

## Make It Last

Dizzee Rascal

You ain't from the ends, boy, don't get me vexxed  
Represent the east side everytime I flex  
What you know 'bout EQ, Stratford Rex?  
Murder Mile, Palace P, murder on them steps  
Deja 92, murderin' them sets  
Can't forget Mak 10 murderin' them decks  
He'd just drop the ting we didn't even know what's next  
I was with Reggie, never even heard of Ghetts  
What you know about them real south London vets?  
Imperial Gardens I was way out of my depth  
Brickie on the right, Pecknam on the left  
All I see is shooters it's about to be a mess  
All I see is shooters I don't know about the rest  
Can't forget them ghetto boys servin' up that stress  
Bunch of blue borough boys turnin' up Turnin' up with heads  
Someone's gonna turn up dead, yeah  
I was on the grind north, east, south and west  
I was in the dance with no vest on my chest  
Bredders lickin' shots just to vent and express  
Bredders lickin' shots just to let me know I'm blessed

But that's all in the past  
So just settle off your arse  
Reminisce and raise your glass  
Nowadays I have a blast  
And I'm in a different class  
I'm just tryna make it last  
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No regrets  
Before I got a cheque I was workin' up a sweat  
I was on that north side, you better come correct  
T town, Heat FM live and direct  
I was from the east they coulda been comin' at my neck  
For the ends I rep, Instead I got respect  
Coulda just been wet, didn't know what to expect  
Weren't no speculation if they had the tings on deck  
Thinkin' what the heck  
Might as well take heed  
Take time and breathe  
I ain't tryna bleed  
Love is all we need  
Seems like they agreed  
But you know know about peak unless you went Rumble Stampede  
Real peak indeed  
And if you're lookin' beef then I suggest you take the lead  
And roll up your sleeves  
Or get jocked with speed  
I've seen the hardest, coldest bredders beg, holler and plead  
Like you won't believe  
And north west is greaze  
Hotter than Belize

I went to Tudor Rose thinkin' it would be a breeze  
But all I saw was G's  
Bredders on their knees  
Screaming "Why d'you take my boy away?  
God help him, please"

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