In my mothers belly and I'm starting to kick, 9 months in the womb and I'm making her sick, Squeeze through the womb and I land in the room, Don't know who we are, can't really tell, We do the council flats and we do some jail We don't like school, in a week we go once, We don't like th' police 'cos they kick and they punch, God bless all the stress and the stress comes at once, But remember boy you're a superstar Can't break it, can't take who you are Can't break it, can't take who you are Remember boy, you're a superstar They call you council estate They call you 'can't go straight' They call you crime rate They call you 'can't go straight' And you're bending all the rules Where you bury your tools Bending all the rules Where you bury your tools Your family can't visit cos the visits too far, You can't be who you be 'cos you're not who you are