

Plastic Gangsters

The 4-Skins

I come from south London I think I'm cool
I wear a cheap crombie and that's about all
I go down the pub with all the lads
Their wearing their chains that they got from their dads
But all I got was a rotten cheap chain
My wife's got in debt with the club book again

I'm a plastic gangster
They call me a crown and anchor

I asked one of my mates to get me some books
About the East End their gangs and their crooks
I bought a cheap car from one of the lads
He got it cheap from his car dealing dad
I'm in my new car, I'm driving it home
The next thing I know the engine has blown

I went down the West End, the local was drag
I had to pay a tenner to go with some bag
I took her home to her place I gave her some stick
The next thing I know the old bag was sick

I stay at home on Thursdays, minders on TV
I'm learning Cockney rhyming slang of to a tee
So when I go out on Fridays I know what to say
I wish I was like Arthur and get my own way.