

# Wrecked Up

Goldie Lookin' Chain

.....Quick, get his wallet, we're off down the fukin' Spar, c'mon!  
Quick...draw on his face, man, draw on his face, clart.  
Get his willy out, get it, man, take a photo and send it to fukin' Woman's O  
wn, haaa....  
Leave it, man...i'm fukin' wrecked!

Ben Wa Balls came round and smoked loads of draw  
Next thing I know, he's asleep on the floor  
What's goin' on? I just had a bong  
I feels light headed, this can't last for long

If you can't take the blow then I think you better leave  
I think you better know and you better believe  
This kid's serious, I gotta go home  
I look really mashed, I'm as white as a bone  
I'm all mashed up just like Eddie Kid  
I can't move my arms and i feel like a flid

Look at you, clart, you're in a right fukin' state  
I can't believe you just chucked up over my mate  
I told you not to have that last fukin' hit  
And your leisuressuit smells of fukin' shit  
Get out the house and fuk off home  
You stupid twat, that was a pure skunk cone

It's not clever to get wrecked and have shit dripping out of your ass

Now my name's P Xain and I smoke for Britain  
But I smoked a bud and now I'm trippin'  
I feel fukin' wicked like Terry Wogan  
Like Crocodile Dundee 2's Paul Hogan

I'm fukin' mashed, I needs to go home  
I feels fukin' wrecked and I'm white like a bone  
I gotta lie down, I gotta do it soon  
If I don't do it fast then I'm gonna puke in the room

I smokes loads of weed, I'm on my fukin' knees  
All I need now is a quarter pounder with cheese!  
I needs to put my jacket on and get my trouser suit  
But I can't pick up my trainers coz I've been sniffing glue

I've been smokin' a bong for far too fukin' long  
Coz after a while, I feels like a mong  
So pack that chong and give me a hit  
Hussain's tracksuit never smells of dog shit  
I smoked half a pound of Li-Ganga's fukin' gear  
So go fuk yourself if you says that I'm a queer  
Give me a phone coz I'm going fukin' numb  
I gotta get back or my nan will start to moan  
So see you boys soon, later clarts  
I'm off to pull some Newport fukin' tarts

Shout to your neighbours, shout to the ravers  
Shout to the people who do loads of favours  
For you, and the GLC crew  
Safe as fuk, you knows it

Time to go home, son  
Fukin' time for the taxi to come  
I said this kid's right, I gotta get home  
I feels really mashed, I'm white as a bone  
I gotta get out but I can't fukin' move  
Shit, that draw's strong, I've bust my groove

Shout out to Carl from Risca, he knows he's safe, He knows the score coz you  
knows he sells me the fukin' draw

G-G-G-Goldie lookin' chain

Goldie lookin' chain

Respect to all the people who've got a bit mashed in the past and dirtied th  
emselves and had to go and clean themselves up