

A Roadman's Hymn

Kano

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh Over this east side, yeah, that's the settings
Work all day just for toast and spaghetti
Kids outside on road BMXing
And see drug dealers roll up
So who they wanna be like? Chaps chain gold
Avirex jacket and a GTI Golf
Brown skin beauty and a pocket full of dough
And a presidential Roley frozen
So please don't ever act like you know man
If you ain't from round here, we don't spot no hand
Wonder why we worship cars and clothes, man
We don't own land so we're stuck in no man's
And gangsters are like superheroes to us
More chance of being them than a lawyer or doc
Idris lived one road away, what's the odds?
That's two black youts going straight to the top
Still repping that east side, fuck your perception
First class and five stars, hood up for breakfast
Claridge's for tea, don't be disrespect it
A hymn for the streets, let
the hood niggas sing it like
Take off
Watch the mandem aim for the top
Champagne for the pain and CÃ@roc
Gotta keep a roadman safe on that block
All night we dream of that life
All night we prepped for this fight
And to my dargs that hold me down
More life, more life
Please free the mandem that's locked up
I ain't saying that they never fucked up
But where is forgiveness?
Please free the mandem that's locked up
I ain't saying that they never fucked up
But where is forgiveness?
I remember when Bruno had the Punto and Manoor had the Civic
Had to twang a bouncer to get in when I was spitting
Always had the vision that one day it would be different
Nas told a brother it was written
Champagne sipping, pan fry two fishes
Used to go Yankees for Â£1 chicken
Youts see me on road and fear uplifted
Yeah, I'm still about these aimless lyrics, blud, I live it
I see 'nough man get caught up in the system
Yet mandem sell drugs but mandem know business
The man that steals cars, that man there could fix it
If I didn't spit bars, could be behind them in the prison
Tell a kid he won't be shit, he won't be shit
I tell a kid
like Will told me, "you'll make Ps, kid"

And when that cheque came, I was with Smithy up in Camden
Then we popped champagne with my mumzy in East Ham Fuck about, we celebrate Take off
Watch the mandem aim for the top
Champagne for the pain and CÃ©roc Gotta keep a roadman safe on that block
All night we dream of that life
All night we prepped for this fight
And to my dargs that hold me down
More life, more life Please free the mandem that's locked up
I ain't saying that they never fucked up
But where is forgiveness?
Please free the mandem that's locked up
I ain't saying that they never fucked up
But where is forgiveness? Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh
It's on top right now
Cause I got my whole city turned up right now
Champagne for the pain and CÃ©roc right now
The mandem are way up right now, stay up right now
Smithy looks about 300k up right now
The smile on the kids says it's blatant right now
Jordan's doing amazing right now
You know that means some motherfuckers hating right now
Gotta stop the sharking and the snaking right now
A hymn for the streets, niggas praying right now
Can I get a amen right now?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh

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