

Streets

Alborosie

Lala, lalala
Lala
No time for rampin', no

Streets of loneliness, empty streets full a stories
Silent, concrete, dust and glory
Glory and tears, bullet shells, mothers fears
Cries and cross prayers and angels disappear
Streets like quicksand, is not African Kalahari
JA/KN weh dem shout Rastafari
Many knows, but nobody never worry
Many felt it, but nobody never sorry
It's a Judgement national embarrassment
Over punishment as so proper government
On the street we gonna shout all fi will
On the street made a promise, is me standing up still

In this jungle
(Inna this a jungle, hey) Oh
We fight to survive
(We fight to survive, every day) Whoa oh
There's no time for rampin'
(No time fi ramp, no way) No, no, no, no
You make one wrong move and you're dying
(Listen what the thugs them say)

Streets of faces, strangers, gambling and dimes
Streets of colours, songs, words and rhymes
Dirty streets smell like crane fields, like pain
That strikes slowly into your skull and brain
Street remind me of myself, of my soul
Street remind me of yourself and your world
There's a street in the back of my mind
That I walk every time I run away from my crimes, hey

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Ladada, ladadadada
Ladadada, lada

There's a street, where the poor man sleep
Smart man cheat, 'pon his sleepy chick
He get robbed on trick, if you no know fi split a tip
Glock-matic, shot a lick dem bones like a rabbit
There's a street, that never exist
It's a gangster thing, gangster swing
A soundtrack of a gangster film
There's a street, waan we in, no way out
Once you're in, there's no doubt
You're never out, hey

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(Inna this a jungle, hey) Oh
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(We fight to survive, every day) Whoa oh
There's no time for rampin'
(No time fi ramp, no way) No, no, no, no
You make one wrong move and you're dying
(Listen what the thugs them say)

In this jungle, oh yeah
We fight to survive
(We fight to survive, every day) Whoa oh
There's no time for rampin'
(No time fi ramp, no way) No, no, no, no
You make one wrong move and you're dying
(Listen what the thugs them say)