

# Rebel

## Ghetts

I don't give a fuck my brudda, I never have  
I'm straight from the gutter my brudda, we never had  
We living on a budget - holes in the rooftop  
Room full of buckets, it's getting bad  
Things could be worse I suppose, school trips, school kids  
Cursing my clothes, is it the same in every house  
When the curtains are closed? (daydreamin')  
I'm in a world of my own (I ain't leavin')  
It must be because I hate my reality  
That's why I'm on the verge of embracing insanity  
Put me in a padded room  
Throw away the key and let me escape the anarchy  
I can't take it, I turn my back on the world  
I can't face it, Ray-Ban gang fam  
Can't see my eyes cause I'm on my dark shades shit (Ray Charles)

Black everything, you can ask David  
Cameron if we're living in the dark ages  
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(It's a living hell) I'm a rebel  
Always have been  
Where I'm come from it's a mad ting  
(It's a living hell) Standing in my Stan Smiths  
Stamping on the canvas for action  
(It's a living hell) All I acquired from the riot  
Is people are sick and tired of being quiet  
(It's a living hell) Dying to be heard  
That's why there's fire in my words

I don't give a fuck my brudda, I never will  
Straight from the gutter my brudda, rare real  
We been living life like "fuck it", living life like there's nothing  
To live for but the money, I'mma keep it 100  
The hunger inside is what drives us  
That's why there's youngers inside who are lifers  
They say love is blind so you might just  
Fall in love with them crimes that'll blind us  
And I'd be lying if I said I wasn't out late  
Around H, scales out, another ounce weighed  
More pounds made, sounds great  
Salts under my tongue, my mouth's laced  
So many feds chasing me down, the ground shakes  
Helicopters, bikes and cars chasing  
So many officers behind, my heart's racing

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