ill Manors (FuntCase Remix)

Plan B

Let's all go on an urban safari
We might see some illegal migrants
Oi look there's a chav
That means council housed and violent
He's got a hoodie on give him a hug
On second thoughts don't you don't wanna get mugged
Oh shit too late, that was kinda dumb
Whose idea was that, stupid cuntHe's got some front, ain't we all
Be the joker, play the fool
What's politics, ain't it all
Smoke and mirrors, April fools?
All year round, all in all
Just another brick in the wall
Get away with murder in the schools
Use four letter swear words cause we're cool
We're all drinkers, drug takers
Every single one of us buns the herb
Keep on believing what you read in the papers
Council estate kids, scum of the earth
Think you know how life on a council estate is
From everything you've ever read about it or heard
Well it's all true, so stay where you're safest
There's no need to step foot out the 'burbs
Truth is here, we're all disturbed
We cheat and lie, its so absurd
Feed the fear, that's what we've learned
Oi! I said Oi!
What you looking at you little rich boy?
We're poor round here, run home and lock your door
Don't come round here no more, you could get robbed for
Real, because my manor's ill
My manor's ill
For real
Yeah you know my manor's ill, my manor's ill!You could get lost in this concrete jungle
New builds keep springing up outta nowhere
Take the wrong turn down a one way junction
Find yourself in the hood, nobody goes there
We got an eco friendly government
They preserve our natural habitat

Built an entire Olympic village
Around where we live without pulling down any flats
Give us free money and we don't pay any tax
NHS healthcare, yes please, many thanks
People get stabbed round here, there's many shanks
Nice knowing someone's got our backs when we get attacked
Don't bloody give me that
Who closed down the community centre?
I kill time there, used to be a member
What will I do now until September?
Schools out, rules out, get your bloody tools out
London's burning, I predict a riot
Who knows what it's all about
What did that chief say? Something bout the kaisers
Kids on the street no they never miss a beat
never miss a cheap
Thrill when it comes their way
The high street's closer
cover your face
And if we see any rich kids on the way,
we'll make 'em wish they stayed inside
Here's a charge for congestion, everybody's gotta pay
Do what Boris does, rob them blind
Oi! I said Oi!
What you looking at you little rich boy?
We're poor round here, run home and lock your door
Don't come round here no more, you could get robbed for
Real, because my manor's ill
My manor's ill
For real
Yeah you know my manor's ill, my manor's ill!We've had it with you politicians
You bloody rich kids never listen
There's no such thing as
broken Britain
We're just bloody broke in Britain
What needs fixing is the system
Not shop windows down in Brixton
Riots on the television
You can't put us all in prison!Oi! I said Oi!
What you looking at you little rich boy?
We're poor round here, run home and lock your door
Don't come round here no more, you could get robbed for
Real, because my manor's ill
My manor's ill
For real

Yeah you know my manor's ill, my manor's ill!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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