|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Tripe hounds and dirt birds,  Hang fire just for fun,  Stroll around in shadows,  Away from the glaring sun.  Waiting for their victims,  To pick off one by one,  Body language experts,  Stealth is second to none.  Pockets picked in real time,  Distracted by a scene,  Cat fight in stilettos,  A wallet feeling lean.  Three card tricks a plenty,  On dirty urban streets,  Perfume sold off cheaply,  Burning holes in your linen sheets.  Cafés, pubs and hotels,  Breeding ground of crime,  Drop your guard for a minute,  You’ll be fleeced within that time.  Modern day Fagins,  Teach their children how to steal,  They grow up crooked quickly,  Never go without a meal. | The caring, sharing call girl,  Agile in her moves,  Fingers slide on a passport,  The inner thigh she soothes.  Long blade in a raincoat,  A statement of intent,  Don’t mess with a mean tinker,  He’s the arse end of a gent.  Tread lightly through the backstreets,  Stay close to the dimming light,  Don’t dare ask directions,  You’ll end up in a fight.  Those tripe hounds and dirt birds,  Live from day to day,  No street cred on your CV,  You’ll pay and pay and pay! |