

# High Street

## Blood Orange

Racing down Ilford Lane going home  
Thinking about should I try to fake a fall  
You seem to think that you're all alone  
And nothing ever could change it all  
Think about the words that you said. Yeah, silence on my estate  
Cassette player chewed up my cassette tape  
Blisters from the control pad  
Cuz I was on the Mega Drive more time If you're feeling me put your pinot grigio high  
This ones for my G's in the North side (Racing down Ilford Lane going home)  
All my G's on the East side  
This one for my G's in the West side (Thinking about should I try to fake a fall)  
My G's on the South side  
The late king Michael Jackson doing the moon walk on the telly  
And I was like who's bad  
Sittin there smoking, sipping MD 20/20 thinking I was the man  
Mum's upset because I haven't given her a penny  
But I just got a 20 bag Mum don't stress, you know I told you already  
Imma to do it for you and dad  
So I was out on the grind  
On the 279  
Trying to show my songs to the world  
Inspired by the streets  
Fell in love with the beats I never had time for a girl  
I never really cared about a hair cut  
I was in the club doing the 2-step  
Wishing it was me on the decks  
Wanted to do it for the love it took some  
Perseverance and discipline  
Couldn't wait to get the whole world listening  
I remember when I first went radio  
Couldn't believe it was in the kitchen  
Your mixing and reality kicks in  
Smoking to calm my nerves and settle me down  
It feels like I'm in a crystal maze  
Somebody give Richard Crystal and get me out In 1 mile I've seen 2 fights, blue tape, blue lights  
Single mom struggling with the push chair  
She had a bad mouth but she had good hair  
Stole a phone in the shop getting looked at  
Barbershop, hairlines getting pushed back  
Guys lookin at me like they wanna fight me  
Just another day on the high street Yeah... and now im back on the estate  
My CD keeps skippin when i press play

Full memory cards full of music  
Cause i was on the playstation more timeIf you're feeling me put your pinot grigio high  
This ones for my G's in the North side (Racing down Ilford Lane going home)  
All my G's on the East side  
This one for my G's in the West side (Thinking about should I try to fake a fall)  
My G's on the South side

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>