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The 4-Skins "Plastic Gangsters"

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I come from south London I think I'm cool
I wear a cheap crombie and that's about all
I go down the pub with all the lads
Their wearing their chains that they got from their dads
But all I got was a rotten cheap chain
My wife's got in debt with the club book again

I'm a plastic gangster They call me a crown and anchor

I asked one of my mates to get me some books About the East End their gangs and their crooks I bought a cheap car from one of the lads He got it cheap from his car dealing dad I'm in my new car, I'm driving it home The next thing I know the engine has blown

I went down the West End, the local was drag
I had to pay a tenner to go with some bag
I took her home to her place I gave her some stick
The next thing I know the old bag was sick

I stay at home on Thursdays, minders on TV I'm learning Cockney rhyming slang of to a tee So when I go out on Fridays I know what to say I wish I was like Arthur and get my own way.

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