

Sway "Photographer"

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[Sway: Talking]

Somewhere in Kensington. Life as photographer, as i sit here in my studio apartment cans of red bull evrywhere haha (yawns) Goodmorning England, This is my life i'm a photographer. For the tabloids, the magazines. Dcypha..

[Verse 1:]

Yawnin early mornin, break of dawn im messed up, stressed
im addicted to women, im thinkin of dickin while starin at cigarette butts, went to the kitchen took 2 tablets wit a glass of coke, did a couple of press ups, gave up had a bath then dressed up
im out of the way, by the way i go by the name of photographer exhibit A, n im played by sway
come follow me 4 tha day, the time is 11 hundred hours approximatly ms beckham is about to take her shower,
im starin with a grin, shes so thick yet so thin cudnt work out sums in the classroom yet a genius in the gym. Shes the subject of the scribble in my margin, imagine if it was me b4 him, brooklyn could've been called cardiff
i ponder wit da hardest, lrection, I reckon with the right, direction she could succeed as a soho artist, sorry i ment solo artsist, Sorry steve somebodys cumin we've gotta leave

[Chorus:]

Im a photographer, watch me watchin u, as i watch u washin, ooo. you can feel im watchin u, but wen u turn round u see nuthin, im i over here am i over there, am i to ur front or am i to ur rear.
Even if theres objects blocking i aint stoppin watching u

[Verse 2:]

Everbody knows me, my camera is my codey im keepin it low key my pockets stay bulky, u can lock ur door as many times u want if i wanna be in ur house i don't need no key. When vanessa felts lonely i was there I seen Danny Bear the exchange is fair i pay them the

visit they pay me the mon-ey i watched kylie minoques
down under slowly. I think donna wanna come up 4 air,
like jordan slamming the career of Liz Hurley (Shut Up
Bitch)

As i squat behind gates that aint pearly i spot alotta
fings dat rly dnt concern me.

In a cafe around the corner from cilla blacks house, i
see a male thats probly 60 odd loggin on 2 tha internet,
hes in a chatroom typin out his number, n his username
is sugababe, n hes pm n mr summers

[Chorus:]

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washin, ooo. you can feel im watchin u, but wen u turn
round u see nuthin, im i over here am i over there, am i
to ur front or am i to ur rear.

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[Verse 3:]

See i've seen Davinas own house n shes no mary
poppins, ive held subliminal conversations with gabby
roslins goblins, watched Emma Bunton gobblin down
spotted dicks, spotted me, squatted quick whistled like
i wasn't watchin it

i dream a scene of savin mermaids, i dream of seein
zoe with a mouthful of 2 versions of her surname(balls)
imagine the salary if i snapped Ali G, Blair, Beckham n
Bush givin Dido the battery.

I hope no one sees me, i jus spotted chris evans walkin
with a man that looks like billy, beatin up seville if i take
a blurry picture they mite think its her, little evidence is
all i need realy.

Behind the TT i jus spotted a Trisha look alike strokin
her cat deeley n cannibilisin a wheely? Falacio,
Huracio, cos 1 in 3 readers will believe me.

You can call me sleezy, your the one that wants to see
robin ridin red hood, so im givin back to the needy. Im
doin it for the girls im doin it for the guys, with one
track minds n right hand drives, the medias full of lies
that u want us to tell, cos u tell us to tell em, cos u tell
em yourself.

Now its gettin dark im signin off my day is done, Sway
aka photographer for the sun.

[Sway: Talking]

Now, im going back to my studio apartment, with my
camera full of dirty pictures n im goin to sell them to
the sun, the telegraph n everybody haha. I need to buy
some read bull, so i can do it all agian tomorrow, rise n
shine (now only on a weekday) Photographer shout
outs to paul hinch.

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