

# Has It Come to This?

## The Streets

[Chorus: Mike Skinner & Keith Hammond]

Has it come to this? Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Original Pirate Material  
You're listening to The Streets  
Lock down your aerial  
Has it come to this? Oh, oh, oh, oh  
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[Verse 1: Mike Skinner]

Make yourself at home  
We got diesel or some of that homegrown  
Sit back in your throne and turn off your phone  
'Cause this is our zone  
Videos, televisions, 64s, PlayStations  
Weigh up Henry with precision, few herbs and a bit of Benson  
But don't forget the Rizla, lean like the Tower of Pisa  
These are, I'll raise ya, and this is the day in the life of a geezer  
For this ain't a club track, pull out your sack and sit back  
Whether you white or black  
Smoke weed, chase brown or toot rock  
We're on a mission, support the cause  
Sign a petition, summon all your wisdom  
The music's a gift from the man on high, the Lord and his children  
Triple team here of rudeboys  
Come rain or snow, the boodah flows  
You don't know? Stand on the corner, watch the show  
'Cause life moves slow  
Sort your shit out then roll, sex, drugs and on the dole  
Some men rise, some men fall, I hear your call, stand tall now

[Chorus: Mike Skinner & Keith Hammond]

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[Verse 2: Mike Skinner]

I'm just spitting, think I'm ghetto?  
Stop dreaming, my data's streaming  
I'm giving your bird them feelings  
Touch your toes and touch the ceiling  
We walk the tightrope of street cred  
Keep my dogs fed, all jungle, all garage heads  
Gold teeth, Valentinos and dreads now  
We were verbally slapped up  
Physically tip-top, spinally ripped up  
I do the science on my laptop, I get my boys mashed up  
You're listening to The Streets  
You'll bear witness to some amazing feats  
Bravery in the face of defeat, all line up and grab your seat  
'Cause Tony's got a new motor, SR Nova, driving like a joyrider  
Speeding to the corner  
Your mother warned ya it's a sound system banger

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[Verse 3: Mike Skinner]

My underground train runs from Mile End to Ealing  
From Brixton to Boundsgreen  
My spitting's dirty, my beats are clean  
So smoke weed and be lean  
I step out my yard through the streets  
In the dead heat, all I got's my spirit and my beats  
I play fair, don't cheat and keep the gangsters sweet  
Turn the page, don't rip it out at your age, move to the next stage  
Lock the rage inside the cage, like SK, it's a new day  
But don't take the shortcut through the subway  
It's pay or play, these geezers walk the gangway  
Deep seated urban decay, deep seated urban decay  
Rip down posters I like from last week's big garage night  
And the next Tyson fight  
I cook 'em at 90 degrees Fahrenheit and don't copy the copyright  
I got 'em in my sights, blinding with the lights  
Taken to dizzy new heights  
Blinding with the lights, blinding with the lights

Dizzy new heights

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