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Mother talks to u like nothing is better than you going out on a Tuesday
Well I'm not sure what to do but man I swear man I slay from far away
Why is it that always on the weekend no one's ever around to shout
Oh people working too hard or drinking too hard the matter of the fact I'm
Never quite sure

And they blaze it down to pull themselves up pull yourself rite the hook
Shook men crooks never go nowhere with me 'cause I'm all on my own no pity
Spit like guilty men in the sermon-grooving round this place like you never did
Learn them I shake myself down I rattle myself out and put myself on the line
To dry

And why is it new years eve is always shit don't you know what I mean man, deal with it
Its always the way its rolling and your girls like fucked off a Smirnoff ice
I think once twice or thrice never made no difference to me I'm
A skinny little white runt with the head lice never been better than money
Never been heartedly starting this city but

I've always been around this town
Since the first day I was born and I've been losing frequency and losing
Sound and losing everything and I squander it all and

I been up I been
Around been in the dancehall since the first day in town and I still been
Beating cheating falling to the floor when the kids are kicking

I've been bleeding I've been losing well are you man born for the choosing
And if you ain't better you better listen to the test as I start to impress ya
And if you ain't losing then you ain't grooving
I'll still be down here on a low-key send you girl over and she'll blatantly chat to me

I been over I been over you've been down you've been down
And now I've been all man moving all around the town all around and around
I've been moving been grooving been all around choosing
Now I'm back for the challenge who wants a challenge well I want it more

Now I'm on my train life in the fast lane never gave me no gain
And the man says wakey wakey it's morning time on the northern line
I'll all like bowling straight up to Camden all the way from your Farringdon
Wanna make sure I'm a little
Tired I no realise that inciting a riot can be one stones throw and to
Much dough
That's why all the young men sniff too much blow
I be thinking oh why never I sever it up before I think about forever ands
I chat it back to the people
I used to know kick it back and rolling in solo
And why not what's to the beef no one really knows me so no one is a chief

Chat it back like you never been a thief I'm a thriller licence to ill double 7
Upper killer never no me
It's all the chat back to much of that never rack kick it back like a bitch
Slap rite to my face in the mirror I kick it back thinner maybe my shirt
Don't fit no more a hardcore man think he can fight up the law a shackle to
The tenance and now it never work no more on a flow dedication to wario
And now its me back to the further then it comes back looser than ever some
Kids they think they get better they think their trendsetters but there
Never pace makers

What am I what am I what am I in my own dear eyes
What am I what am I what am I in my own dear eyes
What am I what am I what am I in my own dear eyes
I say it so much what am I what am I what am I what am I
Makes no sense no more

It's like a march in here
From the left to the right hey stomp there feet
It's like a march in here
From the left to the right hey stomp there feet
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From the left to the right hey stomp there feet
It's like a march in here
From the left to the right hey stomp there feet

Some kids they're chilling on corners out of order think them all better tie
Your laces rat races hit the pages
write your own books and write your own spell checker I'm a better man
Chillin in my own room
Assume to accumulate to shake to sedate I drink down much quicker a glug glug glug
On my liquor till I feel much better

so talk to me about violence never no
Me I'll sit further in silence
When I drink it down I drink it up it feels my body and I feel fresher
Tick up the tester regulator he's a two man shooting looting now I'm presumin
Everyone be knowing dedication my name to JT

Roll it down roll it down who wants to hoit themselves who's got the uppers
Get them in then I'm done
Click ya fingers can u smell that it lingers she a fat bitch but I still
Give her one
I'm a cheeky son where you from man were from the old London