

Betty Woz Gone (Blame Remix)

Stooshe

Once upon a time on an estate far far away
Ha! Ha!
No actually it weren't far
It was only 'round the f-ckin' corner
Stop swearing But na this woman called Betty right
She used to have loads of kids 'round her hosue
Doing loads of dodgy things
I was gonna say f-cked up
But I just f-cked up so
Ugh! This is the life of Betty
Show 'em what you got Alex
And if you're American!
Take it away
Show them what you got B-B-B-B-B Back in the day when my grass didn't grow
And I was indestructible not
I'd get on them things that made ya mum's nightmares
Unawares, drinking bad pop So so I got in this crowd to make my rep look bad
In a good way, yet not
Thought I was it, doing whatever
Innit ohmygosh jamming with Skanks on the block And so I met this one, chitty chat gone
She was so f-cked, she couldn't stand up
So I gave her a Cha and a KittyKat Bar
And told her take a break break break
Oh No! Deep in a dirty hole she gone
Solo in a world of her own B-B-B-B-Betty woz gone yeah
Betty woz gone yeah
B-B-B-B-Betty woz gone yeah
Betty woz woz woz woz
B-B-Betty woz Underground in London City
There's plenty a bobs on the sniff, sniff, sniffy
Think their shit's hot
But it's just f-ckin' not
Oh yeahhhh Next thing ya know
I'm at the hoe's damn house
Cigarettes K Et. and her kids
Boys in a line, rock, paper, scissor first time
Fuckin young blud like pure filth
And no she ain't no MILF no A-Jolie
Got a back sack crack her now

But every hole's a goal for Spotty Juv Saps
That can't get f-cked no how B-B-B-B-Betty woz gone yeah yeah
Betty woz gone yeah
B-B-B-B-Betty woz gone yeah
Betty woz woz woz woz
B-B-Betty woz Underground in London City
There's plenty a bobs on the sniff, sniff, sniffy
Think their shit's hot
But it's just flippin' not mate Oh No! Look who it is
It's the social services coming round for the kids
Oh Oh Oh Oh No
How many chances has she had
Ahhh mate a million
Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh
Oh No. Look what is is
It's an ambulance come to fix her ass
Hold up, ah shit
Is Betty wearing a bodybag?
Yea Man. B-B-B-B-Betty woz gone yeah
Betty woz gone yeah
B-B-B-B-Betty woz gone yeah
Betty woz woz woz woz
B-B-Betty woz gone yeah
B-B-B-B-Betty was gone yeah yea yeah
Betty was gooooooone
What you talking about Fam???
In London City, where we were born and raised
On an estate where most of us spent our days
Jamming and coting, acting all cool
As we were smoking Areefa outside school
When a couple of hoods
They was up to no good
Started using Betty's as their neighborhood
They'd give her one little line and she'd be on tap
She'd say 'I'll gie you likle loing if ya gimme more crack"
So Betty give a fumble
Betty'd be quick
coz the only thing on her mind was getting a fix
But it's too late
B-B-B-B-Betty iz gizona

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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