

# The Streets, Stay Positive

Cos this world swallows souls and when the blues unfold it gets cold.

Silence burns holes.

You're going mad.

Perhaps you always were, but when things was good you just didn't care.

This is called irony - when you most need to get up you got no energy.

Time and time shit'll happen, the dark shit's unwrapping but no one's listening.

Your mates are laughing, your brethren's fucking and then you start hating.

Your stomach starts churning and your mind starts turning.

So smoke another draw, it won't matter no more but the next day still feels sore.

Rain taps on your window - always did though but you didn't hear it when things were so-so.

You're on your own now, your little zone.

You were born alone and believe me you'll die alone.

Weed becomes a chore. You want the buzz back so you follow the others onto smack.

Just trying to stay positive.

Just trying to stay positive.

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Just trying to stay positive.

Feels nice and still. Good thing about brown is it always will.

It's easy, no-one blames you.

It's that world out there that's fucked you.

You're no less of a person and if God exists he still loves you.

Just remember that - the more you sink the further back from that brink.

Maybe you've lifetime scars and you think tattoos might be more fitting, but who's picking?

Searching for yourself you find demons.

Try and be a freeman and grasp that talisman.

Cos your the same as I am.

We all need our fellow man.

we all need our Samaritan.

Maybe I'm better looking than you though.

Maybe I've got more dough, but am I happier - no.

Get the love of a good girl

and your world will be much richer than my world

and your happiness will uncurl.

Just trying to stay positive.

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Stop dreaming - people who say that are blaspheming.

They're doing nine to five and moaning

and they don't want you succeeding when they've blown it.

And you idols - who are they?

They too dreamt about their day.

Positive steps will see your goals.

Whether it's dollars or control, feel the gold.

I ain't helping you climb the ladder.

I'm busy climbing mine.

That's how it's been since the dawn of time.

If you reach a cul-de-sac, the world turns it's back,

this is your zone, it's like blackjack.

He might get the ace or the top one,

so organize your two's and three's into a run

then you'll have fucked him son.

And for that you'll be the better one.

One last thing before you go though.

When you feel better tomorrow you'll be a hero.

But never forget today.

You could be back here - things can stray.

What if you see me in that window?

You won't help me I know.

That's cool, just keep walking where you go.

Carry on through the estate, stare at the geezers  
so they know you ain't lightweight.  
And go see your mates.  
And when they don't look happy - play them this tape.

Just trying to stay positive.  
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I hope you understand me.  
I ain't no preaching fucker and I ain't no do-goody-goody either.  
This is about when shit goes pear-shaped.  
And if you aren't or ever have been at rock bottom  
then good luck to you in the big wide world.  
But remember that one day shit might just start crumbling.  
Your bird might fuck off or you might loose your job.  
It's when that happens that what I'm talking about  
will feel much more important to you.  
So if you ain't feeling it, just be thankful that things are cool in your world.  
Respect to BC.  
Positivity.  
Positivity.  
Just trying to stay positive.