

Daily Duppy

Dizzee Rascal

Alright let's get it
I'm that bloody guy, that's right, I've said it
And I've got good credit
I ain't got no soul, if I did have a soul I'd probably sell it
I'll snatch your soul, rip it and shred it
Don't copy and edit
You catch my flow
Bet you don't get it
'Cause maybe you're slow
Maybe pathetic
So you might as well dead it
I ain't got no time for the toing and froing
I'm two in the foreign
But where am I going?
I'm going all out, not dipping my toe in
I ain't writing no speech, I ain't writing no poem
Gotta write my will
I wanna vibe and chill
I was sitting [?] to ride it still
Fight for my yutes, pay all the bills
And it almost killed me
How does it feel now I'm over the hill?
And these pricks don't feel me
Tell me I'm guilty
Wicked and filthy
Put in the work, nobody built me
I rise from the dead
Slap myself then hang myself
If I ever let one of you pussyoles kill me
I'm the best there is, there was and ever will be
And I'm still me
Rich nigga, I don't wear no trilby
You can roll with a diamond tip and you still couldn't drill me
My bars are hard, the delivery is silky
How many times did I let them milk me?
How many times have I gotta keep telling these dozy pricks I ain't got no feelings
They're in my DM's, send their feelings AM to PM
What is the meaning? Crying and screaming
All on the Twitter, why you so bitter?
Somebody get this dickhead a Snicker
Somebody get this nigga some liquor
Either he's sick or he's testing his ticker
Tell him I'm lit, I'm too busy to bicker
Look how I'm bopping, all skippy and chipper
Come like butter wouldn't melt
You're not a nutter, you're a melt
Couldn't give a fuck how you felt
Gucci buckle on my belt
I don't cry, I'm just playing with the cards I'm dealt
And I'd rather par with myself
Slip past in the car, all stealth
And we all know health is wealth
But I feel like wealth is health
I hope all my enemies die
You can save that love that enemy shit for somebody else
I hope everything bad in the world just happens to you and nobody else

That's dread
Don't matter what I said
No one's dead
I'm just pulling your leg
It's all in your head
Maybe instead of just being a beg
We could just put him to bed
Shut up and show me the bread
I am not easily led
But blood is so easily shed
How many rappers gotta die this year?
How many bullshit R.I.P.'s and crocodile tears
Everyone wants that gangster shit
'Til the gangster shits in the atmosphere
You can feel when a gangster's near
Oh dear, oh dear
How did he kill that boy and keep his conscience clear?
We're all living in constant fear
Cost of living, energy crisis, petrol prices
How can I possibly pay for my vices?
Gotta stay positive, that's my advice
I ain't got a license to be advising
I'm just thriving
I ain't surviving
No compromising
Can't be afraid to get your feet wet, gotta just dive in
I could provide you with a good time or I could provide you with a good hide-
in
Look how they're moving, like Joe Biden
Like they forgot I'm that guy
Who kicked down the doors and let them inside
Fuck your top three, fuck your top five
I'm G.O.A.Ted, dead or alive
You know the vibes
You know the score
I'm so award
Encore and we've been here before
Twenty years deep, they'll be twenty years more
I'm sure