Brixton Briefcase

Chase & Status

I have my Brixton briefcase, from across the pond
London's burning, but the beat the goes on
Feel my power, the electrical life
Real rude boys, own the town tonight

And we don't need no fighting, all these beautiful birds around
The liquor touch like lightning, as soon as the sun goes down

Turn it on
Oh, turn it on
Turn it on
Oh, turn it on

I got a Brixton briefcase, Ministry of Sound
The walls between us, they could tear them down
It's a Brixton briefcase, that's such a sin
Blokes get spat on, they get a Chelsea grin

Whoa, do you hear the chorus
Smile and sing along
Shake your arse for me, mamma
They're playing your favorite song

Turn it on
Oh, turn it on
Turn it on
Oh, turn it on

Worn off records, nothing soft
Turn it a bit louder, tell Old Bill "fuck off"
To all my family, and all my friends
Have to ride that train, or then wait to the ends

Oh, aren't you a nosy little neighbor, pretending to be posh
Burning the music won't save us, only a wine coloured citric wash

Get on
Get it on, get on
Get it on
Turn it on

I got a Brixton briefcase
Feel my power
I got a Brixton briefcase
Feel my power

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