

Back 2 Back

Fred again..

Open up your bedroom door
Let your mum hear this
Introduce her to the music, yeah

(Dem way there, I wear my own garms)
(Man see me on road, and want arms)
(Tell them shut your mout', there's no qualms)
(Tell them shut your mout', there's no qualms)
Tell them shut your mouth, you're not bad
No, you can't son me, never ever lost in a clash, you're mad
Try diss me or my family tree, alright, we could go dad for a dad
(Oi, Skepta, why you murkin' so many MC's?)
'Cause they don't know about greaze
I was really in the field with the G's
We were testin' out waps on trees
My first wap came in a boxing glove
Got my second one for some weed and P's
Why lie? Tell me the reason, please
That ain't gon' impress me 'cause

(Real recognise real recognise real recognise real, I'm so real)
They recognise me in Winchmore Hill
Primrose Hill, Brixton Hill
You're not a bad boy, and I'ma die on that hill
But the showerman recognise me 'cause
(Real recognise real recognise real recognise real, I'm so real)
They recognise me on wave and trap
They recognise me on grime and drill
You're not a bad boy, and I'ma die on that hill

Allow it, man
I wanna get my bars out, man
Nah, I wanna get my bars out, please, no more wheel-ups, man
Please, man

Young SK, I was goin' insane
To go radio I had to walk in the rain
Tell me what you know about surfin' the train?
No logical thinkin', had stress on the brain
One time I had to murk eight MC's
Bettin' me money, they won't test me again
Before I did 'fit pic's, I been a lyricist
Had to make 'em put some respect on my name
(Like, oi, Skepta, why you murkin' so many MC's?)
That was the word on the curb
I don't bend, so how can I get curved?
Private jet, I was flyin' with your bird
Every other lyric you're talkin' about gun man
You ain't got straps, stop lyin', you're a nerd
Said you was a bad boy, blud, say word
I went to your ends, that's not what I heard
(Dem way there, I wear my own garms)
(Man see me on road, and want arms)
I still gotta step on my 1's, I'm so calm
You talkin' like you know the drillers, you're not Carns

(Tell them shut your mout', there's no qualms)
(Tell them shut your mout', there's no qualms)
Talkin' 'bout crashin' out, you're not Swarmz
Real recognise real, dem boy do me no harm
(The nurse that brought me)
(Will recognise me when I'm forty, like, I'm so real)
From Australia, all the way to Brazil, I got fans sayin' I'm the G.O.A.T. st
ill
Don't come to my show if you're tryna be cool and chill
Your drink might spill, end up in the moshpit, hands in your grill
Flow so sick, you might need a NyQuil

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Go on then
Go on then, go on then
No more