

## **Streets, The "Has It Come to This?"**

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Has it come to this?  
Original pirate material  
You're listening to The Streets  
Lock down your aerial

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Make yourself at home  
We got diesel or some of that homegrown  
Sit back in yer throne, turn off yer phone  
'Cos this is our zone

Videos, televisions, 64's Playstations  
We're paring with precision, few herbs and a bit of  
Benson  
But don't forger the Rizla, lean like the Tower of Pisa  
Liza, I'll raise her, and this is the day in the life of a  
Geezer

For this ain't a club track, pull out yer sack and sit back  
Whether you white or black, smoke weed  
Chase brown, or toot rock  
We're on a mission, support the cause

Sign a petition, summon all your wisdom  
The Music's a gift from the Man on high  
The Lord and his children  
Triple teen year rude boys

Come rain or snow the boodah flows  
You don't know  
Stand on the corner watch the show  
'Cos life moves slow

Sort yer, shit out then roll  
Sex, drugs n' on the dole  
Some men rise, some men fall  
I hear ya call, stand tall now

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I'm just spitting, think I'm ghetto?  
Stop dreaming, my data's streaming  
I'm giving your bird them feelings  
Touch yer toes and touch the ceiling

We walk the tightrope of street cred  
Keep my dogs fed  
All jungle all garage heads  
Gold teeth, valentinos and dreads

Now, we were verbally slapped up  
Physically tip-top, spinally ripped up  
I do the science on my laptop  
I get my boys mashed up

You're listening to The Streets  
You'll bear witness to some amazing feats  
Bravery in the face of defeat  
All line up and grab yer seat

'Cos Tony's got a new motor  
SR Nova driving like a joyrider  
Speeding to the corner  
Yer mother warned yer to sound system banger

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My underground train runs from Mile End to Ealing  
From Brixton to Boundsgreen  
My spitting's dirty my beats are clean  
So smoke weed and be lean

I step out my yard through the streets  
In the dead heat all I got's my spirit and my beats  
I play fair don't cheat  
And keep the gangsters sweet

Just turn the page, don't rip it out at yer age  
Move to the next stage  
Lock the rage inside the cage  
Like SK it's a New Day

But don't take the shortcut through the subway  
It's pay or play, these geezers walk the gangway  
Deep seated urban decay  
Deep seated urban decay

Rip down posters alight from last weeks big Garage  
night  
And the next Tyson fight  
I cook 'em at ninety degrees fahrenheit  
And don't copy the copyright

I got 'em in my sites, blinding with the lights  
Taken to dizzy new heights  
Blinding with the lights, blinding with the lights  
Dizzy new heights

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