



CHRONICLE



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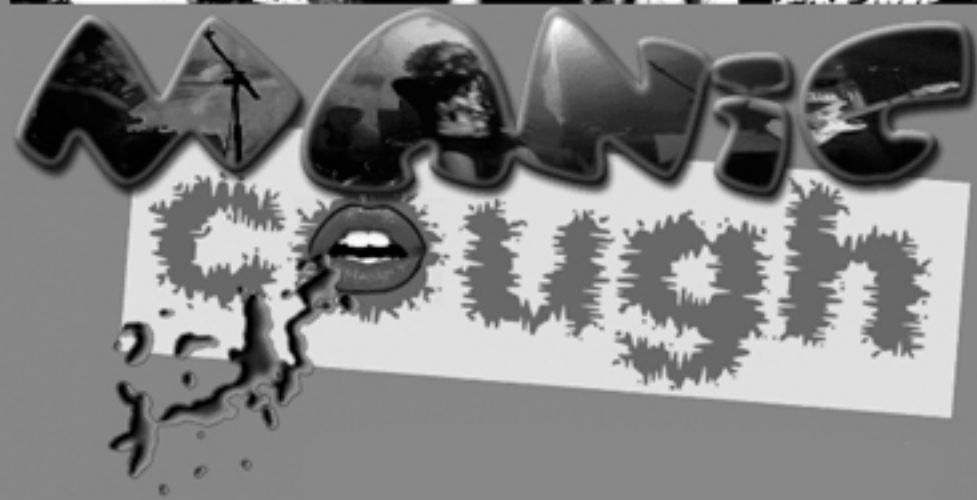
GETTING CAKED UP

Writer: Camilla Killarwatts - 2005

Us, Manic Cough had a gig at Club Mother Fucker in a posh part of Londinium, somewhere in Westminster. The club was good, meant to be gay, we say "Dont matter anyway, we just play, with no pay, again."

We got clamped cos we forgot ya gotta pay to park in the big smoke. It's no joke. We called Gary DS to help us try set the wheel free but no time cos our neighbour car was getting un-clamped so us suckers paid and kicked ourselves.

We got back to our singer Annie's house in Slough at four and ate cake and had a fag; woke up and I was dropped off on Junction Slough where I was picked up by the CrowZone so I could rap for their Crowshow.



We were invited to play a wedding party, Taff and his Japanese wife were celebrating in the Junction pub in Bristol. The party was M.A.D. Taff's band DISORDER started everyone off, well, me especially cos after eating lots of space biscuits, drinking saki and some strange red stuff we started on the wedding cake!

CrowZone went on and we started to clear the table to make more room so I grabbed the cake to take it across the dance floor and almost into the back room to be safe when I slipped and fell on my face - cake on the floor and the dogs came over to eat it up, "Oh shit it's got hash in it, the dogs are gonna get mashed!" Great night though, it was mad as...!