## **Thru Space And Time**

## **Goldie Lookin' Chain**

N.B Track title is not Thru SPACE and TIME as stated alright? 'ands up, gimme all yer money rob the till and get away in a Nissan Sunny i bought a kebab, i'm fukin' annoyed i bought it down pill and it gave me typhoid

rizla, fags, the hot cup of tea the only way to chill in the GLC i used to take loads of drugs and go out to a rave but now i just listens to chaz and dave

molecular disfunction occurs mainly at this junction fuked up and unruly i bring contabulous rambunction the GLC style brings for us chaos without function snapping your neck like you're straight outta trumpton

disabled and shit, unable to move you better fukin' dance to the GLC groove traveling through the universe like doctor who stories(?).....worlds now my tracksuit is blue

it's been a long time, i shouldnt've left you with the dole cheque that i had to get to you spend it on gettin' wrecked outta your brain but now you're totally fuked by the goldie lookin' chain

that's right, Raphael de la ghetto, he knows it this is p xain fukin' keepin' it real, you knows it

care in the community, son....innit

inter-stella travel isn't always necessary
but rolling in my car gets me as far as Leeds or Berry
when i gets to the place, i spread the word some more
i leave all the girlies screaming, 'fukin' encore!'

Newport's fukin' lush, it's not a nightmare you know i loves chillin' in John Frost square but to be wicked, you gotta act the part my mum buys my tracksuits from fukin' Primark

i's got a turbo tardis GTI it goes 40 miles an hour in the fukin' sky i looks for cling-ons but they're not up my ass i'm an inter-galactic razz clart who smokes grass

i likes to think i travel through fukin' space and time but most of the time i'm wrecked outta my head on fukin' wine i get so drunk from the Threshers cheap booze it's loads of fun like drinking meths, you can't lose

eggsie fukin' knows it, hussain does too some of you bastards haven't got a clue listen to our shit, you knows it's fukin' great get a copy off Two Hats and give it to your mate it's the way the GLC likes to function, clart not by sellin it in them fukin' pop charts i said our crew's growing, i meant it before get out there, blaah, and copy a few more

it's the original crew, ain't no time for pap it's time to put Newport back on the map shopmobility, shop, shop, mobility shopmobility, shop, shop, mobility

shopmobility, that's the one for me
i nicked it from my gran when she was watching tv
I gets to ride round, it's sound, for free
and everybody said, 'he's in the GLC!'

I sat at home with the dog and a brew staring at candles wearin' a tracksuit with socks and sandals i parks nearer town and i don't pay no charge because of my gran's disabled parking badge

i'm from 'port, it's running through my veins Ben Wa Balls has fukin' got it, so has p xain

we're all psycho like fukin' norman bates fuk with one of us and we'll seal your fate

the goldie lookin' chain is fukin' so strong, it's like geoff capes turning a fukin' mini over for record breakers, with roy fukin' castle