

# Lady Sovereign, My England

It ain't about the tea and biscuits, I'm one of those English misfits,  
I don't drink tea I drink spirits, and I talk alot of slang in my lyrics,  
These goes a horse, horses for courses, nah more like corpses on corners,  
And Staffordshire Bull Terriers and late night crawlers,  
Polics carry guns not truncheons, make your on assumptions,  
London ain't all crumpets and trumpets, it's one big slum pit.

(Chorus)

We ain't all posh like the queen, we ain't all squeaky clean,  
Now do the Tony Blair, throw your hands in the air now everywhere,  
We ain't all squeaky clean, we ain't all posh like the queen,  
Now do the Tony Blair, throw your hands in the air now everywhere,  
This is the picture I painted my low down, This my London that I call my home town,  
It's where I'm living and this is my low down,  
This is my England I'm letting you know now,

No I don't watch the Antiques Roadshow, I'd rather listen Run the Road,  
And smoke someone's fresh homegrown,  
And not get bloated on a plate of scones,  
Cricket, bowls, croquet, nah PS2 all the way, in an English council apartment,  
No we don't all wear bowler hats and hire servants,  
More like 24 hour surveillance and dog shit on the pavement,

(Chorus)

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Big up Oliver Twist, showin' us the nitty gritty of what London really is,  
It ain't all pretty, deal with the realness, it's all gritty, deal with the realness,  
Ohh the changing of the Queen's guard, that's nothing for me to march out of my house for  
Tra la la, I'd rather sit on my arse,  
And have a glass of Chardonnay, nah  
We ain't all Briget Jones clones, who say pardon me,  
More like what's gwanin mate, You get me...  
Now i can select a few, paper people like to reject all my views,  
Well I'm letting you know the news and  
well, this is the straight up truth,

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