

## Alicia Quays

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Mothers talk to you like nothing is better

Than you going out on a Tuesday

Well I'm not sure what to do

But man I swear man I'm slavin' far away

An' why is it that always on the weekend, no-one ever about to shout

Are people working too hard, or drinking too hard?

As a matter of fact I'm never quite sure.

A-blaze it down & pull yourself up

Pull yourself right to the hook shook man crooks

Never go nowhere with me cos I'm all on my own no pity

Spit like guilty minds in the sermon movin around of this place like you never did learn them

I shake myself down

And rattle myself out

And put myself on the line to dry

And why is it New Years Eve is always shit?

Dontcha know what i mean man, deal with it

It's always just the way we're rolling

Your girl's that fucked off on Smirnoff Ice

I think once, twice or thrice

Never makes no difference to me

A skinny little white runt with head lice

Never been better than money never been aw at least startin to see it

I've always been around this town

Since the first day I was born

An' i've been losing frequencities and losing sound and losing everything and

I squandered it all and

I've been hit up I've been around

I've been in the council since the first day in town

An' I've still been beating, cheating, falling to the floor when kids are bickering.

I've been a-bleeding, I've been a-losing

Where were you when i thought what I'm choosing

And if you aint better

A lala listen up don't stress cos I start man impress ya

And if you aint losing

Then you aint grooving.....

I'll still be down here on my own send your girl over

She has a complete and utter chance with me

I've been over, I've been over

You've been down, you've been down

Now I've been up but I'm movin'

All around the town all around and around

I've been grooving

I've been losin'

I've been alright choosin'

And now I'm back for the challenge

Oh the challenge and I want some more

Now I'm on my train

Life in the fast lane, never gave me no game

And then the man says "wakey wakey it's mornin' time on the northern line"

I'm alright bowling straight up to camden

All the way from North Faringdon

I'm gonna make sure I'll be tired and i realise that's inticing the right to One stone so

An' too much dough

And in my mind I've been sniffin up too much blow  
And now I'm thinkin' "aw I'll never"  
I sever it up before I think about forever and I  
Chat it back to the people I used to know  
Kick it back cos I'm rolling it solo  
A whynot what's to do?  
A no-one really knows me cos no-one is as cool  
Uh  
I chat it back like you've never been a theif  
I'm a thriller  
Licence to kill double-seven I'm a killer  
Killer killer  
You want a killer? Never know me, ha.  
It's all that chat back an too much to the liver an'  
I kick it back like a bitch slap right to myself in the mirror  
Kick it back thinner  
Maybe my shirt don't fit no more  
A hardcore man think he can fight up the law  
Shackled to the tenants  
Now he never work no more on the floor  
Dedication to why all  
Now I see back to the further  
Now it comes back looser than ever  
Some kids they think an' get better  
Think they're trend setters but they're never pacemakers  
What am I?  
What am I?  
What am i in my own dear eyes?  
A-what am I?  
What am I?  
What am I in my own dear eyes?  
What am I?  
What am I?  
What am I in my own dear eyes?  
I've said so much what am I what am i what am I makes no sense  
No mo-o-o-ore, mo-o-ore ah-oh mo-o-o-ore ooooh  
What am I oh-ow-oh well I don't awwwww...etc...  
Wheee an a dumdumday.  
Uh uh uh uh  
'S like a march in here  
From the left to the right  
Come on and stomp your feet  
Uh uh uh uh  
'S like a march in here  
Come on and stomp your feet  
X 3  
Some kids they're chilling on corners  
Out of order I think they'd all be better  
T' tie their laces, rat races, hit the pages  
Write yer own books & write yer own spell checkers  
I'm on a better man chillin' in my own room  
Assume to accumelate shake whaserdate  
Drink it down much quicker  
A glug glug glug on my liquor and I feel much better  
Talk to me about violence  
Never know me I sit further in silence  
An' when I drink it down I drink it up  
It fills my body and I feel fresher  
I tick up the tester  
Regulator  
I'm a true man, shootin', lootin' now I'm presuming  
That everyone I know in here  
Ah the dedication, my name ah J-T an' I

Roll it down roll it down  
Who wants to get themselves up?  
Who's goin'a her's?  
I'll get it in louder  
Ha  
Your fingers  
An' can you smell that it lingers?  
She's a fat bitch but I'd still give her.....one.  
I'm a cheeky son  
Where they from?  
Ha - you bet they're from London  
Face it  
Ah-la-da-da-da ah  
That's me finished...  
See you later  
Ciao Bella.