

# Slow Your Roll

Dizzee Rascal

Tell them boys to stop over-fussin'  
Tell them boys there ain't no discussion  
Tell them boys I heard it all before  
It ain't new to me you gotta show me suttin'  
Act up fore I blow or suttin'  
Blow for blow  
Toe to toe  
I run my own show  
But I am not known for duckin'  
Tell my homeboys to roll me suttin'  
Standin' out in the cold is cuttin'  
Reminiscing on back in the day before Isle of Dogs and E3 was shootin' broad  
day and riskin' lives over nothin'  
Them boys were like older cousins  
Went away I came back I heard it went mad but I could not speak cos it was t  
oo peak I had to just hold my tongue in  
Shoulder shruggin'  
Lookin' over my shoulder  
Told 'em slow your roll when the roads are gunnin'  
On top and the show was runnin'  
These times it was over-numbin'  
Alls fair when it's love and war  
Bredders actin' all cold an' cunnin'  
I was focussed on my dough was comin'  
Deep down I knew my soul was bunnin'  
Sting a bee in a sling they stung him  
Couple shots came through went wrong  
Held one, he survived the stunnin'  
Payback gotta at least gotta get one in  
No point tryna talk 'em down  
Can't tell these negros nuttin'  
Like

Slow your roll and get dough  
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Slow your roll and get dough  
And let the foolishness go  
Slow your roll and get dough  
Slow your roll and get dough  
Slow your roll and get dough  
There's more to life than you know  
Slow your roll and get dough  
Slow your roll and get dough  
Slow your roll and get dough  
And let the yout dem grow

Youngers takin' up arms  
Youngers out to do harm  
Like it's Afghanistan  
Switchin' up garms  
Kickin' up drama  
Gotta handle these qualms  
Chip at the top of their arm  
Someone ring the alarm  
Ringin' shots on the calm  
Nothin' left in their eyes  
Lost the love and the charm

Ain't no Quran  
And they're mentally scarred  
They ain't wishin' on stars  
They ain't readin' no psalms  
Or prayin for peeps, they're playin' for keeps  
Futures bleak  
They keep the heat in their palms  
Compete and beef for postcodes and streets they don't even own yards  
Best believe they go hard  
So bredders got locked up  
Cos there ain't no pot luck  
The developers rocked up  
Settin' up shop got the whole place locked and it all went and it all got co  
pped and the hood got chopped and the natives cropped and the ends got boxed  
up, then the price got knocked up  
Foreign investment raising the stock up  
So the rent got propped up  
And it kept gettin' topped up  
So the heart got ripped out and rinsed out  
Some got shipped out, got kicked out  
Few of them stayed but the rest just dipped out  
Took the quick route  
Power, money and big clout is what it's about

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