

Crime, corruption, courage  
Power, pussy, paper  
Beef, bullets and barristers  
It's all a dangerous cycle  
CPB... Blah Blah Blah Blow

Crime, corruption and courage  
Three reasons that I rated the olders  
Now I got weight on my shoulders like luggage  
In school I never studied  
At 3:15 home I never hurried, now mums worried  
Is she ever gonna see her son flourish?  
A lot of my friends have been duppied  
Knife to the stomach, the lord soon cometh  
I don't wanna burn in hell  
Or do a bird in jail, I felt a warmer shell  
And sometimes when I curse my girl  
I wanna resort to violence  
In the long run I'll be hurt as well  
I don't wanna work but I got work for sale  
Some niggas have got keys like they work for Yale  
Police hate when the worst prevail  
It's old evidence, stop tryna preserve what's stale

It's a dangerous cycle  
Can't tell a mate from a rival (C)  
Blades and rifles  
Are more than an aid to survival (P)  
It's a dangerous cycle  
Can't tell a mate from a rival (B)  
Blades and rifles  
Are more than an aid to survival (CPB)

Power, pussy and paper  
The dreams of a teen, things ain't what they seem  
Blades and machines still stick place in between  
Your waist and your jeans  
Manna do a mad ting for the taste of the cream  
Some take to the green  
And start shottin' H to the fiends  
I stay fresh to death, down to my laces are clean  
I'm in love with the face of the queen  
I'm paper possessed  
I'm bound to be paid for my scheme  
I'm so far from aimless  
Money makes my brain tick  
Ain't nothing like pussy and a payslip, face it  
I'm never gonna tell you how, my trades sacred  
But when I'm low you'll never know where I'm allocated  
Still I expect respect cause man know I ain't naked  
Because I guess I'd be a victim of hatred

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Beef, bullets and barristers  
Nowadays the streets are filled with cameras  
Still it's so hazardous  
Some get brung back to life like Nazareth  
Yeah it's miraculous  
I tell amateurs "stay to the side" like bannisters  
When I say I've got metal they think I mean canisters  
Wars I've had you couldn't count on an abacus  
I'm so calamitous  
My names Ghetto but life ain't fabulous  
Everyday I'm around clamorous characters  
Some think the gun ting's so glamorous  
But in a shootout what you gonna do now?  
Leave him with a hole the size of two pound  
You won't bust save yourself the embarrassment  
Believe me I know all about arrogance  
Even when you know it's precarious

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Yeah...  
You have to take time out and think what you're doing man  
Always think first  
I've made mistakes... that you can learn from... true stories  
(C) stands for cash  
(P) stands for Plaistow  
(B) stands for MY borough, ya dun know  
CPB!

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You know you got slow people yeah?  
And they STILL won't know what CPB means  
Gotta break it down like this...  
The Cycle ain't a Pedal Bike  
G-H