

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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Cameron if we're living in the dark ages

(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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