

Love For My Slum

N-Dubz

I've never had love for the feds
But I've always had love for my slum
I'm addicted to these streets like a mum is to her kids
So my people in the slum put your hands up See it never used to come that easy
And I was just lying my way
I don't no how I did it but
I will carry on 'til I die, I ain't gonna lie now Mama tried the best to bring me up right
Guess it never worked, she was cries
I was well involved in crime
From the age of nine music got me kind of famous
Now they want a piece of pie Blud I'm blowin' up the scene but I don't no where my bed is
I smoke so much weed 'cause I don't no where my head is
I might have fame, but I'm still low on credit
Management loved the money, someone tell me where my bread is I come across a lot of rich kids that die to be
thugs
But I don't understand them they very, very loved
They don't wake up in the morning to see man pipin' dubs
You have to worry about them goons with the 38 snubs You got too much to lose, you're in a great position
How can you be hood
If my whole freakin' flat is smaller than your kitchen
You wouldn't last a minute where I'm from, you'd go missing
So appreciate what you've got 'cause with that I'm still wishing I've never had love for the feds
But I've always had love for my slum
I'm addicted to these streets like a mum is to her kids
So my people in the slum put your hands up, brap See it never used to come that easy
And I was just lying my way
I don't no how I did it but
But I will carry on 'til I die I ain't gonna lie, I make broke look good
More time I supply just tryna get by
You should never ask me why I smoke till my lips split
They always send me to try to stop movin' like a criminal is what I try But you live by the roads, by the roadside
you die
In every situation make man humble like pie
I've never had love for the feds 'cause they don't give man alibi
Holdin' man under arrest, takin' time outta my life Once time's taken, time can't take back
We're from a place where it's [Incomprehensible]
Some real most idiots, mommy's tryin' hard we can see that
Once the road takes you east they won't be back I get love on the road, I got feedback
I neva had it but I'm takin' the scene back

Then each others branging rubber of weed
Neva had it for, for a long, trust they need that
Push your hand up in the air, recognize that I've never had love for the feds
But I've always had love for my slum
I'm addicted to these streets like a mum is to her kids
So my people in the slum put your hands up See it never used to come that easy
And I was just lying my way
I don't no how I did it but
I will carry on 'til I die, 'til the day that I die Na, na, nye, how's your day?
What you want? Sayin' more
I'm in the studez making moves
I'm on the road moving food
Either way we're makin' paper
Makin' paper, DAP's, I'm Mista Baker You won't get us on your stage unless it's five 5 bills or over
Knockin' doors till I you see us like a witness from Jehovah
So where's the bitch Lola, I should've brought her over
So she can suck the whole, [Incomprehensible] All my mad men are dark, they're on east like the sharks
They in so much different shit, the pain would never leave my heart
I'll make you piss your pants like gettin' stuck with food in your car
So I suggest you listen close, trust me you could be a star So what do you think? Do you still wanna live like me
and him?
You make me sick, you talk gun talk, you ain't even seen a stick
Don't be upset, why do you have to cry?
Na, na, nye 'til the day that we die I've never had love for the feds
But I've always had love for my slum
I'm addicted to these streets like a mum is to her kids
So my people in the slum put your hands up See it never used to come that easy
And I was just lying my way
I don't no how I did it but
I will carry on 'til I die I'm afraid it's all you getting is good night, God bless
And when you wake up in the mornin' try not to be stressed
I wish I had what you had, I ain't got, no my life's a mess
So be thankful for your situation, stop actin' like a pest I'm afraid it's all you getting is good night, God bless
And when you wake up in the mornin' try not to be stressed
I wish I had what you had, I ain't got, no my life's a mess
So be thankful for your situation, stop actin' like a pest

Songwriters

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