

Blah Blah

Lady Sovereign

I say first priorities, it just cost me
At Maccy D's at about half three
What you munching on?
Quarter-pounder with cheese?
Chatting about me and Billyes

Now S O V, you wish
S O V, can't speak
S O V, just quit
Whatever don't talk with your mouth full

That's alright discussing me
It's all publicity
Even if it's not costing me
You're still dashing my name around the city

It's all good though
Blup, blup publicity for free
White midget, a huh mine fright
Somebody just dialed my digits

Is it for your man?
Is it?
Ha, flatter for the way
That you use your credit

If you go say I'm nobody
Well, if I'm nobody then why are you ringing me?
You drained your credit that's filling it
While my style, you's you're not feeling it?

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah
In one ear and it comes straight out the other
Repeating yourself like you are a star
Live for your mother like reh reh reh rah

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah
All your words in my brain are turning into clutter
Repeating yourself like you are a star
Live for your mother like reh reh reh rah

Your people want to classify me as an Eminem
What hear? What I'm a different kind of specimen
Just because I be a white Caucasian
Doesn't mean me and him are the same

Because one I'm not American, two I'm not a man
Three I come into with a different kind of plan
Setting the facts straight 'cause I know that I can
Will it ever wait 'cause I do the ultravan?

Categories I don't fit into any
Why? I'm onto top the stars many
Writing out more lines than Bur berry
Then it will be like a victim of 20

Make them lick my saliva off the floor

That spit that's bad
When I walked in the door
Release my metaphor like O' Blimey

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I know you know most about me over your Sunday roast
Or mid-morning cheese on toast
But when I found out you're talking
It's all different you start squawking

S O V, I never said that
S O V, you know you ain't white
S O V, I love your track
Well, what the fuck you want bitch a pound in the bank?

I'm varying 'cause I'm soon to be best friends
From best friends comes the next Blahbarian
Let me only start caring
When you're preparing the new rhythm

Now everyday the kids wearing
And oh God, I got posh people swearing
The rich, the poor, the snobs, the whores
Oh, dear Blahbarians galore

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