

# Nothing Ever Happens

Goldie Lookin' Chain

Believe the hype I'm la roast beef,  
Wanna stereotype I got wonky teeth,  
I stand proud on the white cliffs of Dover,  
Soon to (Suited to?) have a wank til it's all over,  
Yeah the weather's intermittent I'll admit,  
And we grow wet weekends what are the shit,  
But I love it, in a special way I'm spin,  
This is a rap tune reppin' all of Bryn,  
I haven't got a monocle or a smoking jacket,  
Got a stiff upper lip and a cocaine racket,  
We drive on the left and we're always right,  
We're Brits on the piss and we're good in a fight,  
We're a nightmare abroad, even worse than home,  
That's why we got ASBO's and no-go zones,  
We got white van man, and British pork,  
And some people so thick they can't even talk.

Nothing ever really happens around here (3x)  
Just smoking, fighting, and drinking beer.

This is what you want,  
This is what you get,  
You know the score so don't get upset,  
We got kids necking pills instead of kids necking sweets,  
We got second-rate shops up and down the high street,  
We got culture but its based on booze,  
Walk-in, drive-thru, fast food, you can choose,  
Endless scams with the benefit fraud,  
Always holiday in Spain and we never get bored!

We got British Knights,  
We got British Home Stores  
British Airways,  
And British born whores,  
I love the weather,  
Though it can be bleak,  
They might empty my bins next week,  
We got jobsworths, what can I do?  
Apart from take time to say fuck you!  
We cope quite well with diversity.  
And we don't go outside cos of health and safety!

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Run out of credit on my mobile phone,  
Fill out another form for another loan,  
Every door shuts with no explanation,  
Become a trained killer - on the PlayStation,  
Really not bothered - no motivation,  
Every day's the same for the I generation,  
Offer me a bit and I'll take the lot,  
There's nothing to do, but it's all we got.

McDonalds for lunch, I'm lovin' it!  
Fish and chips for tea, now that's the shit,  
Cos this is a rap tune for my brethren

To all the safe clarts who'll lend you a skin,  
To all the sexy ladies who let you put it in,  
Cos all the time I'm livin' in the sin,  
home grown hip-hop,  
If Europe was water, we're the council pop.

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Need a football cos you use your feet,  
You talk a good game and always get beat,  
Love eating curry but we can't cook one,  
Smoking cigarettes and reading The Sun,  
Like an underdog that's prone to rage,  
Everyday there's tits - on the third page,  
Generation of smokers banned from clubs and bars,  
We got bus lanes but we all drive cars!

Cwmbran and Swindon too,  
This world belongs to you,  
From the tops of the mountains,  
To the edge of the shores,  
Never forget the world is yours!

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