

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 gurlies 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