

# Majic Dusty

## Goldie Lookin' Chain

Dusty.. dusty... dusty..dusty

I goes out at night, in my glad rags  
Selling some to posh kids, prozzies and fags  
I do's a few spoons to get me in the mood  
I never do too much cos that makes you rude

Cos that's the trouble when you do too much  
You get a big mouth, start to lose touch  
You act all hard, gettin' louder and louder  
It's no fuckin' wonder they call it wacko powder

Dust! Majic dusty! Majic dust! Majic dusty!

My frontal lobes, have fucking turned black  
And when your ??s gone you cant never get it back  
Pulls things out my nose that look like bits of flan  
So sometimes I wash 'em up and smoke 'em on a can

Started in lines, chronic fuckin' times  
Got a fuckin' blizzard blowing through my mind  
This dirty fuckin' habit's costin' me a fuckin' mint  
Blew my cash on the blower now I'm really fuckin' skint

Dust! Majic dusty! Majic dust! Majic dusty! dusty! dusty!

She don't like, she don't like, she don't like cocaine  
I never saw a woman fuckin' complain  
Like the pale skinny girl over there, she don't care  
She likes to play head games but fuckin' beware

She's really fuckin' off it, look at her eyes  
Give her half a gram and she'll open her thighs  
But leave her alone if I was you brother  
Cos she's not the kind of girl you can take home to your mother

Dust! Majic dusty! Majic dust! Majic dusty!

I knows you knows, if you knows what I mean  
All this majic dusty, the most I've ever seen  
I really got to stop, taking this shit  
I really fuckin' want to but it's hard to quit

This cocaine scene is full of false fuckers  
I'd rather deal with people fucked up on pukkas  
So it's ta-ra posh, I need a fuckin' rest  
Back to sellin' mary jane and fuckin' flat press

Dust! Majic dusty! Majic dust! Majic dusty, dusty, dusty

Yeah, I got 3 grams of Tony Montana, 2 grams of Jody Kidd, 4 grams of Kate Moss, and an eccy...

\*Like Michael Barrymore back on the jam,... Four ??? go out with a bang\*

Yeah, my mate had cocaine, and he took all of 'em... My mate took 'em, and t  
here was all white foam round his mouth like Mumm-Ra from, er, Lion-O