

Snob

Dan Le Sac vs Scroobius Pip

Little Sammy was a kid on a council estate
His dad listened to the skids, the slits and the slates
So Sammy listened too, he loved the passion in it
He loved the feeling in his spine with every snare hit
One day his dad bought the Sunday rag
Came with a CD of Mozart and a TV mag
The TV was broke so he put the CD on and listened
And his eyes lit up and his smile, it glistened

He had never known that music could have so many layers
Different emotions placed upon different parts and players
Each week he waited for the next free CD
To put on his headphones and get lost completely

So he saved all his money, one goal in mind
To go down to a performance and see this live
It took eight long months to raise these funds
But the excitement was immense when that day did come

With his pockets full of coins he got the bus to the city
He watched the view become less shitty and gritty
Even though he was alone in this big dark place
Nothing could remove the smile from his face

When he arrived, everyone was in suits
Sammy stood there in tatty jeans and boots
He slammed his coins on the counter "one ticket please"
But the guy turned up his nose like he was gonna sneeze

He looked away and served the next couple suited and booted
But Sammy stood his ground and asked again less muted
They laughed and someone sneered "Get out of here pikey
Appreciation on your level seems less than likely"

Tears built up in little Sammy's eyes
It seemed his place in society he could not hide
His head dropped for a minute but then his head was held
He looked them in the eyes as he screamed and yelled

He said...

Stop being a snob with ya music
It's made to be heard man, anyone can use it
Ya get so damn precious sometimes
It's just rhythms and rhymes and melodies in time

There was this other kid, she lived on the outskirts of Leicester
Her friends called her Frankie, her parents Francesca
I gotta admit she was kind of ignorant
But the kind you expect of wealth and affluence
No offence! She just lived in a different world
With different priorities, a real status girl
Her musical taste were an NME playlist
And anything recommended by the rich and famous

Now one day she was buying tunes online
She'd just got into Beck five years out of time

When she went to download Midnight Vultures
She got confused and grabbed Midnight Marauders

The only hip hop she knew was when that boy Kanye
Got featured in her mag doing a track with Coldplay
But as she reached to turn it off Q-Tip started to speak
And in that split second somehow he connected deep

She sat up, 'til god knows what time
Hunting for more beats, breaks and rhymes
She could barely believe that music so far from her role
Could resonate and connect to the root of her soul

She woke late the next day and hit the record store
She'd found a lot of dope tracks but she wanted more
She walked in and went straight to the guy at the desk
She said, "I'm loving De La Soul and a Tribe Called Quest

I've heard good things about Rakim and KRS
So I'm looking for advice on what's the best of the best"
The guys looked at each other, raised an eyebrow and smiled
And they looked back at her like a little lost child

Then they laughed "little posh girl getting her ghetto on?
Go back to daddy little girl this ain't where you belong"
She felt demoralized and stupid and all alone
And then she screamed in their faces with a visceral tone

She said...

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