

Graftinâ€™™

Dizzee Rascal

So, what you thinkin' about London City, aye?
(East London, ghetto, West London, ghetto)
What you think you know?
(North London, ghetto, South London, ghetto)
Big Ben tells the time
(Stand up, stand up, yeah) Above the London roads the holy ground, grind
Young hustlers, we graft all the time non-stop, UK war
Maybe I'll find you there for myself
(You hear me)
You know what I'm sayin'? Yo, as I hustle in the city for a paper stack
Lord knows, I got the devil on my back
It's a cold world, I gotta stay on track
Dog eat dog, others gain if you lack In the LDN where I learnt to attract
Clacka, I can show you where it's at
First things first, get a block and a flat
Next up, get a black hoodie in a hat Livin' in the Big Brother's cameras view
Keep an eye out for the boys in blue
Straight five years gettin' caught, that's you
Sittin' in the cell still wondering who Couldn't keep quiet, now you on a diet
Mash potato, cauliflower and stew
Pissed off with not a lot to do
And the word on the street don't ever seem new And none of it will ever seem true
Endless hype, who do you believe?
Will it relieve the loneliness at night?
Remain deceived if you're convinced it might You know for well, what the streets are like
Few more Mercs, couple more Rangers
Other than that not a lot else changes Sky looks grey in London City
We stay graftin' 'cause were gritty
Hustle, hustle constantly
Hustle, hustle constantly Sky looks grey in London City
We stay graftin' 'cause were gritty
Hustle, hustle constantly
Hustle, hustle constantly I used to roll money up against the wall
Never did wanna play hopscotch
Now I'm pennyhole parkin', laughin'
'Cause I'm back in the white man's clutches And I've been doin' this since Tamagotch
I G.I Joe any boy in my face
Invadin' my space or cling on the stuff
Bring it on star, watch By the end of the hours of the clock

I'll end your days, you'll think I'm crazed
When I'll give you the midnight rock
End of sentence, full stop Now, what you gonna say about that?
I'll put all your plans in a knot
Make you put all your mind's on the spot
I'm probably everything that you're not I'm totally mad, you've lost the plot
To even consider gettin' me caught
Carried off to a hospital, block and shock
On the table ready to operate, never me I dictate and delegate who's heavyweight
I'm king of the ring
Make moves in any state
LDN, we do our thing Sky looks grey in London City
We stay graftin' 'cause we're gritty
Hustle, hustle constantly
Hustle, hustle constantly Sky looks grey in London City
We stay graftin' 'cause we're gritty
Hustle, hustle constantly
Hustle, hustle constantly Damn right, yeah, you're damn right
Young hustlers, London City, stand up
LDN, they know us in the world
You know our time is
I swear [Incomprehensible] all teacups To enter the four bucks, is Buckingham Palace
I'ma show you how gritty it is out here
You gonna know, you gonna understand
It's Dizzee Rascal solo, yo, I'm here, what?
Ghetto UK style up [Incomprehensible] Dizzy Ras, Gizza Bell sayin'
I'ma back, swear to you

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