

Anto And Finton

"Gerrup Outta That"

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Yo , yo, yo

Anto, story boys...

My fro can grow,
I know.

So gerrup outta that.

Dutch gold, I am told,
Is old.

So gerrup outta that.

5 roach, 9 jokes,
No jokes.

Drinkin, boozing, suburuzing,
Is what I do.

So gerrup outta that.

12 years of school,
It'a a loada bollocks.
12 minutes to rob me new cars hydraulics.

Ripping down the motorway looking for Mullingar,
Stopped for a drink and ended up with a bar.

Munching and cruising,
Smoking and boozing,
Fucked off me face remincising of Susan.
I'm quite an ugly prick,
So I'm not one for choosing.

Beggars can't be choosers,
So I take what I get.

Currently, me bird.
A 20 stone vet,
With a set so big,

They'd smother you to death!

I once slapped a granny,
With a dirty saggy fanny.
She told me she was 30 and her first name was Annie.

She gave whopper head cause she took her teeth out,
But the dirtiest thing was her feet in me mouth!
Toenails orange,
And crooked as fuck.
To trust my luck,
Me dick'd get stuck.

An unlucky basterd,
A fucking distater,
But at the drinking,
I'm the master.

Blackcurrent vodka,
Malibu and coke.
Nod ya heads and just tock on ya smoke.

****Finton****

Designer clothes, drama shows, bravo!

Gerrup outta that.

Viennetta, polo sweaters, playing checkers.

Gerrup outta that.

My best friend wears Ralph Lauren, and drives a Benz.

Gerrup outta that.

Private yachts, lots of dosh, but I'm not posh?!?!

Gerrup outta that.

4 years in Blackrock,
Then I went to Congo's.
I'm smoking pot,
But it's not as if my mom knows.
Went to Morocco,
Daddy bought me bongo's.
Now I drink Strongbow and snort coke up my long nose.

My bird's always on the beach in a bikini,
While I'm making a pot of tea with a panini.
I hope that one day I'll lose my virginity.

And just last year I graduated from Trinity.

I thought Vinnie Jones was great in Lock Stock,
I wish I knew a bloke like that from Foxrock.

Fresh out of d4,
Money I see more.
Like to go shopping with my main man, Egor.

We go to Marks and Spencers,
Park the cars.
Then whip out mom and dad's Barceley cards.

It's like riding a bike,
Or flying a kite.
And I'm a pure breed Southsider for life,
Roysh!

(Finton) That's right.

(Anto) Shut your mouth ya fucking eejit.

(Finton) You go back to wherever you came from. You
petty commoner.

(Anto) Get get away with all ya fucking money. State of
ya. Ya, ya fucking eejit, ya.

(Finton) Yeah, well, yeah well I drive nicer cars and
wear nicer clothes then you.

(Anto) Yeah well I rob cars, ya Bollocks!

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