

(I had, I had)
I had an organic chicken it was shit
As the day played out in the evenings pit
Homeowner man, I'm a family guy
Brex-City roller we do and still die
Less than zero, flat in the head
Lobbing up drugs to get out of us heads
Every fucking week there's another Black Death
Another old man in a robe and that, yeah bleak
Dale Winton, Supermarket Sweep
Feudals got a game too. it ain't as bad
There's a bigger prize and it's called land grab
Have that, oh ta, I think I'll call myself
Lord Bastard of Sir Bast dar dar

Throw a load round, let it rot, on the ground
Throw a load round, let it rot, on the ground

Ain't cuddly what you doing, sod your teddy bear
Sod your little promises nobody fucking cares
Hanging out the back, of the monied few
Lifeless tears for the attentive few
And all at once we will realise
It will happen suddenly
You ain't fucking cuddly

A life sentence down, LOL, what next?
Exorcist puke on my chatty vest
The score of the street past the shops rotting meat
The death of the customer, no meet, no greet
No half time, a full 90 minutes
Screaming shit all the time, shit players
Hair transplants, Leo Sayers
What does million quid a week bring
When your brain can't tell your legs to kick the fucking thing?

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Reduced timetable as the stairs get blocked
At iPhone level, no joke
I draw a tenner out and my fingers get sniffed
On the used 10 pound note's Coke, no joke
Overground and the sites don't encourage good learning
My fingers drop shit
Finger nails are curling
They're fucking gurning
Lob gob, this is our tree but there's no chance
Of reaching the tree top or what

Probably not, as the case may be
Luck is charm, a bracelets arm
Snatching itself back from the wrong palm
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