

Our House is Dadless

Kid British

Well my house is a mad house
Well hardly sit down and watch T. V cause we got things to do
And I got things to do
Mum talks calmly for a while and then starts shouting
Clean up the kitchen
I always say I'll do it later
Or yeah in a minute
My house is a hot spot

Everyday of the week someone will be in my house who don't live here
The neighbours ain't got a problem with us
Yeah music plays in my house constantly
Constant noise but I wouldn't have it any other way I love my house
Total chaos, yeah it's random
Off key, different, no house is similar
But for some reason it works

My house is crazy you knowOur house, in the middle of our street
Our house in the middle of our...
Our house, in the middle of our street

Something tells you that you've got to move away from itYou hold a better conversation
When born in grimey locations
And that's where you'll find my crib
In the same area where the alkies live
So I love my street
You get bare joke when the alkies beef
And though outside may reek
Not in my crib no potpourri
And we've just added new bricks
So every other house in the street looks shit
Compared to ours

But it's hard to get a decent kip when out comes the stars
Because of all the beef in my avenue
Neighbours fight so police in my avenue
So you might catch me in my living room
Up late writing to beats if I'm in the mood
Or if not I'll be on the Playstation
Or better still msn conversations
And everyone of our houses are Dadless

So no wonder our houses are MadnessOur house, in the middle of our street
Our house in the middle of our...

Our house, in the middle of our street
Something tells you that you've got to move away from it
Sunday morning my day off
I can smell that bacon cooking
And mum's downstairs doing that weekly washing
Singing along she's got that motown rocking
And I'm shouting out 'mum turn it down'
Cos I'm tryna sleep right now
Argh forget it I was getting up anyway
Man I can't get a lie in any day
So I'm downstairs arguing
Mum chill out I won't have this in our house
Ok, your house
Then I had a little moan how the living room's freezing
And then she starts screaming
Mum I ain't being rude just turn up the heating
She said 'move out if you ain't warm enough'
Coincidentally, suddenly I'm warming up
Our house, in the middle of our street
Our house in the middle of our...
Our house, in the middle of our street
Something tells you that you've got to move away from it
Something tells you that you've got to get away from it

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