

Harrow Road

KNEECAP

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen
To this British Airways flight 142A from Belfast to London Heathrow
Journey time is approximately one hour and fifteen minutes

Sin deireadh leis an oíche amach
Ar ais chuig an arásán gan trácht ar Móglai Bap
And so I'm wondering what kinda taxi he got, and where he's at
It all started cos him and Próvai scrapped
All of a sudden mo ghuthán rings
People sa tóir ar Móglai 'bout to do bad things
My phone's about to die, Mo Chara, and so am I
If I get stabbed, 1 to 10, how bad will it sting?
Ansin ciúnas
Fuck sake, don't be doing this
He's never being dramatic
How's he gettin' through this?
Smack bang in London and we're all clueless
So níl dóigh ar bith agaínn cuidiú leis

Hello, sir, what's the emergency?
We've got fuckall to do, so we'll get on it urgently

I'd love to do this myself if I had certainty where I was
But I got a phonecall that is scaring me

Móglai Bap is declared missin'
We were all coked out, never stopped sniffin'
Find my iPhone, laptop, ringin' the copshop
Coked out, so can't stop talkin', but they won't listen
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I'm tryin' to make it back to Harrow Road
But some cunt on my way sent me to High Road
I'm too high though, and my phone died near an hour ago
Might just hijack this fella from Dominos
Tinn tuirseach de m'oíche amach
Is ní de bharr ar fad gur mise Próvai scrapped
Cos he took a half and he's givin' it all that
Dá bhfanfainn I bhfad he'd be gettin' a fuckin' slap
So isteach liom insan Uber
Can't think straight cos been sniffin' loadsa hoover
Can barely get the words out
Where is my own house?
The taxi man was friendly
Then the cunt dropped me at Wembley
Ansin go tobann, beirt fhear ag rith chugam
Ar an ghuthán le Mo Chara, then I had to start runnin'
But I shoulda seen it comin'
5 a.m. in London
My bucket hat, furry coat, full of coke, fuck sake, I'm losin' hope

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Jesus Christ!
Where the fuck is this cunt?
Hah?
These fuckin' peelers aren't doin' fuckall anyway
I'll tell ya that for nothin'
Hold on
I know exactly who to ring

Kneecap, we got gafa thart fá Harrow
Mo Chara, Móglai Bap's paro
Ag iaraidh míniú do na péas lán snaois, I'm stressed
Móglai's runnin' like there's no tomorrow
The police are doin' fuckall
Got to make a quick call
Get the West End king involved
Oracle of London ag teacht anseo

Wrong way down a one-way
I know the score, this ain't Wembley
Tryna run me down, tryna end me
It's been a long night, don't tempt me
I was never tryna hit up Harrow Road
That's too far, I'm from Ladbroke Grove
Grew up in a war like Alamo
Off the grid Guantanamo
I'm just with my bae on the sofa
But I'm hittin' the strip in the Rover
Toxic like melanoma
Low cut rippin' my wrist till it's over
Nah
No assist from the motor
Doin' ten-toes till I'm homeless, long
Can't send nobody, nobody come
No one don't know where I begun
I was never spun or stun or done
God knows what I've become
I'm a ghost in the ether, smoke in my lungs
Drinkin' a litre, rinsin' the funds

Ladies and gentlemen
This is the British Airways flight BI321
We have just landed in Belfast City Airport
Local time is 1:44 PM
The temperature is 12 degrees Celsius
For your safety and comfort, please remain seated
With your seat-belt fastened
Until the captain turns off the 'fasten seatbelt' sign
At this time, you may use your mobile phones if you wish
Thank you