

# The Streets, Geezerz Need Excitement

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If their lives don't provide them this they incite violence  
Common sense simple common sense  
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Out the club about three, to the take-away  
The shit-in-a-tray merchants,  
shops got special perchant for the disorderly  
Geezerz looking ordinary and a few looking leary  
Chips fly round the sound of the latest chart entry  
An incendiary waiting to blast  
No harm with the contest who can throw the furthest  
Behind the counter they look nervous, but  
Carry on cutting the finest cuts of chicken from the big spinning stick  
Then over flies a chip, flips, and hits you on the back  
You spin round on the attack  
'Fuck you playing at? he looks like a cheshire cat, almost falls down  
Your frowns and superman eye lasers don't even register  
By now you want to leather this twat  
And forever your gonna regret that, your choice of path  
So mash his head up and your girls now fed up  
But stop to think and it's never gonna be the  
Jackie Chan scene it could have been to end up

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So you owe someone money subbing scunny  
Best pay me billy - no worries  
One-fifty on sunday  
But in someway that turns into wednesday  
Then goes straight to pay on a hazy evening in the local bar-cafe  
What a way. What a way  
Just to recap for those at the back,  
this is everyday tit-for-tat you owe your dealer and  
can't pay back fee  
Suddenly he's the baddy  
So you tell your mates you could have him anyway, to look 'geez'.  
But he's a shady fuck, beamer three series,  
lock, stock and two fat fucks backing him up  
Can't convey enough of his desire for the paper stuff  
In a blunt fashion Billy's angry with a passion  
So please just accept it ain't happening  
And go back to your runnins  
'Cos you might get yourself in trouble one of these days

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Get hold of this bird after pub closing hours  
Would your girl like this?  
No don't think so somehow, in the winter showers  
But she'll never know and your face will never show shit  
This is how goes it and besides she was well fit

And who could resist  
Move up to the next place,  
a smooth club to flex bass beats and your best mates all down  
Nice sound, smirnoff ice round.  
MC's clowning, ruud boyz frowning  
Everything's sweet everything's tucked-in.  
And round here were all downing.  
But all of a sudden though, just through the smoke,  
is your bird laughing and joking with a bloke?  
Ain't just that either, as she moves closer,  
Miss-shape what looks like their lover - he's tonguing her.  
All rage sweeps up through your torso,  
your moreso ready to go over and show him whos man  
Football fan style  
Leave it in the can for a while,  
cos even as they smile you still got choices  
Don't listen to them voices  
And at the end of the day you may just have caused this  
So leave the forces

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