

Lady Sovereign, Gatheration

(intro)

This is the Midgets Mansion!

Yo And if u aint invited u aint comin in SOV

(Verse 1)

It's like orcas splashin, people clashin
Unnecessary drunken feuds is fashion
Clean up that spilt drink or you ain't crashin
My bed's out of bounds, so strictly no lashin
Where's my debit card? NOBODY MOVE
You ain't gettin out of dis room until I prove
That you didn't take it and I misplaced it
Now get out my chair. I wanna trade face, bitch!
All these facety chicks 'ave gotta face it
Even on a Friday evening when I'm wasted
You see this life? Well you'll never gonna taste it
I don't associate with wasters

(chorus)

(Chorus)

Theres a Gathering weres it at my yard
Whos reaching whos getting messed up
Theres a gatherin weres it at my yard
Whos reaching whos getting mashed up
Theres a gathering weres it at my yard
Whos reaching whos getting messed up
Theres a gathering weres it at my yard
Whos reaching whos getting f***ed up

(Verse2)

Now who's in my yard? I've lost count.
There's 10 downstairs, there's 4 on the couch
There's 5 runnin about, someone better bounce

Before I - ding ding! And your lights are out
Or you get left out, like the ginger girls are louts
Someone's vomitin, give me the sponge and towel
Allow it. I'll clean up the sick.

Why have another sip if you can't even handle it?
Lightweights ? I really can't stand em
Stay away 'cos I'll do sum'in random (roar)
And they're monkeys, and their faces are brown
And the world comes to the midget's mansion

(chorus)

(verse3)

Whos reaching whos getting wat wat
Whos reaching whos getting wat wat
Whos reaching whos getting wat wat
Whos reaching whos getting woow
Whos reaching whos getting wat wat
Whos reaching whos getting wat wat
Whos reaching whos getting wat wat
SOV

So that's me drunk as a skunk
Chattin, like, some offbeat punks
So I got scared and went to the shop and got my junk food
I wasn't tryin to be rude. I was in the gatheration spirit, innit?
My bedroom stinkin of fries and Guinness init
I gave it one look and I said "Bin it!"
"She said that she'd be back in a minute." Izzit?
How 'bout next Friday?

(chorus)

(verse4)

Yeah. Get to know dis. Gatheration. It's not called a house party no more.

Yeah. Gatheration Nation. Lady Sovereign, on time. Make way for the S.O.V.!