

# Proud

Dan Bull

So it's nearly time for me to go  
but I want to thank you for being here  
It's been a pleasure  
I mean that truly  
and now I'm going to do a convoluted tune  
A composition that I'm particularly proud of

Never been a fellow to be down with the Gs  
hardly ever collect felonies out on the street  
My criminal record took minimal effort  
to scribble and get all it down on a sheet  
Me, I can do without the police  
See, I'm a dude renowned to be tedious  
No pissing about, I'm serious  
I really just sit around on a seat  
Read a book, put it down, have a wee  
'til I feel I've had enough then I slouch in my PJs  
These days when I'm counting my sheep  
it takes me ages drowsing to sleep  
Feel I'm thousands of feet out of my league  
like a floundering dinghy down in the deep  
People shouting at me I'm not allowed on a beat  
but there's four times more that'll tell me I'm sweet  
I found my release when I bought me a mic  
and recorded a tight lyric down on a beat  
with the sound so loud that the speakers  
melt with the heat cos I'm Dan to the B

One, two, I'm counting to three  
then I want you, to bounce to the beat  
From the North to the West to the South to the East  
we can all get well rowdy

I oughtn't lie, I mean demographically  
there's a hypothesis I support:  
that I am the more privileged in all of society  
quite unlike the baller I try and be  
I was born in a nice region  
and brought up politely  
so I was taught to mind my Ps and Qs  
and make way for OAPs in queues  
I'm a decent dude, peaceful too  
but on a beat I speak with lethal truth  
This sequel to my debut album's  
a way to tell them the good news:  
That I'm a middle class kid from the Midlands  
less "safe" more like "how you diddling?"  
I'm like a Polo without the middle in  
more whole than the hole to fill it in  
though I'm a bitter kid, just a little bit  
bringing mint lyrics but no-one's listening  
but I'm in the zone and I'm coveting the throne  
so I'm not gonna give it in, gloves coming off and I'm boxing until I win  
Watch when I'm in the ring  
roundhouse my doubts, bopping them in the chin  
Plot thickening along with the smoke  
but I'm not gonna choke - I've got ventolin

Like when I kicked my bong and it broke  
it allowed me the freedom to breathe the air again  
and now that I'm clean and the songs that I wrote then  
are out and they're seen I am proud to be me  
You could tell when I'd been chilling out with some weed  
I couldn't leave the house, you could smell the Febreze  
Now when I'm out on an evening in town I'm a demon  
downing indecent amounts of Ribena  
'til I'm down on my knees and in pieces  
weeping shouting "help me, please"  
but when I'm having doubts about my belief  
I just tell myself that I'm proud to be me

One, two, I'm counting to three  
then I want you, to bounce to the beat  
From the North to the West to the South to the East  
we can all get well rowdy.