

Skept

AJ Tracey

Ayo Skeppy, let me borrow your flow real quick, cause
Listen

My eyebrows join in the middle
So like Skepta, nobody wanna trust me (sexy)
Tell big man please don't judge me (nah)
Cuh my lyrical ability's a fuckery (icy)
I went from sitting on the block
Where the fiends shoot up like an inform striker (OK)
To having ten missed calls on my Lyca (brrr)
Climbing the scene like an Everest hiker (climb, climb)
Ex-girls thought I was a mess
Selling press to get the vinyls pressed
Selling press to make the guy press R on the Mac
So I can get bars off chest (off chest)
Yeah, Nan said I was too loud
Selling loud to make the sound get loud
Selling loud to make the guy on the mixer
Turn up the tune in my headphones loud
Went Rinse's show, you've seen what I'm on
Me and Novelist'll put the fear up in a don
Tryna aim a lyric at me? That's long
Try chuck it with the mandem and get bombed
Ice bucket for the champagne, no long
Peng Mrs looking Moscow, so blonde
Sitting here now and the drink made me think
Is this girl's body or the vodka too strong?
Make the whole crowd all miss the drop, that's me
Come though shotting on the block, that's me
Tryna war and you'll get a shock, that's me
Tooled up and the strap's cocked, that's me
Like selling weed to buy some true, that's you
Come through living off your mum, that's you
Talk shit and you'll get a thump, that's you
Never had the money for a gun, that's you
Yeah, I weren't the baitest don
Lived in the West where the papes is strong (yeah?)
But I'm from South where the crooks run rampant
So I've got mates where ACE is from (South)
Two-faced? You'll get your faces gone
Couldn't give a fuck about a racist don (fuck)
Grew up in the era of Skepta and Wiley and
(Over The Top) was the greatest song
Us man will take your wife to a show (come)
Little bit of Sprite mixed with the soco (bubbly)
Back to the hotel and your girl rides
And adorned in my new Burberry logo (sexy)
Tryna tell a man about the roads, that's dead
I was on the roads while you was in bed
I was with the mandem, shotting them Zs
Tryna stack Ps, man was tryna buy a new ped
Yeah, now I make the cars go vroom
Chicks go meow and the gats go boom
Don't try message my gang about features
Never gonna let a wasteman on my tune (fuck off)
Drew a ting at my show and I told her
If you ain't got iMessage, let's get with it (come on)

Gave the girl my banana emoji
Cause her back's come like the symbol next to it (peach)
Aubameyang style when I spit
Cause I ride the track like the guy on the left of him (Reus)
Two sets of three, try rush me (yeah?)
I gave six one nine like wrestling (ayy)
Hit him with the pump, no ending him (ayy)
Can't doctor the zoot, no mending him (nah)
Any week, can't mention me on a track
Best know it's on sight, no send for him (beat it)
A few years back, I was posted
On the front line with the food in my tracksuit (trapping)
My life weren't blessed like atchoo
If you had a very nice chain, we'd catch you (snatch it)
Turned up to the party with a peng ting
And we're both in white like benzocaine (yeah)
It's AJ in the mends again
I made an opp start jumping the fence again
Nah, rudeboy, don't try the game
Walked in the shop at five again
I got the kicks in black like melanin
Then I got the kicks in white like lidocaine (icy)
Hit an MC with the tiger flame
I mean yoga flame and then tiger knee (tiger)
I treat hoes reckless so they're tired of me
My ex screams "but we never did try with me"