

# Missing Links

## Plan B

Look out my front door, what do i see,  
Another likkle yoot on the street shottin weed,  
It wont be too long before that yoot is shottin smack,  
Sellin heroin to his bredrins and dat,  
Makin fast cash, thinkin hes goin places,  
And he will be straight after the court cases,  
He thought the streets would bring him glamour and fame,  
But now hes locked up and noone remebers his name,  
(Cos you know) Its alright just how easily people are forgotten,  
One minute your heading for the top,  
You dont ever look like stoppin,  
Then suddenly you find yourself right back at the bottom,  
Thas life though, and so's gettin cut with a knife so,  
Watch your step if you dont wanna get blood on your nikes bro,  
'Cos these streets will have you up when you least expect it,  
You say you dont fear death but you know you respect it

[Chorus:]

Time is missing links,  
Chuckling you right back in,  
Feels like somethings missing, yeaa  
Time is missing links,  
Chuckling you right back in,  
Feels like somethings missing, yeaa

I've seen my best friends cry,  
I've seen my best friends die,  
I've had my best friends lie about how there doin fine,  
I've had so many best friends in my time,  
And most of them i've lost to smokin white lines,  
I aint no stranger to drugs i've had my fair share,  
Had my head up in the clouds like a fucking care bare,  
Chattin all dat raah care, yea im jus experimentin,  
MDMA LSD amphetimins, all da rest of dat shit dat goes wid it,  
Why is it everyone who does drugs finks they know everyting dere is to know  
about life already,  
Jus by sittin on their setee doing drugs infront of the telly,  
Finkin there heavy, 'cos dey live their lives like dat,  
High on crack what sort of fucking life is dat?  
Whatever happend to your dreams and aspirations blud,  
Now the highlight of your day is masturbation blud,

[Chorus:]

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You only end up in the gutter, if you live your life on the curb,  
Or if you choose to take it one step further then the herb,  
The shit is gettin worse, its always been like this,  
Lifes a game of give an take an people take the right piss,  
I've seen a most self-  
righteous a man fall off the wagon, and start chasing the dragon,  
It's funny how now there the ones with the problem,

Look how much their big fuckin mouths have gone and cost them,  
Used to be the type that looked down on man,  
Now their inhaling toxins through a biro and,  
Its ironic dont you think that 5 years back the same cats are now on crack,  
They didnt even used to drink now there the missing links,  
In the world of wasted talent, could of been great now there just making up  
the balance,  
Musicians, artists, writers, authors, Gymnasts athletes footballers,  
Bare peeps i used to know that could of turned pro now the only game they play  
is the one on road,  
Whether it be drug pushin shopliftin or prostitution,  
Some sort of institution seems like the only solution,  
Stop the manour lookin like some kinda mardi gradis,  
This guy cause on the corner askin if you wanna party,  
Its nasty, drivin through the ends its like a safari,  
Dont get out of your car unless you got crackhead kamakazi (kamakazi)