

Match Fit

Dizzee Rascal

Yeah, uh

Fantastic

The way I jump on the riddim, so drastic

You're not special, you're a spastic

And your Dad should've wore a prophylactic

Mr. Boombastic, I'm match fit

I'm top three on my own, that's a hat-trick

What's my tactic? They brought that fuck you energy, I matched it

Everybody wants smoke, I attract it

It's like they can't accept that I smacked it

I was a marga, skinny little black shit, but I backed it

I punched Mega in the face and he stacked it

Had him sitting on his arse like a fat shit

Nobody ever mentions that shit

Every time I turn around, some useless bat-shit niggas wanna chat shit

'Cause they're past it

I mean past it

Shit on you bastards, piss on it after

Wicked and darker

Happiness and laughter

That's how I feel, I'm a young rich master

That's how I feel when I'm sitting on a charter

If I was broke, I'd still be a father

But I ain't and it's twenty years on, and I still got the same old drama

Can't trust these bitches, they'll harm you

Have you on the news, tryna make your life harder

What a disaster

Like the industry tryna discard you

Some blown-up petty little saga

I like being stuck off ends with no wallet and charger

I ain't tryna downplay domestic violence

I can tell my side or I can stick with silence

'Cause I can't be arsed

Yeah, I got the itis

And I drive my car like I don't want my license

I don't need advice, I don't want your guidance

I'm just tryna fly to a private island

No, not that island, not the kind with minors

Don't take my kindness for some kind of blindness

I'm still outside, it ain't hard to find us

You dick-riders better shimmy aside or just high five

Or call me Your Highness like King Midas

King Leonidas or King Kong

I'm like Don King, with the prize fighters

I'm a east-sider, I don't think they like me

I don't like 'em either

I was still the guy when I was on the flyer

Getting passed around like a cheap cider

Not the Pied Piper, but you can't deny

I light up the cypher

I light up your life, I'm like the Black MacGyver

I'm a black tiger

No suit and tie, but I'm a saucy guy

I'm like slip-slide, on all bald tyres

I'm a sole survivor, can't gas up me
Holocaust denier, that's a one-liner
I should re-design, I mean re-route
I mean just ignore it, it's irrevelant
I was tryna be witty, I'm not intelligent
If Diddy was white, he'll be the president
I'm addressing the elephant, I'm in my element
With no speech impediment
I should leave it alone, I think it's evident
It's like Reacher, tryna preach to the Reverend
I got a flow so cold, I'm malevolent