

ill Manors (A Capella)

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 stupidHe'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 coz we're coolWe'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
 Fuel the fire
 Let it burnOi! 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 (yeah) because my manors illMy manors ill
 For real
Yeah you know my manors ill, my manors illYou 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 thereWe 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
I'll lose my temper
Who closed down the community center?
I kill time there used to be a member
What will I do now 'til September?
Schools out, rules out, get your bloody tools out
London's burning, I predict a riot
Fall in fall out
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
Let's go looting
No not Luton
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
There's a charge for congestion, everybody's gotta pay
Do what Boris does rob them blindOi! 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 (yeah) because my manors illMy manors ill
For real
Yeah you know my manors ill, my manors illWe'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 (yeah) because my manors illMy manors ill
For real
Yeah you know my manors ill , my manors ill

Songwriters

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