

## Inner London

Shakka

I was born '89, Shola Ama made me  
Head low so the boydem could never see me  
Old bros leave town so they never see me  
Now my neighbourhood don't recognise me  
Inna, inna, inna, inna London, inna London  
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Inna, inna, inna Lond, inna, inna, inna

The spot on Portabello made the sickest Chinese  
Now the one that's taken over makes the shittiest Chinese  
The new neighbours never figured this loud music pays me  
Now there's banging on my door and it goes-  
I don't recognise my neighbours  
I'm sure they don't know me either  
They hardly ever say hi-I-I-I  
And now the rent is getting hi-I-I-I  
But I was born, raised and grown here, yeah, yeah  
Like Carnival, I'm going nowhere, yeah, yeah

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They would lock off grime raves claiming they incite beef  
Now it's all over the place and we're like-  
I don't know who stole my lighter  
Can't rave without my lighter  
It makes a London boy so hi-I-I-igh  
We rave in different shapes and si-I-I-ize  
You naughty gyal when you're well prepared, yeah, yeah  
Like are you really, really from the e-e-ends?

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Man was born up in Peckham on the gully Gloucester  
Went to school with Spencer, Mordecai and Foster  
Beenie Man, Bounty Killer, Biggie Smalls and Busta  
Every day in the jungle with the knuckle duster  
Man had crack inside the basement  
Man got slapped outside that pavement  
R&B outside the station (remember that spot)  
Now my block's all got replacements  
Trendy spots in the jungle, that's their banging venture  
When they should build a youth club or a damn adventure

They don't give a fuck 'bout mandem  
If they could, they'd fucking ban them

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