

## Skinnyman

### "Council Estate Of Mind"

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Talkin' 'bout the science of social deprivation  
From 'ere to wherever in the council estates the mans  
is strugglin'.

The poor lower working class.

Blud, you got to sleep round here and have  
nightmares,  
Wake up and find the worst reality is right there.  
The difference is, in my dream's I'm always runnin'  
scared,  
But in reality, on road, I'm comin' prepared.  
So now who's gonna wanna run up and become a  
gonner?  
Everybody's gonna wanna get us, but they're on a  
longers.  
I'm still out to get the same cats from last summer,  
But man can't see them again,  
It's like they've done a runner.  
I'm still in the same mannon, on the same number  
And everybody knows where I'm at and what I'm under,  
I'm in the same slums, raisin' the funds.  
In the city where the yute man are blazin' the guns.  
Just look how this United Kingdom has come,  
Within the council estates where man'll fight over  
crumbs,  
We got young single parent mums,  
Havin' the hardest time tryn'a survive for their  
daughters and their sons  
Be comin' out their yutes, cause their yutes are left out  
there,  
Raised on the ways of these streets without care.  
Now we're havin' our fair share of gun warefare  
And it's all gone nuts and that's just cause it's poor  
here.  
People want more here,  
We're all on the floor here,  
It's raw here, can't even sleep and ignore here,  
Cause life's kinda militant,  
Stuck in the grime,  
Nothin's equivillent to this council estate of mind.

We know that we have been living our lives through the  
hardest times,  
Still we know that we must keep up the faith in our  
hearts and minds.

I live amongst smashed syringes,  
Squatters' doors hangin' off the hinges,  
Hookers lookin' money for Bobby, shottin' their minges.  
Leavin' used condoms out on the staircases,  
Next to the broken pipes that's left by the Base Heads.  
Local estate heads, have grown up to hate Feds,  
Kids with no helmets drivin' round on some bait peds.  
Abandoned cars are at the bottom of the block,  
So when it's pissin' down,  
Kids have got a place to plot,  
To cotch and blaze pot,  
And watch this whole spot,  
Full up of lost souls with no goals who get left to rot.  
And what, I don't expect you to ever comprehend is  
Why (Wottal?) Atkin's so self defensive.  
The neighbourhood shotters have all seen what it's  
comin' to.  
Local coppers on patrol are boppin' with a gun too.  
So anyone could bun you,  
Leave and desert you.  
How long they gonna mourn you when somebody  
mercs you?  
Tryin' not to get shift when shiftin' your work true  
When you wanna shift there ain't nowhere to splurt to.  
The stakes are high, still the best get placed.  
Tryn'a find how sweet success might taste.  
In a place where everybody is tryin' to flex.  
Nobody's really gettin' anywhere,  
So everybody's vexed,  
Livin' life kinda militant,  
Stuck in the grime,  
Nothin's equivillent to this council estate of mind.

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hardest times,  
Still we know that we must keep up the faith in our  
hearts and minds.

So these are lyrics for my people,  
Livin' on the streets who,  
Know they ain't got nuttin' else to retreat to.  
If you gettin' food next man'll wanna eat you,  
Pure, bad beefs just to get to delete you.  
So many man nowadays are so see-through,  
Beware of their deceitful ways when the greet you.  
Those who feel it know it because they've been

through,  
Times when their friends wanna switch up to beat you.  
I never used to see it but,  
Now I got a clear view,  
Don't let no bad minded heads try get near you.  
If they're not on your level they'll never hear you  
Ain't no time to be shaken or fearful.  
If you've been through, some of this evil that we do,  
A hundred Hail Mary's ain't enough to redeem you.  
All of my long time friends are crack fiends,  
Who have gone too far, but still say they didn't mean  
too.  
Does alleviation through base and crack relieve you?  
Everybody's losin' their mind  
And even me too.  
Step into my world if you wanna catch a preview,  
But don't tell a soul, cause they just won't believe you.  
The life's kinda militant,  
Stuck in the grime,  
Nothin's equivillant to this council estate of mind.  
Life's kinda militant,  
Stuck in the grime,  
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