

Peter Peter Peter

Sleaford Mods

What the fuck are you on about, man
Shut the fuck up
Peter Peter Peter
Tough shit

Nothing you can do about the fact that
Me and your ex got with it
She's fit, I'm fit
I'm Brad Pitt
I drop don clones clothes on sharp bones
A masterpiece
Every bird's idea of a classic English rose
Seems to me that if you rock the boat
They pull out the knives
Makes me wonder what the fuck people do with their lives
Bad reputations, they're all the same

Real people penalized by faceless twats in tin boxes
Screaming, "I can't change lanes"
Peter Peter Peter
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G-Star no tar
A Diesel destiny

Now you see it, now you don't
I, Robot you're part of yesterday
You got a woman's walk, Peter
You got a woman's talk, Peter
You're a welcome mat
You're an ugly man
You got a boat race
That defo hasn't gone to plan

Down syndrome chops
With an haircut that looks like a nervous breakdown
Lost the plot
You lost the plot, wanker
You lost the plot, you cuddly piece of piss
Don't shave off any more of your boss's sniff
Your 18-year-old bird ain't gonna be too impressed
Imagine getting shagged by you on that coke angle, grunting
Aw, fuck that

And a spring-summer '07 fitted G-Star vest
Peter Peter Peter
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Keep your fucking nose out
You think it's happy days for me?
You think we've got things worked out?
I just met someone
Fuck knows, I don't know if it's gonna work out

Fuck are you on about, Peter

Have you been for a poo-poo, Peter
Have you been for a poo-poo
Have you been for a poo-poo, Peter
Have you been for a poo-poo
Peter Peter Peter
Peter Peter Peter
Peter Peter Peter
Peter Peter Peter

Oi!