

Bikers Anthem

Ghetts

We're biker boys
Biker boys set their own rules
Aye, yo, Scorch, what's the destination, fam?
Fam, it's- it just say the A4, fam
Yeah?
About [?]
Ah, I'm a rider, G

There ain't nothing like stunting in summer on a nice bike
120 on the high way, it's nothing but bright lights
Yeah, it's a nice life
The life's nice
All I need is two wheels
Every time I ride
I'm in another car, side to side
Yo, Scorcher, it's time to fly
1: 20 on the clock, come ready to be off

I'm riding through the city
1: 20 on the clock, I'm breaking the highway code
Fuck the traffic light
I ain't glad it's night but I'm glad it's night
T-shirt blowing in the wind through town
[?] device and right hand on the throttle
R6, new shipped model
And this speed is hard to break like a Lucozade bottle
But I ain't stopping for reds and I ain't stopping for feds
Full time so, I ain't even stopping for pet'
Five up, one down, I'm smooth with the mechanism
When I come through, everybody show me recognition
Some tell me, "stop riding" but I never listen
First gear, clutch, rev and I'm missing
North, South, West and East, all around
Ghetts is seen
I can't cool it down, arrest, I'm free
Pop up a wheelie for the kids on the block
And then I'm off

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I come through holding on your handles
You love it when I lean back and lift you up
I spent a few grand when I picked you up
You hate when I'm standing to the side
Or take another girl out for a ride
You try to hype up but it backfires
A couple of times, you gave me two flat tyres
Always roll with me when I'm linking them crack buyers
In and out the manor, moving something like a fast train

But it's just the two of us, gunning down the fast lane
You're like, "harder, baby, do it faster, baby"
You get jealous when I see I'd love a larger lady
When I tickle your tummy, I swear your laugh is crazy
But since I got a new car, you ain't been laughing lately
When you're home in the morning, it don't hardly faze me
I'm like, "what's your problem? I got a shot in Tottenham"
Hurry up and get dressed before I'm long and lost them
Believe me, I love my bike

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The realness is
No license attached to insurance
How long could I last? This is a test of endurance
How could I ever be late for a performance?
Fuck a speed camera, this bike ain't registered to me
Do a plate check and indicate right
And take left to shake feds
I went from pedals to peds to power bikes
Ain't been caught in a chase yet
Such would, a lot of youts have died in super bikes
And that's the reason that my mum's shook
I tell her, "don't worry", I'm reason it's fun, look
Your son's hooked
I'm a biker by blood
My pops is a rider, my rider is my pops
Some are fiends for speed
I can't cruise, I increase the lead
Buffers on the back, she be looking like a leash of keys
Hold me tight, it's only right, I'm a G, believe
This here's a new machine
Never been squeaked or cleaned

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