

Blak Twang, Real Estate (Radio Remix)

Yeah, yeah. Tanner's Hill in your area, ya nah mean? It's gettin' scarier.
The real estate.

[Livin' in the area]

Follow the ride...

[Verse 1]

Oi! I'm in the house like a squatter, my gate's in New Cross
Home of the original muggers, psychopathic nutters
And plain clothes undercovers, crazy trainspotters
With grass cutters and choppers, eatin' sens' for supper
My premises is like the Nemesis at Alton Towers
Where chickens and cowards only get bloodbaths for showers
Dreads devour punanny punks by the hour
Sweet or sour, it's about respect, money and power
I live in SE8 on the run-down estate
With the highest unemployment rate and crime rate
My mind state reflects my manor, speak ghetto grammar
I used to rap at Black Hammer in my black bandana
And uh, on my estate I see love and hatred
You never know who's your bredren and who ain't your mate, dread
This is the reason that I trust no-one
White or black, break in my flat and get your neck snapped
While you're out graftin' for all your hard-earned pounds sterlin'
And dollar bills, man's drummin' your yard for your valuables
Your Bally shoes, down to the bottle of Malibu in your cupboard
Burglars'll leave you buggered for your chicken nuggets
Daylight robbery means exactly that
I've seen nuff man gettin' taxed and drapes for their papes
No escape, my estate is like Planet of the Apes
Where Puffa jackets with hoods replace the black capes

[Chorus]

(It's like that) When you're livin' in the area
(It's like this) When you're livin' in the area
(It's like that) When you're livin' in the area
[Livin' in the area] On the real estate

(It's like that) When you're livin' in the area
(It's like this) When you're livin' in the area
(It's like that) When you're livin' in the area
[Livin' in the area] On the real estate

[Verse 2]

My environment contains scenes of graphic violence
Single-parental guidance means more sirens
Joyridin' with no provisional licence
Leaves cars capsizin' and more moments of silence
It's hell where I dwell, it ain't hard to smell
Some youths even sell drugs outside my doorbell
Welcome to the real estate where everything is lethal
People lookin' medieval, peepin' from curtains to see you
Illegal transactions makin' money, no taxin'
Income Support, can't afford food for thought
How could they expect your dole cheques to stretch for two weeks?
Tellin' people to Jobseek? I tell 'em kiss my butt cheeks
Most brains around my way won't even stay in school
They'd rather be in a cafe burnin' and playin' pool
Displayin' tools, disobeyin' rules and that
Makin' moves, bobbin' and weavin', robbin' and thievin' jewels

[Repeat chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now some rest in peace, so let peace rest in you
But it's all about survival when you're livin' in the zoo
On the streets of South-East, reside with the beasts
Roam with creeps preyin' on defenceless OAP's
I walk around with a frown, I've got no time to be bound
And if you get tied down it could leave you with tears of a clown
Pound-for-pound I hold my own against the odds
Average bods shoot drugs but that shit's only for mugs
Amphetamines litter my staircase, spliffs litter my lifts
Bloody needles and shit in the pool of piss
This is the present state of most estates, mate, and it's unpleasant
Sounds depressin'? Shhh, listen what I'm stressin'
I'll take you on a guided tour, south of the border
Home of the poorer drug scorer holdin' the borer
Irrational ignorant fools with nothin' to lose
Ghetto bastards get plastered, mixin' whisky with brews

[Repeat chorus]

[Outro]

Yeah, yeah... Stockwell Park Estate...Stonebridge...Broadwater Farm...
Baskerville residents...Tanner's Hill...