

## Dizzee Rascal "Graftin'"

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So, what you thinkin' about London City, aye?  
(East London, ghetto, West London, ghetto)  
What you think you know?  
(North London, ghetto, South London, ghetto)  
Big Ben tells the time  
(Stand up, stand up, yeah)

Above the London roads the holy ground, grind  
Young hustlers, we graft all the time non-stop, UK war  
Maybe I'll find you there for myself  
(You hear me)  
You know what I'm sayin'?

Yo, as I hustle in the city for a paper stack  
Lord knows, I got the devil on my back  
It's a cold world, I gotta stay on track  
Dog eat dog, others gain if you lack

In the LDN where I learnt to attract  
Clacka, I can show you where it's at  
First things first, get a block and a flat  
Next up, get a black hoodie in a hat

Livin' in the Big Brother's cameras' view  
Keep an eye out for the boys in blue  
Straight five years gettin' caught, that's you  
Sittin' in the cell still wondering who

Couldn't keep quiet, now you on a diet  
Mash potato, cauliflower and stew  
Pissed off with not a lot to do  
And the word on the street don't ever seem new

And none of it will ever seem true  
Endless hype, who do you believe?  
Will it relieve the loneliness at night?  
Remain deceived if you're convinced it might

You know for well, what the streets are like  
Few more Mercs, couple more Rangers  
Other than that not a lot else changes

Sky looks grey in London City  
We stay graftin' 'cause we're gritty  
Hustle, hustle constantly  
Hustle, hustle constantly

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I used to roll money up against the wall  
Never did wanna play hopscotch  
Now I'm pennyhole parkin', laughin'  
'Cause I'm back in the white man's clutches

And I've been doin' this since Tamagotch  
I G.I Joe any boy in my face  
Invadin' my space or cling on the stuff  
Bring it on star, watch

By the end of the hours of the clock  
I'll end your days, you'll think I'm crazed  
When I'll give you the midnight rock  
End of sentence, full stop

Now, what you gonna say about that?  
I'll put all your plans in a knot  
Make you put all your mind's on the spot  
I'm probably everything that you're not

I'm totally mad, you've lost the plot  
To even consider gettin' me caught  
Carried off to a hospital, block and shock  
On the table ready to operate, never me

I dictate and delegate who's heavyweight  
I'm king of the ring  
Make moves in any state  
LDN, we do our thing

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Hustle, hustle constantly  
Hustle, hustle constantly

Sky looks grey in London City  
We stay graftin' 'cause we're gritty  
Hustle, hustle constantly  
Hustle, hustle constantly

Damn right, yeah, you're damn right

Young hustlers, London City, stand up  
LDN, they know us in the world  
You know our time is  
I swear [Incomprehensible] all teacups

To enter the four bucks, is Buckingham Palace  
I'ma show you how gritty it is out here  
You gonna know, you gonna understand  
It's Dizzee Rascal solo, yo, I'm here, what?  
Ghetto UK style up

[Incomprehensible] Dizzy Ras, Gizza Bell sayin'  
I'ma back, swear to you

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