SONG TITLE : Poor Boy

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No cash no stash no bling no flash

No car no jar no lucky star

No hat no hood no bad no good

No gun no sun, don’t have no fun

No fight no sight no wrong no right

No jaw no law no roof no floor

No information, destination

Aint got no state just confrontation

I’m just a poor boy trying to make my way

No cares, no chairs, no goods, no wares

No fares no stairs no stocks no shares

No vote, no tote, my boat don’t float

No dish , no wish, no bread, no fish

No fire, no flame, no game, no fame

No crime , no rhyme, no grime , no time

No sex, no cheques, no cigarettes

No smoke, no toke, no coke, no joke

No job , no hope no work can’t cope

No fluff no stuff, wake cold sleep rough

No knife no strife no wife no life

No slick no tic No cane no stick

No looks, no books, no line, no hooks

No shoes no blues no Muse no clues

No choice no voice no rolls no royce

No street no seat I’m incomplete