

Streets

"Has It Come To This?"

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Original Pirate Material
Yer listening to the streets
Lock down your aerial
Make yerself at home
We got diesel or some of that homegrown
Sit back in yer throne, turn off yer phone
Cos this is our zone
Videos, televisions, 64's Playstations
We're paring with precision
Few herbs and a bit of Benson
But don't forger the Rizla,
Lean like the Tower of Pisa
Liza, I'll raise yer,
And this is the day in the life of a Geezer
For this ain't a club track
Pull out yer sack and sit back
Whether you white or black
Smoke weed, chase brown
Or toot rock
We're on a mission, support the cause
Sign a petition, summon all your wisdom
The Music's a gift from the Man on high
The Lord and his children
Triple teenyear rudeboys
Come rain or snow the boodah flows
You don't know?
Stand on the corner watch the show
Cos life moves slow
Sort yer shit out then roll
Sex, Drugs 'n' On The Dole
Some men rise, some men fall
I hear ya call, stand tall now
Has it come to this?
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Your listening to the streets
Lock down your aerial
I'm just spitting, think I'm ghetto?
Stop dreaming, my data's streaming
I'm giving your bird them feelings
Touch yer toes and touch the ceiling
We walk the tightrope of street cred
Keep my dogs fed, all jungle all garage heads

Gold teeth, valentinos and dreads
Now, we were verbally slapped up
Physically tip-top, spinally ripped up

I do the science on my laptop, get my boys mashed up
Your listening to The Streets
You'll bear witness to some amazing feats
Bravery in the face of defeat
All line up and grab yer seat
Cos Tony's got a new motor
SR Nova driving like a joyrider
Speeding to the corner
Yer mother warned yer to sound system banger
Has it come to this?
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Your listening to The Streets
Lock down your aerial
My underground train runs from Mile End to Ealing
From Brixton to Boundsgreen
My spitting's dirty my beats are clean
So smoke weed and be lean
I step out my yard through the streets
In the dead heat all I got's my spirit and my beats
I play fair don't cheat
And keep the gangsters sweet
Turn the page, don't rip it out at yer age
Move to the next stage
Lock the rage inside the cage,
Like SK it's New Day
But don't take the shortcut through the subway
It's pay or play, these geezers walk the gangway
Deep seated urban decay, deep seated urban decay,
Rip down posters alight
From last weeks big Garage night
And the next Tyson fight
I cook em at 90 degrees fahrenheit
And don't copy the copyright
I got em in my sites, blinding with the lights
Taken to dizzy new heights
Blinding with the lights, blinding with the lights
Dizzy new heights
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