

## Draw

### Goldie Lookin' Chain

Yes I fuckin' loves it, Newport. When the sun is shining, you wakes up in the morning. It's fuckin' wicked, I goes downtown 'n there's a fuckin' fry up so fuckin' safe. The port, I love it. (fuckin' safe)

It's like centre of the fuckin' universe. (You knows it) It don't get fuckin' better than this. Knows it. (Love it)

Big up to all the multi story car park - massive, and all the people who goes to McDonald's for Sunday lunch innit!

I loves it down Empress Cars, Gary' Evins fishin, the Hornblower, the leisure with that fuckin' slide and Brynglass. This is Onestep Down, back from old London town.

Yeah safe man, fuckin' love Scarlett's. Fuckin'' Saturday morning, fuckin' cup of tea, fuckin' bit o'chillin'.

In the mornin', when I wakes up,  
I go down Scarlett's, for a cup,  
O'tea and a bacon sarnie,  
Then I hooks up with my mates then we go down the Cross Keys,  
Then it's up Wetherspoons, two meals for a fiver,  
I feel fuckin' safe just like McGuiver,  
Then I go up John ... for a haircut,  
But by now it's half five and it's fucking shut.

So I been makin' money all day long,  
So we goes down to ... and smokes on a bong,  
Then we go, up to the lamb...,  
Sellin' as many Ecstacys as I can,  
Next, over the riverside,  
Getting paid, end of the day,  
Sellin' speed in TJ's,  
It's the way the GLC do it,  
You heard the call, get fucking to it,

Down Queens school, fuckin' every night,  
Burned it down to keep the bongs alight,  
Punches, the royal mail,  
Burnside's only here coz he skipped his bail,

I'm on first name terms down Empress cars,  
In Freshers I always get given fuckin' free cigars,  
It's John Frost Square with all my spas,  
And you'll find all my bitches down Zanzibars.

I smokes draw, draw, draw all day, wrecked up on the floor  
I smokes draw, draw, draw all day, I really want some more

Here we go,  
I think you better know,  
You ought to fuckin' know Newport's the place to go,  
It's better than Cwmbran or Pontypool,  
'Coz if you wears a tracksuit they don't treat you like a fool.

It's P Xain, again,  
Like cocaine,

I spent all my time getting out of my brain,  
I started to worry about the drugs I took,  
I was doing more than Daniella Westbrook.

I loves going down Shaftsbury Park,  
Smokin' the draw with my fucking safe clarts,  
Then it's off to town, to meet the chain,  
To score the acid, and stop the pain,  
It's the only way, to see the Port,  
Fucked up, on top of Gear... Fort.

It's like Ayia Napa, a top holiday resort,  
It's where the drugs are sold and they're bought.

I used to work, down Priceright,  
Stackin' shelves late at night,  
Now I goes, down to Qurbana,  
Sellin' load of coke down the Celtic manor.

If you don't know us, we offer the milk of human kindness,  
They say extracting too much can cause premature blindness,  
I don't care, I'll say it again,  
Newport town centre, safe, like Boyz To Men.

I smokes draw, draw, draw all day, wrecked up on the floor,  
I smokes draw, draw, draw all day, I really want some more.

You knows that Elmo's was the only place,  
Newport's finest perms and tracksuits in ya face.

We're GLC, you knows we're safe,  
And if you don't agree I'll spray mace in your face.

I love Port birds' bums and their calves,  
Swimmin' cossies, in Maindee baths,  
I loves 'em when they're up Zanzi's on the razz,  
Or when they're leaning out, of bad boys' cars.

I walks through Newport in the heart of the Summer,  
I went to Dil Shad, had a meal, did a runner,  
Chicken tikka massala, chips and rice,  
Went down Private Lines and bought a special device.

We're from the Port like modern day druids,  
Bringin' you rhymes, that have style 'n have fluid,  
Takin' mushrooms down the Roman Ruins,  
And rippin' off songs, that'll end in suings.

I met this girl and she looked like Samantha Mumba,  
She smiled at me and she gave me her phone number,  
I met her up Barumba,  
We went for a curry and then we did a runner.

You knows, the Litsy's Run...  
I wants to do it, with a gun,  
Clean the streets for the good,  
Like a massacre in Hungerford.

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I goes down Woolies then JJB Sports,  
Buys a pair of trainers and fuckin' smart shorts,  
Down the job center sees the sign on the walls,  
Workin' down Nevil's... wearin' blue overalls,  
Think, fuck this, I'll go and sign on,  
But I'm in the queue for far too long,  
I changed my mind, and walked away,  
I goes down the in... shops for the rest of the day

Newport, you knows it we got it right there, with our posh fuckin' clock in  
John Frost Square. We don't take no shit from the twats in Abadere but queui  
ng for Elmo's never seems fair.

Yeh you knows, fuckin' GLC rare fuckin' hardcore shit, for the year 2000 plu  
s 2. Respect to the cowboy 'n every fuckin' crew.

Adam Hussain here from fuckin' Canada, bringin' it down to you and shittin'  
on ya. Fuck it, you ain't in, can't believe it...I'm up here fucking snowboa  
rding n shit, and you can't fuckin' answer your phone innit..safe...call me  
later...tara.