

## **Lady Sovereign "Blah Blah"**

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Make way for the S O V

I say first priorities, it just cost me  
At Maccy D's at about half three  
What you munching on?  
Quarter-pounder with cheese?  
Chatting about me and Billyes

Now S O V, you wish  
S O V, can't speak  
S O V, just quit  
Whatever don't talk with your mouth full

That's alright discussing me  
It's all publicity  
Even if it's not costing me  
You're still dashing my name around the city

It's all good though  
Blup, blup publicity for free  
White midget, a huh mine fright  
Somebody just dialed my digits

Is it for your man?  
Is it?  
Ha, flatter for the way  
That you use your credit

If you go say I'm nobody  
Well, if I'm nobody then why are you ringing me?  
You drained your credit that's filling it  
While my style, you's you're not feeling it?

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah  
In one ear and it comes straight out the other  
Repeating yourself like you are a star  
Live for your mother like reh reh reh rah

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah  
All your words in my brain are turning into clutter  
Repeating yourself like you are a star  
Live for your mother like reh reh reh rah

Your people want to classify me as an Eminem  
What hear? What I'm a different kind of specimen  
Just because I be a white Caucasian  
Doesn't mean me and him are the same

Because one I'm not American, two I'm not a man  
Three I come into with a different kind of plan  
Setting the facts straight 'cause I know that I can  
Will it ever wait 'cause I do the ultravan?  
Categories I don't fit into any  
Why? I'm onto top the stars many  
Writing out more lines than Bur berry  
Then it will be like a victim of 20

Make them lick my saliva off the floor  
That spit that's bad  
When I walked in the door  
Release my metaphor like O' Blimey

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I know you know most about me over your Sunday roast  
Or mid-morning cheese on toast  
But when I found out you're talking  
It's all different you start squawking

S O V, I never said that  
S O V, you know you ain't white  
S O V, I love your track  
Well, what the f\*\*\* you want b\*\*\*\*\* a pound in the  
bank?

I'm varying 'cause I'm soon to be best friends  
From best friends comes the next Blahbarian  
Let me only start caring  
When you're preparing the new rhythm

Now everyday the kids wearing  
And oh God, I got posh people swearing  
The rich, the poor, the snobs, the whores  
Oh, dear Blahbarians galore

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