

Can't Con an Honest John

The Streets

Using the following, I'm going to show you:

- A) How to con someone using their own greed,
- B) That you won't feel bad 'cos they're trying to con you anyway, and
- C) TAKING THEIR MONEY!

As I have come to realise, running the beats is just getting people's confidence.

This scam only works 'cos that man thinks he's working this scam
And that you man off his mark
Get your mate, let's call your mate Piers
No, not Piers, let's call him Farquhar
Anyway get Farquhar to crawl into a bar with his dog
Like I said, the barman will try and con you later
but you're gonna take all his money.
Anyway, get Farquhar to pass into a local bar
And call to the bar to look after a dog for a dart
Just for 20 quid for a while, claiming that he hated it
But it was worth more than his car
This, by the way, requires that you find and supply Farquhar
With an animal, and a life, from your local park.
Get a nice dog that doesn't bark
But not so nice that someone might miss this mutt from the park

Anyway, using this technique you're gonna take all this man's money
But you're not gonna care, cos he's gonna fucking deserve it

You'll never con an Honest John
An Honest John you can't drag down (Exactly!)
Con-do-lee get conned
When they think they're the cunning one (It's all one big con)
Neighbour you won't con
An Honest John

Now listen, get Farquhar to dart out the bar
And just shop for some garm's, maybe
Just to pass an hour or so
I would go shopping cos' I gave up drinking
But whatever, just have Farquhar down the road
Now you walk in the bar, walk up to the barman
Order a jar, when you've caught him slouched on his own
Start eyeing the dog that he's minding by his side
Currently vibe him and start on about the dog you own.
Start asking the barman, if it's his fine specimen of a dog
Nod, smile, agree, look interested and cool
When he tells you it's someone else's you've just left previous
Tell him, 'This is a very rare breed of animal.'
Last time I lied my manager swiped me
But lie, and tell him it's like a fucking Red-Eared Hunting Spaniel.
Tell him it's worth 600 quid and you would pay handsomely if you were to accept finance at all

You'll never con an Honest John (Sometimes...)
An Honest John you can't drag down (...Sometimes I think I should just go completely...)
Condolee get conned

When they think they're the cunning one
Neighbour you won't con an Honest John (Keep listening though, it's important that you keep listening...)

Now take all his shopping off him
Get your mate Farquhar to pop in
Looking straight gutted a bit later on
He should order a jar, talk at the bar
Ensure he looks calm, warm with the barman
And generally start conversating on.
Farquhar should start falling apart
About how he's arsed up some chance
And how arsed up his day was.
Or in the event, the spread betting he's getting ready to accept
That his rent's not getting payed up.
The barmans mind will chime slowly for a while
He might wipe the bar, as his mind is making sums.
Farquhar should continue to moan about money
And that this mutt is not the greatest of his worries.
And like 'ching!', the barman will five out of six times
Kindly offer his greed to buy the dog for a price of 300 quid
And after some bartering, your barman will haggle and charge harder
In greed of the scent of the scheme in his head. (That's right, neighbour!)

You'll never con an Honest John
An Honest John you can't drag down
Condolee get conned
When they think they're the cunning one
(The barman, is gonna see how much he can stitch you up for.)
Neighbour you won't con an Honest John
(How does that work? Cos' everytime it's based around someone who thinks they're conning you.)

They'll never imagine the whole scenario is prepared solely for him
Why should he?
That sort of paranoia can get you in the loony bin!

As I have come to realise, running the beats is just getting people's confidence.
AND THAN TAKING THEIR MONEY!

It's all one big con.