

Strange Behaviour

Roots Manuva

I can't quite remember the month nor date
Nothing was gwan and I was jammin round my gate
Started fiending for a Jack& but had no cash
I had no choice to piggy-bank or trash
It was me and my bold self with five bags of coppers
Splashed out on the counter at PJ Patel's
He's far from happy with my method of pay
I shrug my shoulders, I'm like what can you say?
It's money, ain't it? I ain't begging you jack
And mood I'm in, I might just give you a slap
I grip my Jack&s and I leave in peace
As I stepped through the door he heard the kiss of my teeth
Minding my own business, rolling down the street
I swear I heard a female voice call my name
I stopped for a second loud as Charmaine
Some sis I used to park with from way back when
We weren't on no bone-tip, just real good friends
We on some hug-up and kiss, boy she looking neat
Head-to-toe in new gowns and two new gold teeth
I said 'What you want?' and she says 'This and that'
'Well, come around my yard and let's crack this six-pack'
Back at my yard we heavy-chilling, killing time
Exchanging views and getting thoughts off the mind
For three whole hours everything was cool
Around quarter to twelve they took the strangest twist
I'm looking in her face, I swear it looks off
She's sweating like she dipping in some horse's trough
Then she flips out, screaming 'quick, I hit a last
Trying to kick this brown but it's busting my arse'
Seems like the planet gone mad
What you staring in my face for?
I told you dudes, I can't save ya
What the frigg is with this strange behaviour?
Strange behaviour..
Charmaine the headstrong. proud miss missy
Fell for the local fluff dealer, she were living the high life
Sitting in the luxury's lap
Little did she know she were braving a trap
Cause the thug that she loved was a two-bit thug
The notes that she speed with were dripping blood
She were mesmerized by the rude boy charm
Two years had passed, she thought she's safe from harm
But the past has strange way of rearing its head
Just when she think it were dusted and dead
It's like petrol bombs come flying through the window
Cause there's a ten grand price on his life
Ready to be cashed when his heartbeat ceases
All that he tried, he can't get no peace
Cause he's running from the beast, running from the crims
After all's said and done it's the beast that wins
Whyilin on borrowed time, soon to get nabbed
Two keys of fluff that he just did grab
When her man got nicked, Lord knows she couldn't cope
Started hitting the bottle, started tying the rope
Now she's trapped in the chains of the oldest trade
Flashing her vag' in my face and I'm far from keen
I don't want got business with no drugsman's queen

Nahmean?

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