

# 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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