

# Tricky, Council Estate

In my mothers belly and I'm starting to kick,  
9 months in the womb and I'm making her sick,  
Squeeze through the womb and I land in the room,

Don't know who we are, can't really tell,  
We do the council flats and we do some jail

We don't like school, in a week we go once,  
We don't like th' police 'cos they kick and they punch,  
God bless all the stress and the stress comes at once,  
But remember boy you're a superstar  
Can't break it, can't take who you are  
Can't break it, can't take who you are  
Remember boy, you're a superstar

They call you council estate  
They call you 'can't go straight'  
They call you crime rate  
They call you 'can't go straight'  
And you're bending all the rules  
Where you bury your tools  
Bending all the rules  
Where you bury your tools

Your family can't visit cos the visits too far,  
You can't be who you be 'cos you're not who you are