Brixton Briefcase

Chase & Status

I have my Brixton briefcase from across the pawn
London's burning but the beat the goes on
Feel my power, the electrical life
Real rude boys own the town tonight
Free the eagle fighting, all these beautiful birds around
The liquor touch like lightning as soon as the sun goes down
Turn it on
Oh, turn it on
Turn it on
Oh, turn it on
I got a Brixton briefcase, Ministry of Sound
The walls between us, they could tear them down
It's a Brixton briefcase that's such a sin
Looks get pat on, they get a Chelsea grin
Whoa, [Incomprehensible]
Smile and sing along
Shake your ass for me, mamma
They're playing your favorite song

Turn it on
Oh, turn it on
Turn it on
Oh, turn it on
Worn off records, nothing soft
Turn it a bit louder, tell Old Bill, fuck off
To all my family and all my friends
Have to ride that train or then wait to the ends
Oh, aren't you a nosy little neighbor, pretending to be posh
Burning the music won't save us, only a wine colored citric wash
Get on
Get it on, get on
Get it on
Turn it on
I got a Brixton briefcase
Feel my power
I got a Brixton briefcase
Feel my power

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