

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 wooow

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.!