

Products

Espen Lind

From the big big big big smoke to the big big big big apple,
Whether you drink drink drink drink coke or sip sip sip sip Snapple,
From the Capital to capital I'm trying to get that capital,
Until my name's up in bright lights and capitals,
In the big big big big city, it's a bit bit bit bit crazy,
Where babies are having babies that grow up and rob old ladies,
I've been on the hustle daily trying to get rap to pay me,
Cause working in gap or Sainsbury's ain't gunna get that Mercedes
Born in the eighties in London but African raised,
And I've dreamed of packing those raves since back in the days, it's dreams,
In the classroom banging on tables till the teacher says,
Derek sit back and behave
It seems in my 22 years so much has happened
But I'm still progressing, bank balance going up per annum,
But when you're doing rapping Charlie, seems to take a shooting or stabbing
to go platinum Charlie,
I ain't gunna let that happen Charlie.

City life I love you
Even though the skies are grey,
I'll never place no place above you,
People trying to hustle every night and day,
Some are living the high life,
Under the bright lights,
While others get high and throw their lives away,
And every night I pray that I don't go insane
And end up just another product of the city

It's a bit bit bit bit crazy up in the big big big big smoke,
If you're a lil lil bit bit lazy you'll end up a lil lil bit bit broke,
Overseas it seems british folk are known for sniffing coke,
Being quick witted, and wicked rich and sitting in boats,
So every time I travel abroad I've gotta set the records straight,
And represent for all the people who can't afford to flipping go,
I'm just an ordinary bloke amongst all these different strokes,
Trying to stay afloat without doing no fraud or dealing dope,
Street lights, street life, all a flipping joke,
But I've come up a bit, had a good heart that toughened up a bit,
Look in the mirror kissed the good guy good bye,
Then exchanged my pucker-up lips for a stiff upper lip,
Little rob's jacking, watch him hold'em up with arms,
Kids are getting killed round these sides
And certain role models ain't doing jack but holding up their arms,
And that's just to do peace signs-these times are crazy

No place for the weak every race is chasing paper seven days of the week,
And the streets just sound like music, 'cause kids care recording criminal r
ecords- the police are the beat
The steaks are high and everybody wants to eat
Youths use weapons as ladders to step up on these high streets,
Equals violence, then comes the violins,
Then comes the sirens, then comes the silence,
Life's the best teacher and I'm trying to study hard,
So I can graduate up into the upper class
Front line like queen latifah in set it off,
Take notes like a bank robber in a rubber mask,
Frontline like Chiefa we take while others ask,

Duct tape the rap game, rape the pop world,
Make off take another path, maybe politics,
No mate don't take that for another laugh,