

# You Can't Rap

## Example

You can't rap, my friend, you're white and you're from Fulham  
Please put down the mic, there's no way you can fool them  
Don't be stupid, you won't get that far  
Turn your back on Hip Hop, bro, and go and play guitar

Of all the possibilities I ever coulda chosen  
Supposing career wise I'd picked Hip Hop  
Imagine all the tip top rapper's bottom lips drop  
Sitting there shocked that some other bloody shit hot  
Dude with a mullet, bussin shorts, wearing flip flops  
Is spitting to a gathering looking like a criss cross  
Of fans loving Prodigy, Kylie and Slipknot  
Nearly coulda happened bro, look at me, I shit not  
Little Elliot rhymes for the hell of it  
If only he was ghetto mans, maybe we would sell a bit  
I tried hard to dig up the credentials  
Even thought about putting gold in my dentals  
An Anglo Saxon with a broken accent  
But rappers from Fulham get a strange reaction  
I said bye to Rap, saw the issue at hand  
Some guitar lessons later, formed my own band

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Attention seeking, how far should a man go?  
Cut his ear off like Vincent Van Gogh  
Dash cash to the crowd so the venue scrambles  
Turn my good life into a baby shambles  
Fuck myself up real properly like Pete Doherty  
Cover of heat, I'm hot property  
Everybody's clocking me, I own the crowd  
Then I gotta link me up with a girls aloud  
Next, exchange vows now my pop's is proud  
There's a nine on my cloud, I'm as pleased as I ever been, bro  
Mans flash like Jose Mourinho  
Women crave me like bottles of pinot  
Now I've got big I can fight photographers  
Bang the obvious, please biographers  
Spend currency 'til there ain't none left  
And when I need more I'll fake my own death

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Right now it's just hit and miss, soon I'll taste a bit of bliss  
Banging chicks at worst with looks like Jayne Middlemiss  
Never doing hideous, it's too bad for business  
I spin when they grin with skin like Darth Sidious  
Never out-riddle this, all chattin' gibberish  
Verbal diarrhea so you're never getting rid of this  
I hear your retorts, there's all sorts like liquorice  
I can sense your bitterness, you wishing you written this

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