

Pork Pie

Dirty Dike

"Pork Pie"

Yeah, less of that sappy bullshit
Lets try and liven things up a little bit
Yeah, your back in tune to your favourite wanker
Hahahaha, make noise if your bored of your life

Bring a massive bag full of compost and constant beats
Stomp my feet and watch what I want to see,
Obnoxious freak lost in a monsters teeth
I got pea sqaushed beef and I drop the beat
I spill gravy, I'm still just a little bit crazy
Me and Jay killed every single gig lately

Been a bit cagey the skinny kid shakey
The lyricist played by the sniffy spit rabbies
Listin Chris made me, the hippy kid maybe
Still I see the difference in this shit or bliss play me

Pick n' mix baby covered in the future
Jugglin' the truth like i'm stuck in a computer
Fuck it your in tune to the troubles of a loser
Cuddlin' the tube love and suck it like a Hoover
Now nothing but the truth, gettin buggared in a room
Full of fancised hunnies and smothered on the tune

You better walk by or get force fed a pork pie
Your wifes been knocking on my door like all night
I talk shite snort lines and I'm e'd up
Clean cut lives get tortured and beat up

Mr. D just walks in the street
Fuck talking to tree stomps, Roaring on police trucks
Catch me chopping off a fat rock of japenen
Hats off my raps got the back drop collapsing
I'll match what you can bring

Has been I'll have you in a backspin embarrassed
Sitting battered with a hand print

(Yeah yeah that's him
The bro with the funny hat
Wearing a rubbish bag)

Yeah yeah shut it slag

Mouth shut, I got the pimp hand tamped up
And loud cunt knows to shout stuff I'll leave your house fucked
Mr. Partyman after sippin' lager cans
I sniff half a gram and charm the piss from your aunties pants

I'm bored of my life
Talking my shite
Snorting my lines
Like pork to the pie (x4)

Lyrics submitted by Alan Fisher.

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