

Oh My God

Professor Green

Are you ready for the revolution? Me elocution is execution, I am electrocuting. What the hell I'm doing? I've no idea. But catch a whiff of my fingers and you can still smell Susan. Mouth like a ash tray, breath stinking a liquor. Pocket full of change in yesterdays get up. The same jeans I had on the day before last. I guess I'm raps George Best with a lot more cess, a little more liquor an' a lot more sex, yes.

Sometimes we take it too far, knocked out sick on my guitar an' hear them say Oh My God, Say Oh My God, say Oh My God, lay my head down on the bar cause whisky never tastes so good, When I hear them say Oh My God, Say Oh My God, say Oh My God.

The first toké on the piggy made me shiver, sip a, K, while picking at yesterdays dinner, the way I say things it figures I'm paid, slicker when I think say, spitters made victims a they. If your insane and wanna get in my way pick a day when you wanna get hit with a rake Mr, diss me not, I'm frisky what? Still it ching to stick me cock in Pixie Lott. Just call me rap's George Best with a lot more cess, a little more liquor an' a lot more sex, yes.

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I do drugs 'cause I like the buzz, go sleep and wake up feeling like I tried to fight a bus. A barely functioning alcoholic, Living like a student with a pop stars wallet, Always smiling with my new teeth, Two E's two pupils, two two P's. In a chemical romance and I'm loved up. The mascot for a generation full of fuck ups. Don't be afraid its alright, don't be afraid its all good, I'm in a daze, Always my yesterdays a blur. Don't be afraid its alright, don't be afraid its all good, I'm in a daze, Always my yesterdays a blur.

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