

The Streets, Geezers Need Excitement

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If their lives don't provide them this they incite violence
Common sense simple common sense
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Out the club about three, to the take-away
The shit-in-a-tray merchants, shops got special perchant for the disorderly
Geezerz looking ordinary and a few looking leary
Chips fly round the sound of the latest chart entry
An incendiary waiting to blast
No harm with the contest who can throw the furthest
Behind the counter they look nervous, but
Carry on cutting the finest cuts of chicken from the big spinning stick
Then over flies a chip, flips, and hits you on the back
You spin round on the attack
'Fuck you playing at? he looks like a cheshire cat, almost falls down
Your frowns and superman eye lasers don't even register
By now you want to leather this twat
And forever your gonna regret that, your choice of path
So mash his head up and your girls now fed up
But stop to think and it's never gonna be the Jackie Chan scene it could have been to end up
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So you owe someone money subbing scunny
Best pay me billy - no worries
One-fifty on sunday
But in someway that turns into wednesday
Then goes straight to pay on a hazy evening in the local bar-cafe
What a way. What a way
Just to recap for those at the back, this is everyday tit-for-tat you owe your dealer and
can't pay back fee
Suddenly he's the baddy
So you tell your mates you could have him anyway, to look 'geez'.
But he's a shady fuck, beamer three series, lock, stock and two fat fucks backing him up
Can't convey enough of his desire for the paper stuff
In a blunt fashion Billy's angry with a passion
So please just accept it ain't happening
And go back to your runnins
'Cos you might get yourself in trouble one of these days
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Get hold of this bird after pub closing hours
Would your girl like this? No don't think so somehow, in the winter showers
But she'll never know and your face will never show shit
This is how goes it and besides she was well fit
And who could resist
Move up to the next place, a smooth club to flex bass beats and your best mates all down
Nice sound, smirnoff ice round.
MC's clowning, ruud boyz frowning
Everything's sweet everything's tucked-in.
And round here were all downing.
But all of a sudden though, just through the smoke, is your bird laughing and joking with a
bloke?
Ain't just that either, as she moves closer,
Miss-shape what looks like their lover - he's tonguing her.

All rage sweeps up through your torso, your moreso ready to go over and show him whos man
Football fan style
Leave it in the can for a while, cos even as they smile you still got choices
Don't listen to them voices
And at the end of the day you may just have caused this
So leave the forces
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