

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 drewed the machete
Go on then, you think you're ready? Greaze