

# The Streets, Geezers Need Excitement

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If their lives don't provide them this they incite violence

Common sense simple common sense

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Out the club about three, to the take-away

The shit-in-a-tray merchants, shops got special perchant for the disorderly

Geezerz looking ordinary and a few looking leary

Chips fly round the sound of the latest chart entry

An incendiary waiting to blast

No harm with the contest who can throw the furthest

Behind the counter they look nervous, but

Carry on cutting the finest cuts of chicken from the big spinning stick

Then over flies a chip, flips, and hits you on the back

You spin round on the attack

'Fuck you playing at? he looks like a cheshire cat, almost falls down

Your frowns and superman eye lasers don't even register

By now you want to leather this twat

And forever your gonna regret that, your choice of path

So mash his head up and your girls now fed up

But stop to think and it's never gonna be the Jackie Chan scene it could have been to end up

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So you owe someone money subbing scunny

Best pay me billy - no worries

One-fifty on sunday

But in someway that turns into wednesday

Then goes straight to pay on a hazy evening in the local bar-cafe

What a way. What a way

Just to recap for those at the back, this is everyday tit-for-tat you owe your dealer and can't pay back fee

Suddenly he's the baddy

So you tell your mates you could have him anyway, to look 'geez'.

But he's a shady fuck, beamer three series, lock, stock and two fat fucks backing him up

Can't convey enough of his desire for the paper stuff

In a blunt fashion Billy's angry with a passion

So please just accept it ain't happening

And go back to your runnins

'Cos you might get yourself in trouble one of these days

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Get hold of this bird after pub closing hours

Would your girl like this? No don't think so somehow, in the winter showers

But she'll never know and your face will never show shit

This is how goes it and besides she was well fit

And who could resist

Move up to the next place, a smooth club to flex bass beats and your best mates all down

Nice sound, smirnoff ice round.

MC's clowning, ruud boyz frowning

Everything's sweet everything's tucked-in.

And round here were all downing.

But all of a sudden though, just through the smoke, is your bird laughing and joking with a bloke?

Ain't just that either, as she moves closer,

Miss-shape what looks like their lover - he's tonguing her.

All rage sweeps up through your torso, your moreso ready to go over and show him whos man  
Football fan style  
Leave it in the can for a while, cos even as they smile you still got choices  
Don't listen to them voices  
And at the end of the day you may just have caused this  
So leave the forces  
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