Brumsdale

Jimmy Davis

Peeps are kotchin, filling inner cheeks with toxins
Unaware that the streets are watching
Fleets of offspring hold heat, speak,
Concocting deep plans while the beef is blossoming
With sleep offering their only respite
Round the clock hustling from dusk to sunlight
Ensure the mechanics run right,
Ensure that everybody's in the web who's supposed to be and that it's spun tight
This is gangsville, where heavy hands spill
Claret everyday and there's more buried than landfill
Worlds come crashing down brought to a standstill
Kid doing kids just to prove that they can kill
And it's teenage pregnancy capital
With flat after flat full of tetrahydrocannanibol
It's like a jungle sometimes unimaginable
Relentless pursuit to expand their collateralBrumsdale, city from which the scum hail
The young fail and another stretch is done in jail
A million and one drug sales
Watch em illuminate the sky while they're blazing a gun trail
Brum town, city in which the slum's found
Use the accent as a stereotype to dumb down
The daily news makes for sad reading
But the positive heart of the manor's still beatingThe former home of rover, former home of HP
Former home of community, comfort and of safety
Where life moves too pacey
And kids a third of your age are rude and fasty, it just amazes me
Respect is abandoned, replaced with a handgun
Apparently you never understand em
The roots of this are fucking deeper than the grand canyon
But they look at statistics at random
Musicians sitting in their flats composing new tunes
With people shooting up and sleeping in the bin chute rooms
Citizens littering the landscape they're living in
With no second thoughts never considering
The legacy they're leaving, the balance is terribly uneven
The penniless are left seething
Material jealousy is breeding,
Society of menaces wannabe celebrities are leaving me grievingBrumsdale, city from which the scum hail
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But the positive heart of the manor's still beatingLet's broaden the focus and take it nationwide
Many resided in a city and fucking ain't survived
We're just a very small link in the network
Wouldn't be necessary for a shrink or an expert
To tell us why it's not confined to one place
Just tell Mrs Jones why she can't see her sons face
And let her tell you that no matter if they serve at least life
It'll never lift the pain from when they murdered Rhys
So now it's rife in society in culture
Recall the shock of what happened to James Bulger
So I guess if we're living in the belly of the beast
You'd have to refer to us at the stomach ulcer
Holly & Jessica, Letitia & Charlene
Anthony Walker, Damilola making my heart bleed
Stephen Lawrence, Gary Newlove and Ben Kinsella
Love is the only preventative measureUK, country in which the youts prey
On the weak and indefensible and then assume they
Are untouchable but soon the drama
Will come back around inevitably realise the karma
Great Britain, place where they hate living
Humility left and now the nation is gain driven
But the gains are all material and personal
This kind of thinking will leave us dead, buried and terminal

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