

Alright man, we're gonna do a new tune yeah, we're just gonna freestyle it right? Eggsie, fukin' don't get sick on us, you always fukin' get sick.

"I promise man, I won't-I won't do anything naughty or-or rude words or nothing, clart."

Yeah, coz my nan gets fukin' upset.

Right, let's have a go, you ready for this, Eggs?

"Promise"

No fukin' sickness.

"Promise"

Alright...

Tracksuit, trainers, packet of fags
I've got a massive stack of porno mags
Keeping it sweet, I'm spankin' the monkey
Importing the draw into the country

Two Hats is crazed like howling mad Murdoch
And he's got a shellsuit made by Reebok
He'll do the vulcan grip like Mr Spock
And he does bongos up the Fourteen Lochs

My name's two thousand fukin' AD
And he's got a degree in chemistry
Which helps when you're making LSD
And he tests them on a bloke from Pil, called Lee

You know he's fukin' safe, you knows he's from the 'Port
And he drives round Maindee in a fukin' escort
He's fuked up, nutter, he cut off his balls
Spraying bell-end spunk all over the walls

No balls, no balls

Sting, fukin' hurt when it started to splurt
And he has to wear nappies and a medical skirt
I was on the motorway, I cut a hole in the floor
I dragged my fukin' bollocks all along the M4

There was blood red skid marks all over the place
Everybody was screaming, should've seen the look on their face
They was all fuked and scared of me
Cos I ripped of the balls just for the GLC

No balls, no balls

Now Two Hats, he's fukin' hard as nails
He ripped his bollocks off to get out the local jail
He might have ripped the skin but he's famous in Wales
He can still get a stiff but there's a wind in his sails

He got wrecked up and smashed his cock with a brick

Turn it fukin' off...look, stop fukin' right now..What?...stop it now, it's fukin' sick, What?...It's fukin' sick...What?...fukin' stop it now...right, Xain?...

Right, his nan's gonna get upset, right...well, I'll tell you what right, we'll try something else, we'll do something different, right...