

# 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