

# Plan B, ill Manors

Let's all go on an urban safari  
we might see some illegal migrants  
Oi look there's a chav,  
that means council housed and violent  
He's got a hoodie on give him a hug,  
on second thoughts don't you don't wanna get mugged  
Oh shit too late that was kinda dumb  
whose idea was that...stupid...  
He's got some front, ain't we all,  
be the joker, play the fool  
What's politics, ain't it all  
smoke and mirrors, April fools  
All year round, all in all  
just another brick in the wall  
Get away with murder in the schools  
use four letter swear words coz we're cool  
We're all drinkers, drug takers  
every single one of us buns the herb  
Keep on believing what you read in the papers  
council estate kids, scum of the earth  
Think you know how life on a council estate is,  
from everything you've ever read about it or heard,  
Well it's all true, so stay where you're safest  
there's no need to step foot out the 'burbs  
Truth is here, we're all disturbed  
we cheat and lie its so absurd  
Feed the fear that's what we've learned  
Fuel the fire,  
Let it burn.

Oi! I said Oi!

What you looking at you little rich boy!  
We're poor 'round here, run home and lock your door,  
don't come 'round here no more, you could get robbed for  
Real (yeah) because my manors ill

My manors ill

For real

Yeah you know my manors ill, my manors ill!

You could get lost in this concrete jungle  
new builds keep springing up outta nowhere  
Take the wrong turn down a one way junction  
find yourself in the hood nobody goes there  
We got an Eco-friendly government,  
they preserve our natural habitat  
Built an entire Olympic village  
around where we live without pulling down any flats  
Give us free money and we don't pay any tax  
NHS healthcare, yes please many thanks  
People get stabbed round here there's many shanks  
nice knowing someone's got our backs when we get attacked  
Don't bloody give me that  
I'll lose my temper  
Who closed down the community centre?  
I kill time there used to be a member,  
what will I do now until September?  
Schools out, rules out, get your bloody tools out  
London's burning, I predict a riot  
Fall in fall out  
who knows what it's all about

What did that chief say? Something bout the kaisers  
Kids on the street no they never miss a beat, never miss a cheap  
thrill when it comes their way  
Lets go looting  
no not Luton,  
the high street's closer cover your face  
And if we see any rich kids on the way we'll make 'em wish they stayed inside,  
there's a charge for congestion, everybody's gotta pay  
do what Boris does... rob them blind

Oi! I said Oi!  
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Yeah you know my manors ill , my manors ill!

We've had it with you politicians  
you bloody rich kids never listen,  
There's no such thing as broken Britain  
we're just bloody broke in Britain,  
What needs fixing is the system  
not shop windows down in Brixton  
Riots on the television,  
you can't put us all in prison!

Oi! I said Oi!  
What you looking at you little rich boy?  
We're poor round here, run home and lock your door!  
Don't come round here no more, you could get robbed for  
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