

Eminemmylou

"Fuck Tha Fuckin' Lot Of Yas"

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Brighton male hip hop, yeah,
like monkeys up a tree
Swinging apes with mouths agape
and zero poetry
Cliche after boring, their rhymes
soon get you snoring
They got no fight, their beats are lite
They scratch like kittens in the nite
Brighton male hip hop, yeah, so fuckin' whattery
Brighton male hip hop,
nah, it's not good for you or me
It just appeals to one or two guys,
all of 'em lobotomized
Or so they fuckin' should be
But hey, give 'em the benefit
of the doubt,
they can't rap or rhyme or do fuck owt,
they can't even get a mofo job but
They're good at opening their big phat
gob
Brighton male hip hop, yeah,
who'd want to go see 'em
Their crowds are sparse,
no-one can bear 'em
Their audience has to be dragged in
by a hearse
(poor fuckin' punters, please spare 'em)
They just love each other,
male Brighton hip hop crews

They scratch each other's backs,
and screw each others trews
Brighton male hip hop, nah,
I'm giving it a miss
Slipjam B is the death of kiss, the death
of life and all good stuff
You go there once, and think blimey
enough's enough
Where's the soul, where's the style,
where's originality?
But hey they're babies, they've still
got their virginity

Can they help but wank around with all
that bum fluff mucking up the sound
Non conformists, my arse, they're so
staid they make you weep
Boring after cliché, their lyrics make you
not only sleep
but wanna creep into a coffin jezus did these guys go
to school
or did they just stay hom sick coughing, being coddled
by their mamas,
'cause their command of language is
worse than Norfolk farmers
Ooh aarrhh, ooh aaarh eh, Brighton
male hip hop they got fuck all to say
(Thats right!)

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