

New & Improved

Goldie Lookin' Chain

Fukin' safe fukin' you knows it, innit

It's time to kick it once more from the boys who toke draw
Don't mess with us clarts cos we're fukin' hardcore
You thought the chain were ill, now we're fukin' much sicker
These tunes'll need more than a parental warning sticker

Barrow Balls is back, and as mad as can be
He'll break your fukin' face like Mo-hammed Ah-li
But let's talk about me, Adam Hussain
One of the maddest looking fu'kers from the Goldie Lookin' Chain

'Don't Blame the Chain' really started the ignition
Now ever fu'ker gives us the deserved recognition
The chain are back again like we said before
You know the crew who likes to smoke the fuk'n draw

We've been quiet for a while and now we're fuk'n back
Trying to shag the birds but escape the fuk'n clap
We're sick as fcuk and ryer now
The kings of 'Port hip hop so take a fuk'n bow

So if you wanna go, then bring on the action
But you don't wanna Goldie Lookin' Chain reaction

Hussain's ripping it up, Y2K style plus two, innit

Like Lillets, or Always Ultra with Wings, we're the Goldie Lookin' Chain and
we're running things
Like Lillets, or Always Ultra with Wings, we're New and Improved and we're r
unning things

This time shit's real so let me kick the fuk'n facts
With rhymes and beats so tight they'll bring you to climax
We're the hip hop kings of the P - O - R - T
Like I say clarts, we're the G L C

Benwaballs composed us some new tunes for the millenium
Xain lays the tracks and 2 Hats start the rebellion
We're fu'ked in the end but really must maintain
We're better than Vanilla Ice, we're the Goldie Lookin' Chain

Ha ha! Fuk'n Adam Hussain here aka Benny Blanco here. Clart, if you needs th
e fuk'n draw, you come and fuk'n sees me, innit, right? Fuk'n knows it.

This is the time so let the shit rhyme
We're the GLC and fcuked in the mind
Benwaballs skits, crazy as can be
He'll fcuk you up and down n worse than Bruce fuk'n Lee

Some clarts get birds with the muscles they can flex
But Xain gets tit-tosss spinning his decks
2000AD couldn't give a toss
As long as he gets to see the girlie's pantie-moss

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This new bad-ass shit will give you a fukin' thrill
Crank up the fukin' bass and take a drive down Pil
When we started up, people thought we we're taking the piss
But we've evolved like a butterfly from a chrysalis

They've been out of the country, now for a while
Missing the fresh tunes and the fukin' free-style
Our cocks are bigger than sticks of salami
Cos we're the generals of this 'Port hip hop army

Listen to this shit and copy one after one
By this time next year it'll go platinum
Get smoked up clart, in a fuk'n haze
And demand our shit over fuk'n TJs

Oi clart, don't forget my fukin' four pack of stella and fukin' rizlas, innit, alright?

I see all this mad shit, every fcukin' day
Stretching from the gear to Pil and Allway(?)
People say we're nuts and that needs addressing
I ain't messing, clarts, this shit's got me fuk'n stressing

I ain't confessin'
to whether I smokes the fuk'n resin
But still impressin the girlies when they see me
Bouncing down the road in my low ride capri

With my ganja in the back and main D-Lee
Fuk with us and you'll be in the obituaries
Cos every fu'cker knows we're the GLC

Yeah, that's right, it's Adam Hussain he back and this time he's pissed off.
Fuk'n you knows it. Big respect to Benny Blanco. In the house tonight.

Fuk'n knows it, that's right. Adam Hussain. Fuk'n there, in your fuk'n face.
Listen to the fuk'n tunes. You fuk'n knows it, leisurewearer!