

I Am the Narrator

Plan B

I'll be that...
Lyrical narrator, social commentator
Socially commentating, what I say's verbatim
Verbal stipulator, oral illustrator
Orally illustrating, what I'm stipulatin'
Drugs rule everything around me
Thugs makin' money
My manor manor's ill yo, ill yo
Pushers on my block, shottin' rock
This is real, yo
Bitches suckin' cocks, for them rocks
Yeah they real low
Prossies on the corner with their fuckin' high heels on
Pick 'em up, drop 'em off
Yey they ride real strong
Crack addicts lookin' for other addicts to steal from
Walkin' round wondering where they'll get their next meal from
Coke heads, under regs, sniffin' up their wages
Dealers on speed dial suckin' all their papers
Still on the same number that they've had for fuckin' ages
Sim card so old, the logo's fuckin' faded
But turn it over an' ya see the gold nugget
Reflectin' off the light that shines down above it
Unregistered shit, you gotta love it
"Pay As You Go" so the feds don't bug it
Twitter for the Streets, if you want Tweets
Eleven little digits an' the blow is all you need
Tell me what your poison is, they got everythin' from weed
Up to Meth Amphetamine, everybody follow me
An' join up to their antisocial network
Database 'o smack, coke an' crack smokin' experts
Without it they'd go outta business, they'd no longer get work
So anybody tryna fuck with this is gonna get hurt
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Socially commentating, what I say's verbatim
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Are you sittin' comfortably?
Well put your seatbelts on, 'Cause your in for a harrowing ride.

'Cause this is ill Manors, were dark shit goes on at night.

I am the narrator.

The voice that guides the blind, following not with your ears but your mind.

An' allow me to take you back, an' forth through time.

To explain the significance of things you may think are insignificant now.

But won't ... farther down the line!

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