Goldie Lookin' Chain

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If you wanna make money then you've gotta think fast,
Phone claims direct cos there's a nail in yer arse,
Its very simple this is one step of two,
First hurt yourself, then claim you wanna sue
Venereal gash, or is it just whiplash?,
Call it what you want, just get the fukkin cash.
Cash or cheque, trip or fall,
You gets over a grand if you rip off yer balls,
Can I get a witness? You got a cut or a bruise,
Now yer talking business,
Oh son put yer face in the fire,
if you loose both eyes then the price goes higher,
I went to the doctors cos I felt funny, now claims direct, they're giving me
Pick up the phone, the number is free, remember kids,
No win no fee!
Ring now, no win no fee,
Its gotta be true cos its on the TV,
Ring now, its money for free,
Its gotta be true cos its on the TV
The bad boy limp is tellin', you know what type of shit I'm selling.
I walks funny and I gets respect, my limps paid for by claims direct,
Cut off two toes and got gangrene, now I walks with a gangster lean,
I did it in work, no win no fee, I got four grand and shpmobilityyyy
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I wears a stone in the sole of my shoe,
It makes me walk proper when im hanging with my crew,
What do I mean? I'll try to explain,
Being fukkin razz means you gotta take some pain,
Like I said, I wears a stone, other techniques have been used that are known
I used a marble, it made me walk funny,
Like Jeremy Beadle's hand giving me money,
For a prize that I won on a show, for having a bad boy limp and smoking blow
Put on your trainer, feel the Hi-
Tec glow, insert a two inch nail into the foot below.
The bad boy, the bad boy limp,
A little bit of gravel makes you walk like a pimp,
The bad boy, the bad boy limp,
The harder you look the more you walks like a gimp
Ring now, no win no fee,
Its gotta be true cos its on the TV,
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Yer bird checks me when yer havin a drink, I got ten fags and a bad boy limp , $\,$

If you wanna start, clart, give it a go, S'like Heather Mills giving McCartney a (blank),

Not working now cos im on the sick, my bad boy limp sorts the benefits, I lurch round town with my mates at an angle, Leisurewear, bling-bling, fukkin jingle jangle,

You knows im safe, so check my stance, walking around Argos like I shat my p ants.

Ah, tick-tock we don't stop, I limp like a leper when I go down the shop, A Ginsters pasty, a can of panda pop, then its off down the council cos my b enefits stopped,

Injury- it's the name of the game, fuckin up yer body for the Goldie Lookin Chain,

One toe is six weeks, one leg is a year, do a Vincent Van Gogh, get more mon ey for beer.

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Forget the bones that your breaking, think about the cash your making Forget the bones that your breaking, think about the cash your making Forget the bones that your breaking, think about the cash your making Forget about the bones your breaking, think about the cash your making