

Suck your, suck your, suck your, mum  
Suck your mum, suck your mum  
Yeah I said it, suck your mum

Suck your mother and dad  
If you think niggas just love these cuffs and riots  
A million footsteps to make it in, woah, oh, oh  
It ain't easy to just dry four hundred tears  
Different whip, different chain, different bracelet  
Different thing but we still take the same shit  
Get your paper but you don't get complacent  
If we don't hold each other down, we won't make it  
If we don't...

That might be the hook I could retire after  
Not like when Tyson sparks ya  
Like twisted fire starter  
I worship bars and I'll die a martyr  
I got my Nikes from Pardner  
I had the snidest braders  
The O.E was selling war, that shit to the grimeiest dances  
Eediat tell me 'bout grime interrupted  
Like my stripes in sharpied  
On my shoulder like I ain't a soldier in this rarse ting, crarses  
Left a boy alone, forget some pussy and some plantain  
'Cause of the sweet colour of our skin  
They wan throw banana skins at John Barnsey's  
They tell us to go fuckin' back to our own country  
But they won't even give us back our own countries  
Every entrance to a door  
Has a footprint left by the ones that came before  
Let's talk about the day the wind was rushed up on the shore  
They promised us so much and then they left us to be poor  
Need superhero capes for the stuff our mum's had to endure  
Just heading to the store, no blacks, no Irish and no dogs  
The system's taking course and the most powerful are fraud  
They trap us in estates, won't even educate us boys  
And wonder why we break the law  
This ain't for the culture, it's for the connoisseur  
This ain't for the club, it's for the mandem on the curb  
They're tryna take away our art, how we supposed to earn?  
And express what's in our heart, I beg you

Suck your mother and dad

Look, yep we here, we here  
Landowner got keys here  
Vroom vroom in MB's here  
Pure part to get cheap beer  
Jerk man 'pon the streets ere  
Fish fry and get steam ere  
Rice with our gunga peas ere  
Great grandkids are making G's ere  
We fly back to spend G's there  
Nuff rice so we'll be rich ere  
Then meet the queen but we kings ere  
Got London turn up!

Bare man a wear gloves and collars  
We bring light but darkness follows  
So we cry then laugh tomorrow  
Dry your puddles, mic in the basement  
Had a voice then we parted with the station  
No choice but to fly in the face of  
Bias and hatred, grind 'til you wait in line for the pay checks  
The might for the game is spiteful and heinous  
But my generation, times are a changing  
Die if I cave in, trying our patience  
Lying so blatant trenchifyin' our places  
But minds are awakening, tightening up laces  
To fight in the AM  
But at night, yeah we're raving  
At night, we're raving  
Ice on the brain ting  
[?]  
Selecta

Suck your mother and dad  
If you think niggas just love these drugs and crime  
A million footsteps to make it easy, woah, oh, oh  
It ain't easy to just dry four hundred tears  
Different whip, different chain, different bracelet  
In the field but we still take the same shit  
Get your paper but you don't get complacent  
If we don't hold each other down, we will make it  
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