

# Has It Come to This?

## The Streets

Original pirate material  
Yer listening to the streets  
Lock down your aerial  
Make yerself at home  
We got diesel or some of that homegrown  
Sit back in yer throne, turn off yer phone  
'Cause this is our zone  
Videos, televisions, 64's PlayStations  
We're paring with precision  
Few herbs and a bit of Benson  
But don't forger the Rizla,  
Lean like the tower of Pisa  
Liza, I'll raise yer,  
And this is the day in the life of a geezer  
For this ain't a club track  
Pull out yer sack and sit back  
Whether you white or black  
Smoke weed, chase brown  
Or toot rock  
We're on a mission, support the cause  
Sign a petition, summon all your wisdom  
The music's a gift from the man on high  
The lord and his children  
Triple teen year rudeboys  
Come rain or snow the boodah flows  
You don't know?  
Stand on the corner watch the show  
'Cause life moves slow  
Sort yer shit out then roll  
Sex, drugs 'n' on the dole  
Some men rise, some men fall  
I hear ya call, stand tall now  
Has it come to this?  
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Your listening to the streets  
Lock down your aerial  
I'm just spitting, think I'm ghetto?  
Stop dreaming, my data's streaming  
I'm giving your bird them feelings

Touch yer toes and touch the ceiling  
We walk the tightrope of street cred  
Keep my dogs fed, all jungle all garage heads  
Gold teeth, Valentinos and dreads  
Now, we were verbally slapped up  
Physically tip-top, spinally ripped up  
I do the science on my laptop, get my boys mashed up  
Your listening to the streets  
You'll bear witness to some amazing feats  
Bravery in the face of defeat  
All line up and grab yer seat  
'Cause Tony's got a new motor  
Sr nova driving like a joyrider  
Speeding to the corner  
Yer mother warned yer to sound system banger  
Has it come to this?  
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Your listening to the streets  
Lock down your aerial  
My underground train runs from mile end to Ealing  
From Briton to Boundsgreen  
My spitting's dirty my beats are clean  
So smoke weed and be lean  
I step out my yard through the streets  
In the dead heat all I got's my spirit and my beats  
I play fair don't cheat  
And keep the gangsters sweet  
Turn the page, don't rip it out at yer age  
Move to the next stage  
Lock the rage inside the cage,  
Like sk it's new day  
But don't take the shortcut through the subway  
It's pay or play, these geezers walk the gangway  
Deep seated urban decay, deep seated urban decay,  
Rip down posters alight  
From last weeks big garage night  
And the next Tyson fight  
I cook em at ninety degrees Fahrenheit  
And don't copy the copyright  
I got em in my sites, blinding with the lights  
Taken to dizzy new heights  
Blinding with the lights, blinding with the lights  
Dizzy new heights  
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