

# London Boy

Dizzee Rascal

London boy (Yeah), top geezer  
Life of the party, people pleaser  
How can you flex when no one sees you?  
It's not hard, couldn't be easier  
Forget them pricks, amnesia  
Don't like me, I don't like them either  
Say you're top boy, we don't believe you

London boy (Uh), top geezer  
Dark and cold (Yeah), like freezer  
Don't play games (No), no FIFA  
They don't want smoke (Want), no reefer  
Light skin ting (Ting), Lakeisha  
Chocolate girl (Woo), Moesha  
Private jet (Yeah), Ibiza  
I'm not fussed, it's either, either (Come on)  
Pretty white girl with jungle fever (Woo)  
I'm like Skibba at jungle fever (Hey)  
Deal with the matter, love her and leave her  
Bitch boys chucking it, give me a breather (Low it)  
Running your gums, hundred meters  
Say you're a bad man and you got heaters (Bah)  
Snatch your soul, finders, keepers (Hah)  
Fuck your couch, that's where my feet is (Hey)  
Fuck your life, shit on your fetus  
Can't school me, I know what grease is (Grease)  
Under the bed, that's where your P's is  
On your head, that's where my P's is (Trust)  
Put up the P's and have you in pieces, send you to Jesus  
LDN, that's where the G's is  
Scammers and dealers, robbers and peelers (Trust me)

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Say you're top boy, we don't believe you (No)

London boy from Tottenham (Yeah)  
Chrome Heart jeans, girls love when I rock them  
Talking of girls, I got options  
Came with green, but I ain't Robson  
You man are actors, you're like Robson (Haha)  
Maggie with Wray, that's a wild concoction  
How you gonna try diss Fris  
When you know that you ain't got no answer for that problem? (You get me?)  
Been a problem from they let Deshane out (Yeah)  
Any problems, I bring the flame out (Yeah)  
Try know I came out with grain out  
Can't tell me nothin', go against the grain now (Yeah)  
No leg shot, man a aim for ya brain now  
Thoughts on the floor and you can't explain now  
London boy, I'm a L-O-N Don  
Still comin' through like what is it on?  
Man must've thought it was tea and crumpets

'Til you see me rise the ting and dump it (Boom)  
Like it or lump it, me and my G's dem run shit  
Look at all these diamonds (All these diamonds), swagger on violence (Uh-  
huh, uh-huh)  
And if we ain't talkin' Jamaica, Stoney, that's my only island (Real London  
boy ting)

London boy (Yeah), top geezer  
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How can you flex when no one sees you? (How?)  
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Forget them pricks, amnesia  
Don't like me, I don't like them either  
Say you're top boy, we don't believe you (No)