

Paperclips

Example

It's the return of the E.G
Or as my mum likes to call me...
Elliot!

I don't really know what you expect from me
I've only ever done whatever's making sense to me
I thought that Two-Face would put a Harvey Dent in me
But I got legs for days like a centipede
If you bought a ticket to my tour - oi, that's legendary
You'll never really know what all of that shit meant to me
Now I got my Mrs and she is the bestest friend to me
But I've been dealing with some other issues mentally

Fifteen years in the game, broke for eight of it
Then I started putting notes together like paperclips
I ain't gonna gossip in the hope you relate to it
Paid for it already in Theresa's dictatorship
Independent artist, guess I was late to it
Stuck inside the Tardis, yeah, I was major sick
Called me a Doctor Who, then they tried label this
So I stopped believing in my hype, atheist

"Make another Kickstarts or Changed the Way You Kiss Me
You need another banger" Yo, I've already made fifty
They just wanted me to copy all my polished history
I've only got myself to blame and all the Scottish whisky
I'm still making choices I ain't sure of, it's pure love
Mixed with business acumen I've learnt off my manager
Smirnoff will damage ya, cocaine embarrass ya
"Buy a fucking house before you get in a McLaren, yeah?"

I could list my cars and scars and all the bras I undid
But that don't mean I'm living one hundred
I guess I've always wondered, hardly a dumb kid
How'd you deal with riches when it's all said and done did?
From diddly-squat, piss in a pot on the rap scene
To top of the pops, win the lot with no tag team
Switch genres like drag queens and now I'm living pretty
Making music for myself, not a committee

So I'll make a couple tunes for my people
Just a couple little bangers you can reload
Plus I'm cutting down on all the Al Pacino
This one's for the unsung heroes

Now I've got some kids and a castle
What's that whip, boy? I just drove past you
I may be losing my marbles, but I'm still the same arsehole
I'll be buying you a drink at the bar, so...

Coronavirus got us all alone at home like Kevin McAllister
Can't go your local and can't go to Paris
Forget marriage, bruv, right now you can't marry her
Cut your double bed in half and put up a barrier
Then fantasise, maybe sanitise, go shopping in Morrison's
Where is the pasta? They're only stocking porridge on the shelf
Fuck whatever Boris on, just think about your health

It makes you wonder if this Mr Johnson ever liked us
Was treating all the Covid stuff like it was tonsillitis
I could talk for days about him, that's a waste of breath
Big up every single person at the NHS, and the rest