

I Am the Narrator

Plan B

I'll be that...

Lyrical narrator, social commentator
Socially commentating, what I say's verbatim
Verbal stipulator, oral illustrator
Orally illustrating, what I'm stipulating

Drugs rule everything around me
Thugs makin' money
My manor manor's ill ya'll, ill ya'll
Pushers on my block, shottin' rock
This is real yo
Bitches suckin' cocks, for them rocks
Yeah they will though
Prossies on the corner with the fuckin' high heels on
Pick 'em up, drop 'em off
Yeah they ride real strong
Crack addicts lookin' for other addicts to
steal from
Walkin' round wondering where they'll get their next meal from
Coke heads, on the reds, sniffin' up their wages
Dealers on speed dial suckin' all their papers
Still on the same number that they've had for fuckin' ages
Sim card so old, the logo's fuckin' faded
But turn it over an' ya see the gold nugget
Reflectin' off the light that shines down above it
Unregistered shit, you gotta love it
"Pay As You Go" so the feds don't bug it
Twitter for the streets, if you want Tweets
Eleven little digits an' the blow is all you need
Tell me what's your poison, they got everythin' from weed
Up to Methamphetamine, everybody follow me
An' join up to their antisocial network
Database 'o smack, coke an' crack smokin' experts
Without it they'd go outta business, they'd no longer get work
So anybody tryna fuck with it's gonna get hurt

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Are you sittin' comfortably?
Well put your seatbelts on, cause you're in for a harrowing ride
Cause this is Ill Manors, where dark shit goes on
at night
I am the narrator
The voice that guides the blind, follow in
Not with your ears, but your mind
And allow me to take you back and forth through time
To explain the significance of things you may think are insignificant now
But won't further down the line!