

My England

Lady Sovereign

It ain't about tea and biscuits
I'm one of those English misfits
I don't drink tea I drink spirits
And I talk a lot of slang in my lyrics There goes a horse, courses for horses
Nah more like corpses on corners
And Staffordshire Bull Terriers
And late night crawlers Police carry guns not truncheons
Make your own assumptions
London ain't all crumpets and trumpets
It's one big slum pit We ain't all posh like the queen, we ain't all squeaky clean
Now do the Tony Blair, throw your hands in the air now everywhere
We ain't all squeaky clean, we ain't all posh like the queen
Now do the Tony Blair, throw your hands in the air now everywhere This is the picture I painted my low down
This my London that I call my hometown
It's where I'm living and this is my low down
This is my England, I'm letting you know now I don't watch the Antiques Roadshow
I'd rather listen to Run the Road
And smoke someone's fresh homegrown
And not get bloated on a plate of scones Cricket, bowls, croquet, nah PS2 all the way
In an English council apartment
No, we don't all wear bowler hats and hire servants
More like 24 hour surveillance and **** on the pavements We ain't all posh like the queen, we ain't all squeaky
clean
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This is my England, I'm letting you know now Big up Oliver Twist
Showing us know the nitty gritty of what London really is
It ain't all pretty, deal with the realness
It's all gritty, deal with the realness Ooh the changing of the Queen's guard
That's nothing for me to come out of the house for
Tra la la
I'd rather sit on my **** Another glass of Chardonnay, nah
We ain't all Bridget Jones clones
Who say pardon me
More like what's gwanin' mate, you get me Now I can select a few
[Incomprehensible] like to reject all my views

Well, I'm letting you know the news and
Well, this is the straight up truthWe ain't all posh like the queen, we ain't all squeaky clean
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