

## Co-sign

Dizzee Rascal

It's show-it's-it's showtime  
I don't need a sponsor or a co-sign  
I ain't got to say my name, you know mine  
I don't borrow bars, I got my own lines and my own rhymes but you can hold mine  
But you ain't going to act like I'm an old timer in decline since '09  
You ain't going to treat me like I owe grime  
Whilst crying, saying you miss the old grime  
1999, you didn't know grime, I was making grime and getting no shine  
Everybody said they stand on business, till they run their mouth and get a clothes line  
Budgets getting cut, labels shutting down all the black stuff like the coal mines  
And that's a cold line for you slow minds

Either you're with me or against me  
Either you love me or resent me  
Is it a Rolls, is it a Bentley?  
Why am I shallow and so empty?  
I don't need the P, I got plenty  
But if you give me the P, it might tempt me  
You can't make this up, this ain't Fenty  
You can't make this up, this ain't make believe  
I don't over do it, I just over achieve and you better believe  
I took UK music overseas in '03  
Oh please, it ain't complex  
I don't need Complex to put it in context  
I'm one, two, three, four, five and six  
Better wash your mouth and dirty lips  
I'm the god-damn reason you can even sit  
All gassed up like that, talking shit  
And you could have quit or at least admit  
I was out here working, doing bits  
Had a hold of the UK throwing fits  
I got MOBOs, Ivor Mercury and a BRIT  
Got a BET, and that ain't even it  
Got a bunch of plaques and a bunch of hits

And I put us on main stage  
We ain't even on the same page  
We ain't the same age  
I don't really want to engage  
Or do they really want to see me get enraged?  
Why you care so much what the States think?  
I only care what the estates think  
I was gripping on ends with bait licks  
And ends ain't never been the same since  
And the game stinks 'cause you get excited about mediocre stuff  
Maybe it's because you ain't old enough  
Maybe you should listen to some older stuff  
Maybe I'm just getting old and over stuff  
Plus-plus-plus I'm old enough  
To remember, radio picked them man there over us  
Not trying to blow my own trumpet  
Not one bit, I'd rather beat my own drum kit  
That's the fun bit, plus I made the beat  
I don't run my mouth, I just run shit

I ain't losing sleep over dumb shit  
Or I deal with pricks who never done shit  
I'm so far ahead before they even started, I was done with it

Let's face the facts  
Let's forget the stats  
Let's forget the plaques  
Let's forget the tape packs with Wiley Kat, Raskit, back to back  
If I ain't the Godfather, I must be God  
There's nothing wrong with that  
If you say I'm not, then you can keep your God  
What kind of God is that?  
You can't polish crap, but you can thank God for putting us on the map  
And that's big chat  
Call it blasphemy but don't call it cap  
Done a lot for grime, I done a lot for rap  
I'm a happy chap, not a fanny flap  
I'll spark 'em out before I hold a slap  
Back to Wiley Kat, I take off my hat  
From the council flats  
When you best the scene, you can't cancel that  
But when you over-chat, they over react  
Now let me shut my trap

Yeah, right  
My bars are hard and they're tight  
I ain't hating, I just don't see the hype  
I'm like Stevie Wonder trying to ride a bike  
I'm like Stevie Wonder trying to fly a kite on a cloudy night  
No, I'm really like black dynamite, playing Iron Mic  
We're the same blood type, but ain't alike

Now, get it right