

## Skinnyman "Council Estate Of Grime"

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Lying back in the flats in the council estate  
feeling oh so great.  
I know you couldn't wait,  
Skinnyman,  
Council estate of mind,  
Council estate of grime,  
Listen,

F.U.C.K. the H.O.O.K,  
F.U.C.K. the H.O.O.K,

I could've brought them a council estate of mind  
But it would've been seen some as a waste of time,  
Sitting in the wastelands gettin' a taste of crime,  
I love the ends and trust I love the grime,  
'Cos I know that I'm here for my space in time,  
I've got my dreams and my hopes and I'm chasing mine,  
How many man do I know facing time,  
Sat up in the jail cells chasing lines  
Because of cocaine or heroin,  
Road is going on worse than its ever been,  
No escape from what them man are meddling,  
Kids on mountain bikes are drugs peddling  
I'm not an OG, I'm not a veteran,  
I'm not beneath anybody nor better than,  
Anybody in the struggle here next to me,  
But I can't say that I don't get vexed to see  
Man spend their hard earnt cash on the champagne,  
They've got kids with hunger pains,  
Baby mums at home 'tryna maintain,  
Scared to send the kids outside in the rain  
Without no shoes or no coat,  
'Aint no joke,  
Got bills and I'm so broke,  
Tryed eating humble pie,  
Had to swallow the pie to the point I had no hope,  
Whether you get drunk or roll dope,  
You all know theres never no fight without no smoke,  
Some of us might make it through,  
The rest of us are left for dead like the old folk.

F.U.C.K. the H.O.O.K,

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F.U.C.K. the H.O.O.K,  
F.U.C.K. the H.O.O.K,

Don't worry kids I'm back,

F.U.C.K. the H.O.O.K,

And I've got your back.

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