

Jamie Stevens

"Alicia Quays"

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Alicia Quays
Mothers talk to you like nothing is better
Than you going out on a Tuesday
Well I'm not sure what to do
But man I swear man I'm slavin' far away
An' why is it that always on the weekend, no-one ever
about to shout
Are people working too hard, or drinking too hard?
As a matter of fact I'm never quite sure.
A-blaze it down & pull yourself up
Pull yourself right to the hook shook man crooks
Never go nowhere with me cos I'm all on my own no
pity
Spit like guilty minds in the sermon movin around of
this place like you never did learn them
I shake myself down
And rattle myself out
And put myself on the line to dry
And why is it New Years Eve is always shit?
Dontcha know what i mean man, deal with it
It's always just the way we're rolling
Your girl's that fucked off on Smirnoff Ice
I think once, twice or thrice
Never makes no difference to me
A skinny little white runt with head lice
Never been better than money never been aw at least
startin to see it
I've always been around this town
Since the first day I was born
An' i've been losing frequencies and losing sound and
losing everything and I squandered it all and
I've been hit up I've been around
I've been in the council since the first day in town
An' I've still been beating, cheating, falling to the floor
when kids are bickering.
I've been a-bleeding, I've been a-losing
Where were you when i thought what I'm choosing
And if you aint better
A lala listen up don't stress cos I start man impress ya
And if you aint losing
Then you aint grooving.....

I'll still be down here on my own send your girl over
She has a complete and utter chance with me
I've been over, I've been over
You've been down, you've been down
Now I've been up but I'm movin'
All around the town all around and around
I've been grooving
I've been losin'
I've been alright choosin'
And now I'm back for the challenge
Oh the challenge and I want some more
Now I'm on my train
Life in the fast lane, never gave me no game
And then the man says "wakey wakey it's mornin' time
on the northern line"
I'm alright bowling straight up to camden
All the way from North Faringdon
I'm gonna make sure I'll be tired and i realise that's
inticing the right to
One stone so
An' too much dough
And in my mind I've been sniffin up too much blow
And now I'm thinkin' "aw I'll never"
I sever it up before I think about forever and I
Chat it back to the people I used to know
Kick it back cos I'm rolling it solo
A whynot what's to do?
A no-one really knows me cos no-one is as cool
Uh
I chat it back like you've never been a theif
I'm a thriller
Licence to kill double-seven I'm a killer
Killer killer
You want a killer? Never know me, ha.
It's all that chat back an too much to the liver an'
I kick it back like a bitch slap right to myself in the
mirror
Kick it back thinner
Maybe my shirt don't fit no more
A hardcore man think he can fight up the law
Shackled to the tenants
Now he never work no more on the floor
Dedication to why all
Now I see back to the further
Now it comes back looser than ever
Some kids they think an' get better
Think they're trend setters but they're never
pacemakers
What am I?
What am I?
What am i in my own dear eyes?

A-what am I?
What am I?
What am I in my own dear eyes?
What am I?
What am I?
What am I in my own dear eyes?
I've said so much what am I what am i what am I makes
no sense
No mo-o-o-ore, mo-o-ore ah-oh mo-o-o-ore ooooh
What am I oh-ow-oh well I don't awwwww...etc...
Wheee an a dumdumday.
Uh uh uh uh
'S like a march in here
From the left to the right
Come on and stomp your feet
Uh uh uh uh
'S like a march in here
Come on and stomp your feet
X 3
Some kids they're chilling on corners
Out of order I think they'd all be better
T' tie their laces, rat races, hit the pages
Write yer own books & write yer own spell checkers
I'm on a better man chillin' in my own room
Assume to accumelate shake whaserdate
Drink it down much quicker
A glug glug glug on my liquor and I feel much better
Talk to me about violence
Never know me I sit further in silence
An' when I drink it down I drink it up
It fills my body and I feel fresher
I tick up the tester
Regulator
I'm a true man, shootin', lootin' now I'm presuming
That everyone I know in here
Ah the dedication, my name ah J-T an' I
Roll it down roll it down
Who wants to get themselves up?
Who's goin'a her's?
I'll get it in louder
Ha
Your fingers
An' can you smell that it lingers?
She's a fat bitch but I'd still give her.....one.
I'm a cheeky son
Where they from?
Ha - you bet they're from London
Face it
Ah-la-da-da-da-da ah
That's me finished...
See you later

Ciao Bella.

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