

Top It Up

Sleaford Mods

He's dead
Yeah, he died
Can't your remember?
That's what you're here for
He's dead

I shove it up
I can do it, fit as fuck
Two and a half at a time
Just to make another eight squeeze
And push out big muscles as fuck
Yes, please

No drama
Click in lift it up for the body armor
I ain't yim, these pub dickheads
Lyle and Scott, Adidas wheeze
Tombstone knights around King Arthur's cheese
His dosh, two strokes doctor come here, please

Life down, wings and wheels
I know the roads of fair England now
Airlock, everybody is a fucking cock
Text dead men, burrowed deep in the holes of nationalist dens them men
Spittin' out, two lines on the table
At a fucking funeral for somebody who got sick of two lines on the table

Top it up
At least the DJ's alright
I'm on a buzz
Shove it up
At least the DJ's alright
I'm on a buzz

Shove it up
Shove it up
Shove it up
Shove it up

The shine of the varnished bar
Menu cards, new menu, two meat, piri piri chicken
Ales blend into sleep
Into what?

The rope is your destiny
The silence of the grams
Family don't like no fucker
TASCAM, four-track, the real map, the way out
Ah, fuck that

Give me the key
You want a fucking class tune?
Then here you go then, gravy bum
You can have this one on me

What a nice man
There was nothing nice about the dickhead man

As peel hits the floor
His kids throwing fruit about
'Til she's old enough to break the law

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Shove it up
Shove it up

Take me away from it
I don't wanna go near it
I don't wanna go near it

Take me away from it
I don't wanna go near it
Take me away from it

Take me away from it
I don't wanna go near it
Take me away from it