

## Sway

### "Products"

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From the big big big big smoke to the big big big big  
apple,  
Whether you drink drink drink drink coke or sip sip sip  
sip Snapple,  
From the Capital to capital I'm trying to get that capital,  
Until my name's up in bright lights and capitals,  
In the big big big big city, it's a bit bit bit bit crazy,  
Where babies are having babies that grow up and rob  
old ladies,  
I've been on the hustle daily trying to get rap to pay  
me,  
Cause working in gap or Sainsbury's ain't gunna get  
that Mercedes  
Born in the eighties in London but African raised,  
And I've dreamed of packing those raves since back in  
the days, it's  
Dreams,  
In the classroom banging on tables till the teacher  
says,  
Derek sit back and behave  
It seems in my 22 years so much has happened  
But I'm still progressing, bank balance going up per  
annum,  
But when you're doing rapping Charlie, seems to take a  
shooting or stabbing  
To go platinum Charlie,  
I ain't gunna let that happen Charlie.

[Chorus:]

City life I love you  
Even though the skies are grey,  
I'll never place no place above you,  
People trying to hustle every night and day,  
Some are living the high life,  
Under the bright lights,  
While others get high and throw their lives away,  
And every night I pray that I don't go insane  
And end up just another product of the city

It's a bit bit bit bit crazy up in the big big big big smoke,  
If you're a lil lil bit bit lazy you'll end up a lil lil bit bit

broke,  
Overseas it seems british folk are known for sniffing  
coke,  
Being quick witted, and wicked rich and sitting in  
boats,

So every time I travel abroad I've gotta set the records  
straight,  
And represent for all the people who can't afford to  
flipping go,  
I'm just an ordinary bloke amongst all these different  
strokes,  
Trying to stay afloat without doing no fraud or dealing  
dope,  
Street lights, street life, all a flipping joke,  
But I've come up a bit, had a good heart that  
toughened up a bit,  
Look in the mirror kissed the good guy good bye,  
Then exchanged my pucker-up lips for a stiff upper lip,  
Little rob's jacking, watch him hold'em up with arms,  
Kids are getting killed round these sides  
And certain role models ain't doing jack but holding up  
their arms,  
And that's just to do peace signs-these times are crazy

[Chorus]

No place for the weak every race is chasing paper  
seven days of the week,  
And the streets just sound like music, 'cause kids care  
recording criminal  
Records- the police are the beat  
The steaks are high and everybody wants to eat  
Youths use weapons as ladders to step up on these  
high streets,  
Equals violence, then comes the violins,  
Then comes the sirens, then comes the silence,  
Life's the best teacher and I'm trying to study hard,  
So I can graduate up into the upper class  
Front line like queen latifah in set it off,  
Take notes like a bank robber in a rubber mask,  
Frontline like Chiefa we take while others ask,  
Duct tape the rap game, rape the pop world,  
Make off take another path, maybe politics,  
No mate don't take that for another laugh,

[Chorus]

