ha-ha-ha.
Come on laugh with me.

This life has been so funny.
I am in tears of laughter.
It really is quite unbelievable.
The things I have seen and I have done.

Rolls about on the floor.
Stamping his legs on the floor.
No, no, no more.
Please, please stop.
If you make me laugh any more i will just go pop.

You see I am really a very silly monkey.
Who loves life and loves to laugh, uncontrolably.
Even when i am not laughing I am smiling inside.
Because for me life is a joke.
And the joke is on me.
Because I have lived my life you wanted me to.
Not the way I wanted to.

But now it is my turn to rock the world.
Smiles a big smile.
Then laughs again, uncontrolably.
Peace.

Howse That

This is going out to Detroit and all you House freaks.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Get with the beat.
Because this sound is well, a real treat.

Howse. Howse. Howse that.
Did I squash all those punks flat. Or what.

Howse. Howse. Howse that.
I am tapping out a funky house tune.
The type you want to take home.
Or buy because it makes you feel, well warm inside.
Because it has been made with love and with pride.

So that even those who are rarely accepted or given the time.
To create the kind of world, that is not filled with hate.
Will be able to join in with the Brian Branes funky tunes.
Because as far as I can see we are all the same.

Ain't no joke

This is going out to you daft punks.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Don't you steal my beats.
Don't you think you can get away with it.
If you think that you had better learn to swim.
Because Brian Brane will be coming.
For you and all your kind.

Beat biters never win.
You just need to ask MC Shan.
He did a cool track called beat biter, and he squashed them all flat.

But I do not have to verbalise, what it is that I need to say.
Because I have something a little more direct, its called space time glue.
So stay out of my way.

I ain't no joke.
Beat. Beat. Beat Biters beware.

Turn Tables

This is going out to the makers of funky music.
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

The tables are turning.
Turn the turn tables.
I am the real knight of the turn tables.
I got a mess fresher than this, and it is in your face.
It is called expanding space.

There just ain't nothing you can do.
I am in this place.
To be, and I am not leaving.
If you want, you can try to sue me.

But you won't stand a chance.
Because no one believes anything.
Unless they can see.
It, and I am an F-ing spirit or ghost.

A ninja soldier of the heart.
So soft and quiet that you will never know it was me.
Who did whatever it is that you think I have done.
Because there was nothing to see.

*The tables are turning.
Turn those turn tables.*

*Get with the program.
Get with me.*

I really do not care what it is you want.
All I want is for you all to be free.
So if you need it, take the power from me.
It can only be used for good.
Do not believe those whose heads shine like the head of the hood.
They got J S, and they are running scared, that's all.

Because death came to pick me up on his train.
And I really did not like the way he looked at me.
So I kicked his butt, then put him in the furnace.
Then rode his own train straight through his crib, and on until dawn.

So if anyone says that he is still alive, tell them to go suck shush-it.
Because I effed him good, and his whole M F-ing crib.

Peace.