

Strangers

Kano

It was KD crew, yeah, Kane and Dean
East Ham, Plaistow, with Maxwell Leyton dreams
You were one of the first to make me believe in my first 16s
But did the heights I reached jeopardise the [?] speak
But we go back since manor and ride-on-the-play scheme
District coach, one Walkman, one ear each
Napier Road, black pitch
One-day travel cards and fat chaps chips
We toured the country, took it overseas
Took it from the streets to The Streets
And if someone was in your ear
Just know my intentions was clear
I was helping us all, we
I made sure we was all there
It's kind of hard when you're the face of it
Was you jealous of my fame a bit?
Funny thing is, I don't even want these questions answered
I just wanna have a brandy and a laugh regardless
Instead of acting like we're strangers, yeah

Seven years ago was Shane's little one's christening
AB was there tryna put to bed all the bickering
He made a phone call to you in the toilets
Said "someone wants to speak", gave me the phone to my annoyance
I said "hello?", you must've heard my voice and hung up
I just heard the phone cut out and picked my rum up
And hit the dancefloor to some Mavado, finger gun up
Water off a duck's back, but truth be told, that hurt, my brother
What dem a do? What dem a try?
To make our friendship fly into the sky
I said in "Celebrate" that I ain't even met your kids
A falling out has made us look a fool for this
I can't pinpoint where the problem started at
Who's to blame or who should even claim half of that
If it's stubborn competition, we both win
So who would just pick up the phone?
Could even if we grew apart, we're still a partnership
So why we acting like we're strangers?
Why we acting like we're strangers?
Oh boy, we ain't strangers

I wrote those first two verses last year, last year
Then the other day, was raving in west end and I see you there
I see you there, bredrin, I see you there, yeah
And we didn't have that brandy but we laughed
Plus we drank some vodka and a half
Oi, if you're hugging mate but wearing all-black, is that still gangster?
Gangster or not, that's my damn darg
And things were back to normal for one night, that's enough
Just to let us know there's no grudge, it's all love
But we all carry scars, we're all cut, we're grown ups
Teenage no more, we're older, we've grown up
But the next day got me thinking what if I was the reason?
Or if the tables turned, whether I would be seated
Or if your battery died that night at that christening
And I thought you disrespected, what if it was just reception?
So the straw that broke the camel's back of this friendship

Maybe it wasn't the intention, but would symbolise the ending
Now, what if you thought I hung up
And for seven years, you've been hung up on the same shit that I was
I guess we'll never know, it's pointless digging deeper holes
Cause if we go down that road, these burnt bridges charge tolls
So I'd rather bromanticise about these things
And write a song about what-ifs, cause I could never write no diss
Cause that's my brother
That's my brother
So bruv, why we acting like we're strangers?
Why we acting like we're strangers?
Fumbling, we ain't strangers
Red Stripe vibes, ayy