

Blak Twang "Real Estate"

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Yeah, yeah. Tanner's Hill in your area, ya nah mean?
It's gettin' scarier.

The real estate.

[Livin' in the area]

Follow the ride...

Verse 1

Oi! I'm in the house like a squatter, my gate's in New
Cross

Home of the original muggers, psychopathic nutters

And plain clothes undercover, crazy trainspotters

With grass cutters and choppers, eatin' sens' for
supper

My premises is like the Nemesis at Alton Towers

Where chickens and cowards only get bloodbaths for
showers

Dreads devour punanny punks by the hour

Sweet or sour, it's about respect, money and power

I live in SE8 on the run-down estate

With the highest unemployment rate and crime rate

My mind state reflects my manor, speak ghetto
grammar

I used to rap at Black Hammer in my black bandana

And uh, on my estate I see love and hatred

You never know who's your bredren and who ain't your
mate, dread

This is the reason that I trust no-one

White or black, break in my flat and get your neck
snapped

While you're out graftin' for all your hard-earned
pounds sterlin'

And dollar bills, man's drummin' your yard for your
valuables

Your Bally shoes, down to the bottle of Malibu in your
cupboard

Burglars'll leave you buggered for your chicken
nuggets

Daylight robbery means exactly that

I've seen nuff man gettin' taxed and drapes for their
papes

No escape, my estate is like Planet of the Apes

Where Puffa jackets with hoods replace the black capes

Chorus

(It's like that) When you're livin' in the area

(It's like this) When you're livin' in the area

(It's like that) When you're livin' in the area

[Livin' in the area] On the real estate

(It's like that) When you're livin' in the area

(It's like this) When you're livin' in the area

(It's like that) When you're livin' in the area

[Livin' in the area] On the real estate

Verse 2

My environment contains scenes of graphic violence

Single-parental guidance means more sirens

Joyridin' with no provisional licence

Leaves cars capsizin' and more moments of silence

It's hell where I dwell, it ain't hard to smell

Some youths even sell drugs outside my doorbell

Welcome to the real estate where everything is lethal

People lookin' medieval, peepin' from curtains to see
you

Illegal transactions makin' money, no taxin'

Income Support, can't afford food for thought

How could they expect your dole cheques to stretch for
two weeks?

Tellin' people to Jobseek? I tell 'em kiss my butt cheeks

Most brains around my way won't even stay in school

They'd rather be in a cafe burnin' and playin' pool

Displayin' tools, disobeyin' rules and that

Makin' moves, bobbin' and weavin', robbin' and thievin'
jewels

Repeat chorus

Verse 3

Now some rest in peace, so let peace rest in you

But it's all about survival when you're livin' in the zoo

On the streets of South-East, reside with the beasts

Roam with creeps preyin' on defenceless OAP's

I walk around with a frown, I've got no time to be bound

And if you get tied down it could leave you with tears of
a clown

Pound-for-pound I hold my own against the odds

Average bods shoot drugs but that shit's only for mugs

Amphetamines litter my staircase, spliffs litter my lifts

Bloody needles and shit in the pool of piss

This is the present state of most estates, mate, and it's
unpleasant

Sounds depressin'? Shhh, listen what I'm stressin'

I'll take you on a guided tour, south of the border

Home of the poorer drug scorer holdin' the borer

Irrational ignorant fools with nothin' to lose

Ghetto bastards get plastered, mixin' whisky with
brews

Repeat chorus

Outro

Yeah, yeah... Stockwell Park
Estate...Stonebridge...Broadwater Farm...

Baskerville residents...Tanner's Hill...

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