

Streets, The "Who Dares Wins"

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It's who dares wins in the city
Sit pretty
Locked On not Tripoli
Get dressed for the party
As i spit simile after simile

Got the latest Nikes on my feet
The streets merely reflect this bass line and beat
Lock on to 102.6 the streets
Kronenburg double doves and herbs actions speak
louder than words
Get fucked up sat on the curb
Street geezers
Accept me as your own
Let me make myself at home
I just ain't a clone
Still got the monsta boy ring tone though
Raised as a northern star
With a London underground travel card.

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