

State of Mind

Ghetts

Yeah, you see this one here yeah?
This one's for anyone stuck in the same state of mind as I am
It's not a good one... It's a hood one

If I've changed, have I changed for the worst?
I come home with blood stains on my shirt
Trying to fool my mum like it's April the first
Just to think I was raised in a church
One prays in the church, whilst trying to get my cases adjourned
As far as my mates are concerned...
I set pace for the paper we earn
But before this I was straighter than perm
Now I get more whips than slaves when they work
I'll drive, you drive let's take it in turns
From the cloak room, to the showroom
Who thought I would go to the pen so soon?
When I found out I was facing a bird
I was trying to do more than escape in a search
Everyday that occurred I would phone home
Just to see if the jakes had returned
I was on the run... now look what I've gone and done
I'm only making it worse
More time for the jakes do a search
More crime, too late to reverse
4-5 on the waist so I'm safe and alert
Like life I'll be out when the ravens emerge
Next thing I knew, handcuffs, face on the curb
Some say it's the cage I deserve
I used to wish I could disappear off the face of the earth
Now I wish I could make it commersh
Talk about freedom of speech? (Huh)
My nigga I'm paid to be heard!
In school I never got the grades of a nerd
In fact I was ashamed every term
But when sports day came
Gold medals is all Jay claimed, any race I was first

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Only God can change this life, set me free
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Sleep how?
When I know deep down there's niggas in P-Town
That wanna see G found, on the ground dead
'Cause I've been crowned the best of the underground scene now
Still I'm around the ends
But on just one hand I can count my friends
And the rest are associates...
You know the type you won't see when it's beef
You'll only see them when it's appropriate
For example, they'll come to the rave in the car full
See me and when they get in free
They be like "Yo there's Dizzee Rascal!"
Niggas must think that my floors are marble
I ain't got nothing to give prick
I still be plugging the piff quick

I'm a bad breed like I got my own cousin addicted
Rough and rugged I live this
I'm big in the scene
But to the feds I'm just another tug in the district
I'm from where manna pop the boot, cock and shoot
Prostitutes on the block in boots
And cops don't ever need lots of proof
Just one snake son of a bitch, now you're as hot as soup
Next step jail can't wait for some proper food
It's alright when you got a zoot
But when the buzz wears off...
It's back to reality
But suicide is an act of insanity
So we stay trapped in a tragedy
Hit road and sell crack for a salary
And I'm like... all I wanna do is relax under a canopy
Mum don't be mad at me

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Trying to change my state of mind is a waste of time
Cause' I'm living in a place of crime
Where the youngsters think they need iced out chains to shine
Olders on the ends still ain't resigned
I'm a owner of a skeng, baby nine
Getting chauffeured in a Benz I'm a lazy guy
My CoDee's in the pen, said he's way behind
So when he comes out back to the way we grind
I'm in an all black jumpsuit
And because I'm an MC, I'm a role model to the young youts
But I'ma be real, I've done moves, and I still do
And yeah I do music but I'm still waiting for funds due
And a corner to the [?] receipt, the cheque
But the cheque ain't come through
I guess what they told me was untrue
Still some think I'm on top like a sunroof
I'm in the slums where some shot and some shoot
Summer comes, all winter manna slung food
Rob and steal, I'm on the grind no time for a proper meal
So I settle for junk food... and a bottle of Lilt
I do shit and I just can't bottle the guilt
Some say life's a game, well...
I ain't playing for Monopoly bills
I gotta be real ain't none of us winning the lottery
So my philosophies deal drugs from bobby to pills
That's how I honestly feel
But I got bars like a wanna be built
Call it my last hope
This is G-H signed and concealed

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(State of mind)
I'm so stuck in my ways
I've been like this for more than a couple of days but you know?
(Change this life)
Only God can

But I still got grams, so real
(State of mind)
I'm on these roads every day
That's the realness of it
(Change this life)
You know what? If I only I could
G-H... yeah, Nocturnal on the beat
Anti I thank you man... It's all in the blood line
Yeah