

# IC3

## Ghetts

All black attire  
Draw back and fire  
My nigga-dem ride out  
Horseback for hire  
Full clip in the drier  
I ain't talking Richard  
And I'm talking prior

What you know about death and bury?  
What you know about pressing semi? (Huh)  
What you know about (Greaze)  
What you know about Ghetts and Skeppy? (Go on then, yeah)

I feel like I'm born again  
Me and Ghetts on the track and it's feeling like the rooftop all again  
Yeah, we're firing that corn again  
Get the toe tags and the bodybags in  
Soon as they told me about the power that came with the black skin  
Unlocked it, then I tapped in  
Alchemist, when I feel the pressure I make diamonds  
I cannot stop getting the racks in

Who would've thought back then we'd be some powerful black men?  
Back when we was in estates I was trapped in, trappin'  
You don't know how it's impacted us  
Can't block a nigga when flats with us  
Abandoned flats where the mandem trap  
I took a few Ls in my Champion hat  
Came back like a champion and landed jabs while being branded 'black'

African man, you see the jewels on my neck  
Class of Deja, went school with the best  
When I fire my lyrics, you know I shoot for the chest and the head  
Eyes rolled back, better check if he's dead  
I cannot act for the image  
I'm in the motherland putting racks in the village  
What you talkin' 'bout, Willis?  
Ever see me on the iPhone, better know that I'm talking 'bout business

Don't tell me go back where I came from  
While the queen sits there in stolen jewels  
Cool, I'll go back with a chain on  
And light up the place like Akon  
Hmm, I got a bullet with your name on  
Blood stains on the pavement you played on  
You think I give a fuck about a loose screw?  
My brother, my whole brain's gone

Look in the mirror, I see king, I see me  
I see who? I see what? IC3

Look in the mirror, I see king, I see me  
I see what? I see who? IC3

Yeah, please don't talk about numbers  
I don't wanna hear what he did  
Talk about me, you're talking undefeated

Talk about S-K-G-H, no introduction needed  
The queen offered me the MBE  
I said no and I raised my fist  
I went home, got my chieftaincy  
Now I'm back on the strip  
Police stop me in the street, they wanna take a pic

There's only one Ghetts and there's only one Skepta  
Blood of a king, so I named my son Emperor  
You see, right now I'm on a mad one  
I need red rooms for the whole month, hipster  
How can they say I don't want no smoke  
Like man don't know I am the drug tester  
The young mad boy, old niggas love lecture  
Diamond under pressure

Them man are playing Question Time  
Talking about who's next in line?  
Who the best in Grime?  
All we wanna know is who gonna stand the test of time  
Labels on the phone and I had to press decline  
With a heart like mine how could I quit?  
Bought a crib out of the bits  
Mumsy proud of the kids  
Didn't wanna play us on the radio, we took the ting worldwide  
Now man are pissed

I'm a serial cheat, I got with too many exes  
You don't know high, look, I been dumping  
Where was you when that Boy Better Know  
And that movement air right now, man are wonderin'  
Some of you niggas need humbling  
I got drink that needs pouring  
Got weed that needs crumbling  
Got gyal asking my real name  
My mum don't even call me Justin

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Go on then, go on then, go on then, draw for the 'chete  
Bullets start dropping down like confetti  
Won't bring a strap if the beef is petty  
Nah rudeboy, I just draw for the 'chete  
Make your belly look like a bowl of spaghetti  
Leave your lip bust and your forehead sweaty  
I'll make you wish you never drew the machete  
Go on then, you think you're ready? Greaze