

Bronx In a Six

Sleaford Mods

[Chorus]

Bronx in six

Bronx in six[Verse 1]

He never gave any refunds to his mates

Now he wonders why he sits in big house all on his own

With all his plastic and nice painted plates

Bronx in a six, lets do a one skinner you ten bob

Laughing me head off at the old cows that grazed on grass from the boom

It soon turned its jet on ya face and boom

Burnt you Puff Daddy, it maced ya bastards

Good, I fuckin' laugh like fuck at ya wannabe labels, shoots on location

Cut blokes in stables ra, ra, ra

All ya Chiney wine tasters die in boxes like the rest of us wasters

Bastard, I fucking tie ya veins round ya Vans limited edition

Stitched tongues, bond street like the Von Bondies

He got slapped up right, I wouldn't fuck about with Jack White

You're a jammy slug, missed the salt

A twat with nine lives

You're a lucky little tit cake die, die, die[Chorus]

Bronx in a six

A single skinner, how's tricks?

Bronx in a six

A single skinner, how's tricks?[Verse 2]

I couldn't give a fucking shit what you think about me, cunt

What ya saying now where's ya wife? ya kids? ya house?

You ain't got none you silly billy

All gone quiet on the wanker front

Gary Coopers on the clue cause he stuck to his guns

Radio edit, oh its so nice

Lauren Laverne keeps playing tumbling dice

Just like you with ya Maharishi shoulder bag

Walking the strip like you fucking own the path

You wonder why you got no mates?

You pretend to be proud of ya own culture

Whilst simultaneously not giving two fucks about ya own culture

What culture? fuck culture, the blueprint for all control

On the dole, money monk, the monastery's faint flicks of reference

Paint a vague idea, a pound in the fruity

Fuck lolly on that scale you cunt, ya mugged

The money monks saying its prays on bank books[Chorus]

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A single skinner how's tricks

Bronx in a six

A single skinner how's tricks[Verse 3]

I knocked ya shit vase over one night

I think you was boring women, you slag off about some buying trip to Hanover, alright

Lobbing out the posh nuts and fucking weird fruit as some appetizer

Clean white tiles, a view to the garden, a room with a poo

I nicked all ya takings and ya fucking mates coke too

Bringing women 'round then bragging about the conquest

With ya pot belly Helmut Lang white vest

Autumn, winter 2002 mind fest[Chorus]

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