

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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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)

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How can you flex when no one sees you? (How?)
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Say you're top boy, we don't believe you (No)