

## Plastic Gangsters

The 4-Skins

I come from south London I think I'm cool  
I wear a cheap crombie and that's about all  
I go down the pub with all the lads  
Their wearing their chains that they got from their dads  
But all I got was a rotten cheap chain  
My wife's got in debt with the club book again

I'm a plastic gangster  
They call me a crown and anchor

I asked one of my mates to get me some books  
About the East End their gangs and their crooks  
I bought a cheap car from one of the lads  
He got it cheap from his car dealing dad  
I'm in my new car, I'm driving it home  
The next thing I know the engine has blown

I went down the West End, the local was drag  
I had to pay a tenner to go with some bag  
I took her home to her place I gave her some stick  
The next thing I know the old bag was sick

I stay at home on Thursdays, minders on TV  
I'm learning Cockney rhyming slang of to a tee  
So when I go out on Fridays I know what to say  
I wish I was like Arthur and get my own way.