(Yeah, if you're in our clique, if you're in our crew We'll protect you We'll be your homies, we'll be the people you can hang with We'll be like your family, your fam The people that will look after you)

Another fatality in London city

Gang culture vultures will come and swarm

I'll warn ya, my don, the guns are coming

We'll hear the shots and end up running

Solid shooter, straight G, caught in London selling weed

But don't forget the lad's still got a new dog to feed

Though I don't agree

I'm still not sure, rather see them or the police

Kids with bricks and police with guns
You know it's never gonna end well
Hanging round the corner, your mother should've warned ya
Never stay out at these times
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I'd probably rather live on my knees than die on my feet £40.50 ain't worth it
This the matter, guns for life
These young men are really paying the price
Hear it on the news, killers on the loose
See it on the TV, gravedigger's busy
Community pulling out their hair
But these louts, they don't really care about

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Stick-up kids with corner shop replicas
Not that we're bothered, just following America
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