

# Live Once

## Plan B

Everything will be ok  
Yes it will  
Come tomorrow  
We gonna see better days  
No more sorrow

This is for the ones in the slums  
I'll be saying wassup  
You ain't gotta be afraid no more  
What the fuck?  
Why you walking with your head down low  
Pick it up  
Pick it up  
You only live once

And you can be anything you wanna be  
There ain't nothing stopping you  
Just like there weren't no stopping me  
I'm from the east end where peeps used to speak cockney  
Now it's so multicultural no one speaks properly  
Rhyming slang was invited on the docks to put a block on police  
Now the docks ain't there and no one cares cus they shotting B  
But still talking code like morse, it ain't no mock-ney  
But educated people still see it as a mockery  
That's why they use our slang against us to be derogatory  
And we just fuel the fire with our thugged-out philosophies  
Like crimes the only way we're gonna feed off this economy  
Revert to type, like these self fulfilling prophecies  
But we ain't no different from them, honestly  
Lucks the only reason they weren't born into poverty  
So never be afraid to say whats in your heart, follow your dreams, or wanna  
be, something that they say you can't because I promise G

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Don't make me get Illmatic on them  
Talking about them cats and robbers  
Hustlin' them 16s I guess im still trapping on them  
Rolex watch and I still ain't got no bachelor honours  
Man was from the Ends on influenced from its fragments and shelters  
Still we didn't throw no hats in the air  
My man was in the studio with hats and them snares  
Who thought we would have made it to the BAFTAs this year?  
When man was just a pickney with daks and im here  
Anyway, im on a shine, moved from the crime  
The only thing thats good about the hood is that we're colour blind  
Common goal, common enemy, economise  
And still personify a nigger trying not to live a common life  
Don't let them make you hate yourself  
Im like low batties, everywhere I go is like a hatred on my belt  
Her amaze, her rage, at her age she shouldn't be having  
No more babies put that lady in her place  
You think shes scamming for a bigger place to stay?

Maybe you should try staying in her place  
Plus a plasma on the wall can't change the personality of a ill mannered men  
tality  
Damaged goods

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Life is like a game of monopoly  
The ones that get a head start buy up all the properties  
Start acting like their aristocracy  
And make the late comers pay the price for not rolling the dice properly  
They might be winning now but success is a false economy  
Playing a game of chance whether recklessly or responsibly  
Lady Luck's no brass, can't buy her love it comes for free  
Shes a slut, no class, picks up random dudes she wants to treat  
Yeah she could be warm with you on Oxford or on Regeant Street  
She'll be gone once you pass go along with your winning streak  
Land an ok roll, the end you deemed was way too cheap  
To invest in, and you left them and wish you hadn't  
Now you deep in debt with peeps from white chapel east  
Who got plastic red Ibis [something] hotels on every street  
Sucking all your fake P's until you can't receive  
Even though its only make believe  
That's a metaphor for life  
The only one you'll ever need  
Believe

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