Live Once

Plan B

Everything will be okay, yes it will, come tomorrow,
We gonna see better days, no more sorrow
(Unknown)
This is for the ones in the slums I?ll be saying what?s up,
You aint got to be afraid no more, what the fuck
Why you walking with your head down low pick it up,
Pick it up,
You only live once
(Verse 1: Plan B)
And you can be anything you wanna be,
There aint nothin stoppin? you just like there weren?t no stopping me,
I?m from the east end with peeps, used to speak cockney
Now its multicultural no one speaks properly
Rhyming slang was invented on the docks to put a block on police
Now the docks aint there and no one cares cus they shottin' B
But still talking code like morse, it aint no mockerny,
But educated people still see it as a mockery,
That?s why they use our slang against us to be derogatory,
We just fuel the fire with our thugged out philosophies,
Like crimes the only way were gonna feed of this economy,
Revert to type, like these self fulfilling prophecies
But we aint no different from them, honestly
Lucks the only reason they werent born into poverty
So never be afraid to say whats in your heart, follow your dreams
Or wanna be somin' that they say you can?t cus i promise G
Everything will be okay
Yes it will, come tomorrow
We gonna see better days
No more sorrow
(Verse 2 :Kano)
Dont make me get llamatic on them
Talking about them cats and robbers
Hustlin' them 16s I guess I?m still trapping on them
Rolex watch and I still ain't got no bachelor honours
Man was from the Ends on influenced from its fragments and shelters
Still we didn't throw no hats in the air
My man was in the studio with hats and them snares
Who thought we would have made it to the BAFTAs this year?
When man was just a pickney with daks and im here

So, anyway, im on a shine, moved from the crime
The only thing thats good about the hood is that we're colour blind
Common goal, common enemy, economise
And still personify a nigger trying not to live a common life
Don't let them make you hate yourself
Im like low batties, everywhere I go is like a hatred on my belt

Her amaze, her rage, she shouldn't be having
No more babies put that lady in her place
You think shes scamming for a bigger place to stay?
Maybe you should try staying in her place
Plus a plasma on the wall can't change the personality of a ill mannered mentality
Damaged goods
(Chorus)
Everything will be okay
Yes it will, come tomorrow
We gonna see better days
No more sorrow
(Unknown)
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pick it up, you only live once
(Verse 3: Plan B)
Life is like a game of monopoly
The ones that get ahead start buying up all the properties
Start acting like their aristocracy
And make the late comers pay the price for not rolling the dice properly
They might be winning now but success is a false economy
Playing a game of chance whether recklessly or responsibly
Lady Luck's no brass, can't buy her love it comes for free
Shes a slut, no class, picks at random who she wants to treat
Yeah she could be with you on Oxford , Bond or Regent Street
She'll be gone once you pass go, along with your winning streak
Land on Old Kent Road, the end you deemed was way too cheap
To invest in, and you left them and wish you hadn't
Now youre deep in debt with peeps from Whitechapel East
Who got plastic red Ibis hotels on every street
Sucking all your fake P's until you can't receive
Even though its only make believe
That's a metaphor for life

The only one you'll ever need
Believe
(Chorus)
Everything will be okay
Yes it will, come tomorrow
We gonna see better days
No more sorrow

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