

Home

London finds itself in the midst of a violent-crime crisis. Figures released by the Metropolitan Police in April revealed sharp year-on-year rises in the number of homicides, up 44% , knife crime offences, up 21%, and violent robberies, up 36%.

The rise in knife crime is providing particular concern, having seen annual increases since 2014. Of the 74 murders to take place in the capital in 2018, 46 have come from fatal stabbings.

Many of the victims of the latest spate of stabbings have been teenagers involved in London's so-called 'postcode wars', violent turf wars taking place across the city's most impoverished housing estates usually involving adolescents between the ages of 14 and 19 years old.

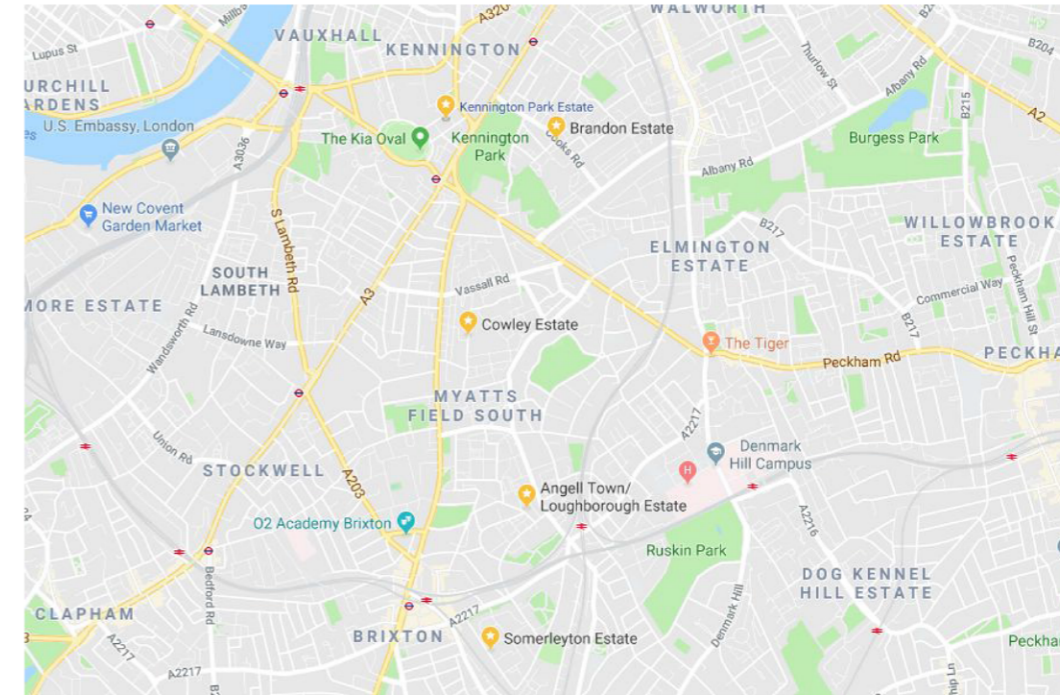
In search of explanations for this spike in gang violence, the spotlight has fallen on a new form of DIY-rap music coming out of these estates — Drill. Drill musicians make and shoot their own music videos, which are then widely disseminated via social media.

The music speaks of the usual trappings of gang life — money, drugs, sex and violence — but primarily focuses on bragging rights of the latest 'scoreboard' or 'numbers': the running tally of stabbings between rival (or 'beefing') gangs.

Police have accused the music of stoking the violence by creating a tit-for-tit culture of gang hits that escalates in its public exposure, with Met Commissioner Cressida Dick recently convincing Youtube to take down 30 drill music videos. The artists say they are only reflecting the grim reality of the environments in which they live.

Home attempts to portray those environments, depicting them in the light of the music created within their confines, asking the viewer to step inside of that world and to engage with the question of whether art is reflecting life or life art.

Home focuses on the resident estates of five of south London's most renowned drill gangs, located almost side-by-side on small corridor stretching from Kennington to Brixton: Harlem Spartans from Kennington Park Estate, Moscow 17 from Brandon Estate, 410 of Cowley Estate, 150 from Angell Town and Loughborough Estate, and Siraq of Somerleyton Estate.



Key terminology:

The drop - A threat from a rival gang communicated over social media

Dip, ching, splash, wet, juice, poke, chef, shank, touch, drench - To stab

Make someone go swimming - To stab someone

To bun - To shoot

To go fishing - To search for rivals to attack

Opps, pagans - Rival gang/s

Shank, dipper, blade - A knife

Wap, skeng - A gun

Rambo - A machete

GM - Gang member

To beef - To be at war with another gang

Traphouse - A crack house

To trap - To sell drugs

Feds - Police

Ends - A neighbourhood

Block - A housing estate

Opp block - A rival's estate

Clarting - Drive by shooting

Ped - Moped

Bred/Bredrin - Friends

Brick - A package of drugs

Zone 2 - A drill gang from Peckham

Baghdad - Myatts Field Estate

Peckz - Peckham

Brix - Brixton

Harlem - Kennington

Moscow - Walworth

Moscow 17

Brandon Estate, Walworth

Do it and dash, got things in pants
Took out the things and Tray got dashed
P got drenched times two it's mad
4 man face 20 and them man they dash
Bang and slang, pats get slanged
Can't chit and they chat
They don't want the bread
Them boy there are tramps
Them boy there are tramps
Attack and I splash
got chinged, opp boy get caught
Blading them out but them man sang
They ain't on shit, yeah they ain't on gang
Trap and bang 24's in your trap or ten toes with my splash
Man'll get splashed up in the trap
I'm trapping about on your block
I get splashy

It's Moscow B
We're the Russians B
I pull out bang and he skeet
G, G, Gyal she on me
Check the scoreboard we on fleek
It's a Harlem flow when I re-up
Bro, pull out the ting
Let's Moscow march and then lean
Unruly
See the opp boys said they on me
All talk, like keds come up and do me
Like, I got full clip for that movie
I'm tryna do me up one juvie
Who's that, what's that zone 2 boy
Now the rambo's looking all saucy
Like, who's that gyal over there with the bis
That's opp thot with some kids



Harlem Spartans

Kennington Park Estate, Kennington

Mash if we talking about bands, see a stack like fans

Fam they're coming in mad
Wass, they be chatting that wass they be doing gaga till we backing that splash
Mad when I'm chilling with Naghz and Lats they be known to be itching out backs
They slide we ride and camp
They snap we creep on man

Mash if we talking about bands, see a stack like fans
Fam they're coming in mad
Them man don't clean, they muster the lies, that I hear on the net
Its foul
They slide, we ride and camp
They snap, we creep on man
Badman we out for necks, no bargain deal, man they taking peds

Darling, want a brown skin, sparta smoke green like the gardens
KK where my heart is
K where it started
Sometimes I forget I'm an artist
So enraged, put my blade where your heart is
Frozone so cold like the arctic
Free the Ku 'til the Ku start marching
Bait ting hop off the ped start clarting
Long time Spartans could of chartered
Like why you gotta lie like that, ahk lying in the booth is retarded
That opps got got two different times, that player needs selling in a market
Pull up like boo don't piss yourself
Time to put your wishes down the wishing well
He dashed off, nearly tripped and fell
Maysk never looked back, flippin hell

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Siru

Somerleyton Estate, Brixton

Tagging up stones can't wait 'til I cross this border
I'm breaking slabs, came from a stolen phone and a quarter
I've robbed and taxed so many that I can't answer a private caller

You ain't got raided in the trap, had to run for a part
Tripping over cause he had to run for the dark
'Cause your lungs get weak and you start to wheeze
Overdrive your lungs and heart
Almost lost your life from a gun or a knife
Getting drawn from a pouch as you're watching time
If you don't draw out a gun or a knife
I swear to God you better run for your life
you have two lines, told her one's for my weed and one's for my life
Little did she know that on that phone was a thousand cats for dark and light
You idiot (you idiot), you can't swing two ways on a tightrope
How you gonna open up your eyes with your mind closed
Better off tryna find light for a blind folk
I can't take back what I've committed
It's written in the stone like hieroglyphics
I swear she complained 'bout the life I'm living
'Til she heard my ring-tones three times a minute
Yeah I took that ten rack loss on the chin but I'll make it back from the supply
I made my T-house pump so much you would've thought I put lungs inside
T-house flamed so I swapped rotation
I was in O so I missed probation
Three man counting twenty grand, lost five racks from a bad location
I said touch pen not Biro, bun that bridge 'cause I don't write statements
If you live then you must die, best go sit in your cell with patience
Fuck that snitch, loose lips sink ships, rudeboy I ain't that dumb
I've been through shit, robbed me two three bricks
Look at the man I've become
Now with blacked out tools got backed out
Told bro back down, things got blacked out
Bring a pack out then it gets whacked out
Tell her don't bring no whores to the traphouse



410

Cowley Estate, Myatts Field

Kick down doors
Think again you mug
Dududu bow, might kick down yours
My plug gives me the loudest bud
Shit that smell like yours
C4 Baghdad FB 4T
The 4s we've been on tour
The fans on my back, I like that doh
Vids we're giving them more
Shit then crazy mad-up mad-up
Get splashed bro open your thoughts
Switching sides, how many times
I swear down it was like four
And we seen man running across the road
Quiet down you don't wanna be 4s
Feds on my back, they know we're breaking the law

Man just love talk shit, get shot
Man's doing up goals on the pagon block
Girls love me and I love them not
Cause I ain't got time on my hands that's long
Crash don't dance man you must be lost
Man 2-2 step or I 1-2 bop
Can I get a 2-1 wings in the box
And a 1-2 meal for a 2-2 don
Trap hard you ain't got no prof
Man crossed the road when I diligent bop
OT put my hands on box
9 to 5 cause I'm on my job
Feds came to my door at one
Tried to ask if I bunned that don
Shit den I don't speak English
Non j'étais à la maison



Angell Town and Loughborough Estate, Brixton

Just know, this is the A, smokey things

Just know, this is the A, smokey things

Smokey things

Just know, this is the A, smokey things

Whizz on a 1-2's ped

Or anything, a whip instead

Don't stop when the lights are red

Jump out, chef out your back and head

Don't do this shit for the net

They do it all for the net

I do it all for my bred

Been on every opp block already

And I done it on my one, no headie

I seen man shake like jelly

Chef, splash, tryna hit man's belly

My nigga Firmz, he from Peckz

But he's riding and he done it already

I was on the M-way speeding, shit cos I gotta link Craig and Kelly

Making racks off a Samsung brick and this brick only cost about 20

Stop talking shit about me, M, the man already know I'm deadly

Ding dong steppy, we get qweffy

And they just leggy

My new ting better than my ex, cah, all she ever do is just tempt me

Let me switch up the flow real quick

Like how many times have I lurked and man got whacked and hit

Rolling with gunny and spin

Open that opp boy, slits

More time I'm in Brix

With Dargg and Stickz

Or with Slap and Jigg

Dumped it off then man's running like pricks

Don't ask me about no works I've mashed, you must be big

Just know, this is the A, smokey things

Just know, this is the A, smokey things

Smokey things

