

# Lady Sovereign, Blah Blah

I say first priorities, r discussin me  
At maccy ds at about half three  
What you munching on?  
Ur Quarter-pounder with cheese?  
Chatting about me and my abilities  
Now S.O.V u wish!  
S.O.V can't speak!  
S.O.V just quit!  
Aw whatever don't talk wid ur mouth full!  
That's right discussing me, it's all publicity  
Even if u don't like me ur still dashing my name around the city  
Its all good though, blup blup publicity for free!  
White midget, ahuh might fidget  
Somebody just dialled my digits  
Is it for ur nan? Ha! Is it? Flatter for the way that u use ur credit  
If you go say im nobody  
Well if im nobody then why are u ringing me?!  
U drained ur credit that's filling it  
Wow my style, u sure ur not feeling it?

Blah blah blah blah blah  
What we tell dem? In one ear and it comes stright out the other  
Repeating urself like u got a stutter  
Wiv all ur mutter like reh reh reh rah  
Why do we ever suffer? I dunno  
All ur words in my brain turning into clutter  
Repeating urself like u got a stutter  
Wiv all ur mutter like reh reh reh rah

People want to classify me as an Eminem  
What hear what im a different kind of specimen  
Just because I be a white Caucasian  
Doesn't mean me and him are the same because  
One im not American  
Two im not a man  
Three I come into with a different kind of plan  
Setting the facts straight cos I know that I can  
Will it ever wait cos I do the ultravan  
Categories I don't fit into any  
Why? Im onto top the stars many  
Writing out more lines than Burberry  
Then it will be like a victim of 20  
(spits)  
make them drink my saliva off the floor  
that spit not spat  
when I walked in the door  
release my metaphor  
like cor blimey its the while girl ess oh vee!

Blah blah blah blah blah  
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Yo listen up  
I know u dont boast about me over your Sunday roast  
Or mid-morning cheese on toast  
But when I found out you're talking  
Its all different you start squawking  
SOV I never said that!

SOV u know u aint white  
SOV I love your track  
Well what you want bitch a pound in d bank?  
I'm varying cos im soon to be beg friend  
From the bed friend comes the next blahbarian  
They only start caring when ur preparing the next big riddem  
Dat gets the kids rehin  
and Oh god I got posh people swearing  
The rich (ch-ching) the poor the snobs the whores  
Oh dear Blahbarians galore!

Blah blah blah blah blah  
SHUTTUP! in 1 ear and it comes straight out the other  
Repeating urself like u got a stutter  
Wid all ur mutter like reh reh reh rah  
Why do we ever suffer?  
All ur words in my brain turning into clutter  
Repeating urself like u got a stutter  
Wiv all ur mutter like reh reh reh rah