

Seashells in the East

Kano

Good heart, bad breed
Living in the ill manor but we're no Plan B
Mummy got Christ, Daddy got advice, not surprised
He ain't tryna follow no pipe dreams
Nature or nurture is destiny, real
If this estate had lakes and green fields
And he went Eton and Oxford too
Would monkey see, monkey do like you?
Fine line between obstacles and excuses
But a thick skin will still bump and bruise
And when you need them blue kickers and new creps
Special brew, won't get you dressed for school

You won't find seashells in East End
But you might see shells in East End
There ain't no pier or no rock here
But most of your peers will sell rocks here
Survival instinct's a must
You hug that road, but road don't show love
Leave that place before you get stuck
Can't wait till your wake before you wake up

This place ain't changed
(There's still a war going on inside of a defeater's mind)
This place ain't changed
(A man's home is his castle, but freedom lives outside)
Winners and losers
(Yep, the manor's a no-go, T-shirt weather but mandem are so cold)
Is it better?
(Out here to out here)

We came up in the same ends
Bought sweets with the same pence
Pot luck, or was I god-blessed?
If I couldn't rap, would I be in the same mess?
Postcode, blame the postcode
But a strong mind's like a vacation
The power of escapism
If you ain't dreaming, then you ain't living
Fork in the road, which way'd you wanna go?
Trust me, bruv, I know the ropes, gotta make a plan though
But you're in too deep, gotta keep your fam afloat
And just cause we don't speak, don't mean I wanna see you go
And you can blame me, but that's eating up a hole
Now your sister's on the phone, me and Smithy had to go
To your hospital bed, with the tumour up in your nose
It was really touch and go while I was there
Where was the ends then?

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The manor
Invisible walls that never fall
Learn to climb before you crawl
Don't get stuck here
Man-made or mind-made?
Don't be a statistic, blaming ghetto physics for holding you back
Eternal strength versus external influences
Victim or victor?
The manor
Concreted souls
Cheap industry folk
We share the same roads but not the same code
Low self-esteemers, Mercs and Beemers
Small winners
It-is-what-it-is-ers
But you deserve more
The manor
Throwing bricks at glass ceilings
Do or die
He who dreams with open eyes is alive

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