

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