

# In the City

## Jungle Brown

In the city skylines are highrise,  
cross the white lines  
Just to make a earner  
it's murder at night time  
You's are moving with the screwface  
Drugs in the suitcase,they move weight  
Plus immigrants that's here to find a new day here in the melting pot  
We swelter and it's hot  
Police flex and exercise stop and search laws is on top.  
I'm walking down the street smoggy eyed,  
I can't use the facilities,the junkies got it occupied  
Concrete, got me trapped, caged in.  
I'm facing myself, my health plus games people playing is.

Hard to be living for the city and free.  
In the struggle my worries are monetarian.  
Everybody got plans and making grams work, and bagging grams that's cool  
As long as the money change hands

Living in the smoke is raw  
When you're broke mosik who tells the the two sides  
The rich and the poor  
In the city many heads are moving shifty letters Ziggy in the city mosik I brought the jungle brown with me  
In the city many heads are writing shifty letters Ziggy in the city mosik I brought the jungle brown with me

Hustlers, buskers, brothers looking after single parent mother's cos their fathers have fucked off.  
Now what's the cost?  
Kids run wild thinking they're the boss  
Until, faces get blown off,  
Yet another loss  
And for what?

Miseducating, lord of the flies in the matrix  
Can you take it?  
In the city pressure  
The queens head reign under the weather  
Living in the rat race most restrained by the teher  
Fast paced cheddar go getters, road runners, jungle dwellers  
Gather, plotting' schemes to escape the grey matter

Mad hatters sharper than daggers, Fuck your tax braggart faggots, we're not maggots, you can have it.

Some love to abandon, the robins in the hood

Looking for the lavish to share with the family,

The whole package, savage for the green and carats to sink.

Yeah titanic, don't panic, survival of the fittest mother nature's the witness,

Everyone's gotta make a killing or die trying

In the city livin'!

(In the city) many heads are moving shifty letters Ziggy in the city mosik I brought the jungle brown with me

The city where they shot enamel like an arms dealer.

Futures debatable like you believe in palm readers.

The capital, but if you kill a man no capital punishment.

Rot in a cell for life all getting fed by the government.

Who's financing them?

You got a mirror near you?

You're so accreted with struggle

Calling with sick will fill you

Let's not forget the man jewelling

Over postcodes moving so low

In the no-go, will get you thrown in the ----

Sobriety is a myth when 9 to 5 is in the mix

Besides a resistance but do they listen?

Just a every day society that I'm surviving in

The world is just a lion's den,

That I'm residing in

You think it's minor when you're raised in it

But when it's time to be a man, to make a stain

Would you prevail in it?

In the city, your sophistication and crime,

Go with with a bag of weed, park it on a yellow line,

Pay a fine then it's all fine

Lyrics Submitted by SpeersY

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