

# Drinking in the West End

## Kano

Everybody on trend  
Me?  
Oversized T with Moschino's on  
And my Stan Smiths white like a Colgate grin  
Jeans on my waist, I'm too grown up  
Can't wear that low like the yute mandem  
Tonight we're going out the ends  
That's all you wanna do when you're in the ends  
But tonight it's on  
Hermet Road barber shop  
0.5 and a little blend, sun raise  
No shades, nothing comes between me and my city  
Smithy, you on it?  
Went east, Forest Gate, fish inna porridge  
Then hit Bond Street, quick bit of shopping  
Shutdown for BET'o's, still I might mosh it  
Might do mojitos or I Courvois it  
London girls with your sunbeam on 'em  
Windows down, let the sea breathe on me  
Down the Embankment, skyline sick  
Exit the manor through the limehouse link  
How it feels good to be in the ends  
But tonight, we're drinking in the west end  
Live for the weekend  
Then it's Monday blues  
But tonight got a rouge pepper dance  
And shoes to paint the town red  
JÃƒƒgerbombs, I've had 10  
Turnt up, came down  
Woke up, same shit all over again  
We d-d-d-doing it again!  
Yeah, table again  
Pants pulled down and the minimum spent  
Sparklers and pretentiousness  
Must be gold cause these girls keep digging  
Love the life but I've got my limits  
Welcome to the big smoke  
Where we pop bottles and we don't vote  
Alcohol in my system  
Now the courage is all liquid  
Bright lights and slurred speeches

High heels and rich kids  
Edgware Road, lamb shawarma  
Then taxi back to that realness  
Last nigh , we got so high  
We were dancing round on that ceiling  
This morning, PG Tips  
Nurofen and some biscuits  
Might kiss and make up  
Flick through pics and re-live it  
Tonight, we're drinking in the west end  
iPhone tells its own story  
And that last freeze frame action scene won't even cover me in glory  
When I jumped on that waitress' back  
And we were getting quite rowdy  
And I probably insulted the whole cast of TOWIE  
Shut up  
More drinks and less stress  
More skin and less dress  
Fake tan and mandy  
Selfies and Rolexes  
Cut eye from that guy  
Like oh, look, I bench press  
Well done mate, you look hard in that tight red vest  
Group shots and we look so happy together  
Paper and scissors and stones, see who next hit  
Someone was bound to get thrown out the exit  
One goes, we all go, unless it's EZ's set  
Classic nights when best friends loose all inhibitions  
And a story to tell when you drink in the west end  
Tonight, we're drinking in the west end  
We're drinking in the west end

Songwriters

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