

Drinking in the West End

Kano

Everybody on trend
Me?
Oversized T with Mochinos on
And my Stan Smiths white like a Colgate grin
Jeans on my waist, I'm too grown up
Can't wear that low like the yute mandem
Tonight we're going out the ends
That's all you wanna do when you're in the ends
But tonight it's on
Hermet Road barber shop
0.5 and a little blend, sun raise
No shades, nothing comes between me and my city
Smithy, you on it?
Went east, Forest Gate, fish inna porridge
Then hit Bond Street, quick bit of shopping
Shutdown for BET'o's, still I might mosh it
Might do mojitos or I Courvois it
London girls with your sunbeam on 'em
Windows down, let the sea breathe on me
Down the Embankment, skyline sick
Exit the manor through the limehouse ling
How it feels good to be in the ends

But tonight, we're drinking in the west end

Live for the weekend
Then it's Monday blues
But tonight got a rouge And shoes to paint the town red
Jägerbombs, I've had 10
Turnt up, came down
Woke up, same shit all over again
We d-d-d-doing it again!
Yeah, table again
Pants pulled down and the minimum spent
Sparklers and pretentiousness
Must be gold cause these girls keep digging
Love the life but I've got my limits
Welcome to the big smoke
Where we pop bottles and we don't vote
Alcohol in my system
Now the courage is all liquid
Bright lights and slurred speeches
High heels and rich kids
Edgware Road, lamb shawarma
Then taxi back to that realness
Last night, we got so high
We were dancing round on that ceiling
This morning, PG Tips
Nurofen and some biscuits
Might kiss and make up
Flick through pics and re-live it

Tonight, we're drinking in the west end

iPhone tells its own story
And that last freeze frame action scene won't even cover me in glory
When I jumped on that waitress' back

And we were getting quite rowdy
And I probably insulted the whole cast of TOWIE
Shut up
More drinks and less stress
More skin and less dress
Fake tan and mandy
Selfies and Rolexes
Cut eye from that guy
Like oh, look, I bench press
Well done mate, you look hard in that tight red vest
Group shots and we look so happy together
Paper and scissors and stones, see who next hit
Someone was bound to get thrown out the exit
One goes, we all go, unless it's EZ's set
Classic nights when best friends loose all inhibitions
And a story to tell when you drink in the west end

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