

Plan B "Missing Links"

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Look out my front door, what do I see,
Another likkle yoot on the street shottin weed,
It wont be too long before that yoot is shottin smack,
Sellin heroin to his bredrins and dat,
Makin fast cash, thinkin he's goin places,
And he will be straight after the court cases,
He thought the streets would bring him glamour and
fame,
But now he's locked up and noone remebers his name,
(Cos you know) it's alright just how easily people are
forgotten,
One minute your heading for the top,
You don't ever look like stoppin,
Then suddenly you find yourself right back at the
bottom,
Thas life though, and so's gettin cut with a knife so,
Watch your step if you don't wanna get blood on your
nikes bro,
'Cos these streets will have you up when you least
expect it,
You say you don't fear death but you know you respect
it

[Chorus]

Time is missing links,
Chuckin you right back in,
Feels like somethings missing, yea
Time is missing links,
Chuckin you right back in,
Feels like somethings missing, yea

I've seen my best friends cry,
I've seen my best friends die,
I've had my best friends lie about how there doin fine,
I've had so many best friends in my time,
And most of them I've lost to smokin white lines,
I aint no stranger to drugs I've had my fair share,
Had my head up in the clouds like a fucking care bare,
Chattin all dat raah care, yea I'm jus experimentin,
MDMA LSD amphetimins, all da rest of dat shit dat goes
wid it,

Why is it everyone who does drugs finks they know
everyting dere is to know about life already,
Jus by sittin on their setee doing drugs infront of the
telly,
Finkin there heavy, 'cos dey live their lives like dat,
High on crack what sort of fucking life is dat?
Whatever happend to your dreams and aspirations
blud,
Now the highlight of your day is masturbation blud,

[Chorus]

Time is missing links,
Chuckin you right back in,
Feels like somethings missing, yea
Time is missing links,
Chuckin you right back in,
Feels like somethings missing, yea

You only end up in the gutter, if you live your life on the
curb,
Or if you choose to take it one step further then the
herb,
The shit is gettin worse, it's always been like this,
Lifes a game of give an take an people take the right
piss,
I've seen a most self-righteous a man fall off the
wagon, and start chasing the dragon,
It's funny how now there the ones with the problem,
Look how much their big fuckin mouths have gone and
cost them,
Used to be the type that looked down on man,
Now their inhaling toxins through a biro and,
It's ironic don't you think that 5 years back the same
cats are now on crack,
They didn't even used to drink now there the missing
links,
In the world of wasted talent, could of been great now
there just making up the balance,
Musicans, artists, writers, authours, Gymnasts athletes
footballers,
Bare peeps I used to know that could of turned pro now
the only game they play is the one on road,
Wether it be drug pushin shopliftin or prostitution,
Some sort of instution seems like the only solution,
Stop the manour lookin like some kinda mardi gradis,
This guy cause on the corner askin if you wanna party,
It's narsty, drivin through the ends it's like a safari,
Don't get out of your car unless you got crackhead
kamakazi (kamakazi)

[Chorus]

Repeat x2

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