

# The Streets, Who Dares Wins

It's who dares wins in the city  
Sit pretty  
Locked On not Tripoli  
Get dressed for the party  
As i spit simile after simile

Got the latest Nikes on my feet  
The streets merely reflect this bass line and beat  
Lock on to 102.6 the streets  
Kronenburg double doves and herbs actions speak louder than words  
Get fucked up sat on the curb  
Street geezers  
Accept me as your own  
Let me make myself at home  
I just ain't a clone  
Still got the monsta boy ring tone though  
Raised as a northern star  
With a London underground travel card.