

# Cunt Make It Up

## Sleaford Mods

You cunt make it up  
Select deep roads channeled, iced gems but code  
What do you buy a ticket for you twat?  
You tried to make a point out of what? You sack  
I saw ya fucking shit singer  
Trying to look like he was studying the bands dinner  
Wannabes never change, it's the wannabe show  
And you always wanna be the same, posy shit  
And leather jacket, motorbikes from the 50's  
You live in Carlton you twat  
You're not Snake fucking Plissken  
Circus band, ran by circus man  
Ran by, no understanding of what it means to write these tunes  
On the highway of fucking artistry  
You're shit, ya look like Rocket from the Crypt  
Meets an old codger with one leg, sat in his prefab  
Hating men, hating the state that sent the poor cunt to war mate  
You're him, you're fucking bleak little worm  
Tryna suck the juice out of a tuna tins

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More green chops, curdle the gravy  
Get ya plate in order  
No locker, no Davy

A pint and grunt, we won't win with a pint and a grunt  
You just gotta look at the horse faced cunt  
Am I bring unintelligent? I don't care  
It's a war you bastards, slash and despair  
Flush 'em out there, ground the family  
The servants scream in delight  
Tyre, tyre, ya wheels on fire  
I'm gonna put a wrestling mask on and stand in front of a mixer  
And start hitting it with a ding dong  
Resort to gimmick, write for the...  
And live on me own in a knackered cottage in Limerick  
Kate Bush did it, she's great  
Music for people with a bit of extra money, mate  
I'm fighting off comedy mods, Les Dawson sods

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