

I'm inna

There were trendy wannabes staring in my face
As I stepped to the place I could taste éclair
Tall head, small head, enough shape to hair
Swinging out blabber with the coin to spare
Me myself, I only got five quid to spend and
Once I've broken this note my pockets on a bend
Supping on a brew so my vibe gets stirred
Feeling kind of brave as my vision is blurred
Skeets in the place, they blow my mind
I rehearse my approach and I bides my time
Second thoughts of last one, these stress my nights
So I was just content with them sights
Were me and my jack-joan, alone getting down
Freaking to the sound as the bass spins around
I'm inna..

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Clutching at the bar side, taking in the view
Press luck, trying to scrounge me a next pint of brew
Find a relevant spot, see I know nobody
So I assume the role of some tender somebody
To attract the attention of some cat with some doe
Be it Jane or Flo', I'm slick-quick, got flow
Looking down at my feet, 'tender' written cross my face
Hoping some skee aids my case
Twenty minutes pass and I gets no joy
I bring storm-dinner gear 'fore my plan deployed
It was a skee behind the bar, almost dark as me
Needed a drink so her dream lover had to be me
I said 'Honey, I love the way you work that square
I know you's a ten and you got nice hair'
I blew she two kisses, two tries and I misses
Third time lucky, I'm hitting the target
She's warming to my vibe, looking deep into my eyes
I'm spewing out lies but she's none the wiser:
'I can't find my bredren with my twenty pound note
I'm feeling kind of hoarse in the throat?'
She steps to the brew tap, pumps me a brew
I said 'Hon, I really don't expect this of you'
Pushed the brew to my hand and I grips it tight
Turns her back and I slips out of sight
I'm inna..

Back in the midst of them sweaty boogie folks
A cat comes up and tries to sell me some smoke
'What you got, weed or hash?' He said 'Hash'
'I don't smoke that but I'll take a quick blast'
It was a potent cocktail, this hash and brew
I flips, acting like I'm not known to do
Strips down to my waist, I was feeling hot
Getting wild sensations from my head to my
In a drunken stupour, sweating on this skeet
Company of us cats, they didn't want to keep
In came my bartending friend and two bouncers
Accusing me of theft, Lord knows I should've left
But this buzz in me was like grinning up my jaw
Before I knew shite I were flat 'pon the floor

Inna, man..