

Fightin' The Nation

Kano

Police and thieves in the street
Fightin the nation with their
Guns and ammunition

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Late night roam the street like a fox on the road
16, experiment a little heroin and coke
Room full of coke cans syringes
Poster over the hole where po-po kicked the door off the hinges
6 kids all living in a flat no jobs no dough every dealer on his back
Mums on her own drunk when she comes home
Days on end sleeps out and don't phone
Daddy don't exist such a cliché these days
So he looks up to the G's, theives
Whatever he makes G's take and call it a clean slate
Until one day he said he had a job for him, paid
And said "all you have to do is wait
Outside 1 crib and tell me when the breeder comes in
And who the breeders with and if the shit goes to plan you can earn a gib
That's what I call quick dough but what he didn't know that the G was a snitch
And the breeders in the crib were selling guns and cutting bricks
And he just phoned the G when the breeder rolled in and told him
He with about 5 man and 1 chick and next thing you know there's armed police
at the crib
Sirens so loud he's tryna read the fed's lips
And what sounds like "put your hands behind your head"
Was actually "don't fucking move and we won't have to shoot"

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Look how many youths have got guns on 'em, bustin' 'em
Eyes on the back of their heads, can't see in front of them.
Enough of 'em, it's time to fuck with 'em
Yeah I got 99 problems and London's one of 'em
Youths have lost lives from Stratford to Moss Side
And all they care about is if they lost stripes
I ain't no preacher MC, I'm feeling MC's,
But dig a little a deeper like dynamite
And I know I say some bullshit in moments of anger,
And it's not cool for the fan club
Just the other day we we're up late discussing Iraq,
Over a glass of champagne, how fucked is that?
I ain't celebrating shit - If I ain't using my status to make a change, I ain't

n't ever making hits
A wise man told me Kane listen,
If you want to fly like an eagle you can't fly with pigeons,
An eagle I am for a reason I am, where I m but how you supposed to make it o
ut of Eastham when there's...

Police and thieves in the street (and it's easy to end up in a police van wh
en they're...)
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Police and theives in the street
Bang bang and it ain't nothin sweet
Believe, peace