Bronx In A Six

Sleaford Mods

[Chorus]
Bronx in six
Bronx in six[Verse 1]
He never gave any refunds to his mates
Now he wonders why he sits in big house all on his own
With all his plastic and nice painted plates
Bronx in a six, lets do a one skinner you ten bob
Laughing me head off at the old cows that grazed on grass from the boom
It soon turned its jet on ya face and boom
Burnt you Puff Daddy, it maced ya bastards
Good, I fuckin' laugh like fuck at ya wannabe labels, shoots on location
Cut blokes in stables ra, ra, ra
All ya Chiney wine tasters die in boxes like the rest of us wasters
Bastard, I fucking tie ya veins round ya Vans limited edition
Stitched tongues, bond street like the Von Bondies
He got slapped up right, I wouldn't fuck about with Jack White
You're a jammy slug, missed the salt
A twat with nine lives
You're a lucky little tit cake die, die, die[Chorus]
Bronx in a six
A single skinner, how's tricks?
Bronx in a six
A single skinner, how's tricks?[Verse 2]
I couldn't give a fucking shit what you think about me, cunt
What ya saying now where's ya wife? ya kids? ya house?
You ain't got none you silly billy
All gone quiet on the wanker front
Gary Coopers on the clue cause he stuck to his guns
Radio edit, oh its so nice
Lauren Laverne keeps playing tumbling dice
Just like you with ya Maharishi shoulder bag
Walking the strip like you fucking own the path
You wonder why you got no mates?
You pretend to be proud of ya own culture
Whilst simultaneously not giving two fucks about ya own culture
What culture? fuck culture, the blueprint for all control
On the dole, money monk, the monastery's faint flicks of reference
Paint a vague idea, a pound in the fruity
Fuck lolly on that scale you cunt, ya mugged

The money monks saying its prays on bank books[Chorus]
Bronx in a six
A single skinner how's tricks
Bronx in a six
A single skinner how's tricks[Verse 3]
I knocked ya shit vase over one night
I think you was boring women, you slag off about some buying trip to Hanover, alright
Lobbing out the posh nuts and fucking weird fruit as some appetizer
Clean white tiles, a view to the garden, a room with a poo
I nicked all ya takings and ya fucking mates coke too
Bringing women 'round then bragging about the conquest
With ya pot belly Helmut Lang white vest
Autumn, winter 2002 mind fest[Chorus]
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A single skinner, how's tricks?

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

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