Missing Links

Plan B

Look out my front door, what do I see,
Another little yoot on the street shottin' weed,
It wont be too long before that yoot is shottin' smack,
Sellin' heroin to his bredrins and dat,
Makin' fast cash, thinkin' he's goin' places,
And he will be straight after the court cases,
He thought the streets would bring him glamour and fame,
But now he's locked up and no one remembers his name,
('Cause you know) it's alright just how easily people are forgotten,
One minute your heading for the top,
You don't ever look like stoppin',
Then suddenly you find yourself right back at the bottom,
That's life though, and so's gettin' cut with a knife so,
Watch your step if you don't wanna get blood on your Nike's bro,
'Cause these streets will have you up when you least expect it,
You say you don't fear death but you know you respect it

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Feels like somethings missing, yeah

I've seen my best friends cry,
I've seen my best friends die,
I've had my best friends lie about how there doin' fine,
I've had so many best friends in my time,
And most of them I've lost to smokin' white lines,
I ain't no stranger to drugs I've had my fair share,
Had my head up in the clouds like a fucking care bare,
Chattin' all dat raw care, yea I'm just experimentin',
M-D-M-A L-S-D amphetamines, all da rest of dat shit dat goes wid it,
Why is it everyone who does drugs finks they know everyting dere is to know about life already,
Just by sittin' on their city doing drugs in front of the telly,
Thinkin' there heavy, 'cause dey live their lives like dat,
High on crack what sort of fucking life is dat?
Whatever happened to your dreams and aspirations blood,

Now the highlight of your day is masturbation blood,

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You only end up in the gutter, if you live your life on the curb,
Or if you choose to take it one step further then the herb,
The shit is gettin' worse, it's always been like this,
Life's a game of give an take an people take the right piss,
I've seen a most self-righteous a man fall off the wagon, and start chasing the dragon,
It's funny how now there the ones with the problem,
Look how much their big fuckin' mouths have gone and cost them,
Used to be the type that looked down on man,
Now their inhaling toxins through a Biro and,
It's ironic don't you think that five years back the same cats are now on crack,
They didn't even used to drink now there the missing links,
In the world of wasted talent, could of been great now there just making up the balance,
Musicians, artists, writers, authors, Gymnasts athletes footballers,
Bare peeps I used to know that could of turned pro now the only game they play is the one on road,
Whether it be drug pushin' shopliftin' or prostitution,
Some sort of institution seems like the only solution,
Stop the manor lookin' like some kinda Mardi Gras,
This guy cause on the corner askin' if you wanna party,
It's nasty, drivin' through the ends it's like a safari,
Don't get out of your car unless you got crackhead kamikaze (kamikaze)

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