Plan B, ill Manors

Let's all go on an urban safari we might see some illegal migrants Oi look there's a chav, that means council housed and violent He's got a hoodie on give him a hug, on second thoughts don't you don't wanna get mugged Oh shit too late that was kinda dumb whose idea was that...stupid... He's got some front, ain't we all, be the joker, play the fool What's politics, ain't it all smoke and mirrors, April fools All year round, all in all just another brick in the wall Get away with murder in the schools use four letter swear words coz we're cool We're all drinkers, drug takers every single one of us buns the herb Keep on believing what you read in the papers council estate kids, scum of the earth Think you know how life on a council estate is, from everything you've ever read about it or heard, Well it's all true, so stay where you're safest there's no need to step foot out the 'burbs Truth is here, we're all disturbed we cheat and lie its so absurd Feed the fear that's what we've learned Fuel the fire. Let it burn.

Oi! I said Oi!

What you looking at you little rich boy! We're poor 'round here, run home and lock your door, don't come 'round here no more, you could get robbed for Real (yeah) because my manors ill

My manors ill

For real

Yeah you know my manors ill, my manors ill!

You could get lost in this concrete jungle new builds keep springing up outta nowhere Take the wrong turn down a one way junction find yourself in the hood nobody goes there We got an Eco-friendly government, they preserve our natural habitat Built an entire Olympic village around where we live without pulling down any flats Give us free money and we don't pay any tax NHS healthcare, yes please many thanks People get stabbed round here there's many shanks nice knowing someone's got our backs when we get attacked Don't bloody give me that I'll lose my temper Who closed down the community centre? I kill time there used to be a member, what will I do now until September? Schools out, rules out, get your bloody tools out London's burning, I predict a riot Fall in fall out who knows what it's all about

What did that chief say? Something bout the kaisers
Kids on the street no they never miss a beat, never miss a cheap
thrill when it comes their way
Lets go looting
no not Luton,
the high street's closer cover your face
And if we see any rich kids on the way we'll make 'em wish they stayed inside,
there's a charge for congestion, everybody's gotta pay
do what Boris does... rob them blind

Oi! I said Oi!
What you looking at you little rich boy?
We're poor 'round here, run home and lock your door!
Don't come 'round here no more, you could get robbed for real (yeah) because my manors ill

My manors ill

For real

Yeah you know my manors ill, my manors ill!

We've had it with you politicians you bloody rich kids never listen, There's no such thing as broken Britain we're just bloody broke in Britain, What needs fixing is the system not shop windows down in Brixton Riots on the television, you can't put us all in prison!

Oi! I said Oi!
What you looking at you little rich boy?
We're poor round here, run home and lock your door!
Don't come round here no more, you could get robbed for real (yeah) because my manors ill

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