Rebel

Ghetts

I don't give a fuck my brudda, I never have
I'm straight from the gutter my brudda, we never had
We living on a budget - holes in the rooftop (what else?)
Room full of buckets, it's getting bad
Things could be worse I suppose, school trips, school kids
Cursing my clothes, is it the same in every house
When the curtains are closed? (daydreamin')
I'm in a world of my own (I ain't leavin')
It must be because I hate my reality, that's why I'm on the verge
Of embracing insanity, put me in a padded room
Throw away the key and let me escape the anarchy
I can't take it, I turn my back on the world
I can't face it, RayBan gang fam
Can't see my eyes cause I'm on my dark shades shit (Ray Charles)
Black everything, you can ask David Cameron if we're living in the dark ages
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Black everything, you can ask David Cameron if we're living in the dark agesI'm a rebel
Always have been
Where I'm come from it's a mad ting
Standing in my Stan Smiths
Stamping on the canvas for action
All I acquired from the riot
Is people are sick and tired of being quiet
Dying to be heard
That's why there's fire in my words
I don't give a fuck my brudda, I never will
Straight from the gutter my brudda, rare real
Living life like "fuck it", living life like there's nothing
To live for but the money I'mma keep it one hundred
The hunger inside is what drives us
That's why there's youngers inside who are lifers
They say love is blind so you might just
Fall in love with them crimes that'll blind us
And I'd be lying if I said I wasn't out late
Around H, scales out, another ounce weighed
More pounds made, sounds great
Salts under my tongue, my mouth's laced
So many feds chasing me down the ground shakes
Helicopters, bikes and cars chasing
So many officers behind, my heart's racing

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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