

The Streets, Has It Come To This?

Original Pirate Material

Yer listening to the streets

Lock down your aerial

Make yerself at home

We got diesel or some of that homegrown

Sit back in yer throne, turn off yer phone

Cos this is our zone

Videos, televisions, 64's Playstations

We're paring with precision

Few herbs and a bit of Benson

But don't forger the Rizla,

Lean like the Tower of Pisa

Liza, I'll raise yer,

And this is the day in the life of a Geezer

For this ain't a club track

Pull out yer sack and sit back

Whether you white or black

Smoke weed, chase brown

Or toot rock

We're on a mission, support the cause

Sign a petition, summon all your wisdom

The Music's a gift from the Man on high

The Lord and his children

Triple teenyear rudeboys

Come rain or snow the boodah flows

You don't know?

Stand on the corner watch the show

Cos life moves slow

Sort yer shit out then roll

Sex, Drugs 'n' On The Dole

Some men rise, some men fall

I hear ya call, stand tall now

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I'm just spitting, think I'm ghetto?

Stop dreaming, my data's streaming

I'm giving your bird them feelings

Touch yer toes and touch the ceiling

We walk the tightrope of street cred

Keep my dogs fed, all jungle all garage heads

Gold teeth, valentinos and dreads

Now, we were verbally slapped up

Physically tip-top, spinally ripped up

I do the science on my laptop, get my boys mashed up

Your listening to The Streets

You'll bear witness to some amazing feats

Bravery in the face of defeat

All line up and grab yer seat

Cos Tony's got a new motor

SR Nova driving like a joyrider

Speeding to the corner

Yer mother warned yer to sound system banger

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My underground train runs from Mile End to Ealing

From Brixton to Boundsgreen

My spitting's dirty my beats are clean

So smoke weed and be lean

I step out my yard through the streets

In the dead heat all I got's my spirit and my beats

I play fair don't cheat
And keep the gangsters sweet
Turn the page, don't rip it out at yer age
Move to the next stage
Lock the rage inside the cage,
Like SK it's New Day
But don't take the shortcut through the subway
It's pay or play, these geezers walk the gangway
Deep seated urban decay, deep seated urban decay,
Rip down posters alight
From last weeks big Garage night
And the next Tyson fight
I cook em at 90 degrees fahrenheit
And don't copy the copyright
I got em in my sites, blinding with the lights
Taken to dizzy new heights
Blinding with the lights, blinding with the lights
Dizzy new heights
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