

Aye

Young bull at the top of the block with the white front door and the corner subtle
Cool, but he always in trouble
Why you think his bredrins called him Knuckles?
Ten years old in beef, dad thinks street's takin' over me
Mumsy prayin' for me, but there ain't enough beads on the rosary
Raised by the wolves from young, but still in the jungle like Mowgli
Always up front when the olders speak
So was never as dumb as ones s'posed to be
Twos in the spliff by the lift
It be what it be and it is what it is
They said if I tried it, they wildin'
And kickin' my shit 'cause it isn't for kids
4th floor's where my ting would've lived
If her fam never moved out to Harrow
Her dad was a pastor and marge was parrow
I'd take her daughter off the calm and narrow
Yout with the peppercorn, yeah
I know it seems kinda deep, but they thoughts was shallow
Spent my whole life on the market as the target that they point
they arrows
Control it, then I pass it to Paolo
Young kick abouts on Albert Road
Coach said "Come down to trials"
'Cause I could have got scouted, but I was at home
Or I was outside with the homies
If only I could've advised me now
But even if I was down and out
I still come back to Alpha House