

James Brown

Ghetts

Bad mother, shut your mouth
Even though I might die if I flood the drought
I'm Justin, you're just around
Shed light on the underground
Look, but don't touch the crown
By the way, that's Uncle Brown
A gyal dem a run me down, cuh
(I got it, yeah)
This is soul baby
The kind of soul that gave Stella her groove back
The kind of flow that put the rhythm in 2Pac
8 years later
They're saying Ghetto Gospel was ahead of its time
I'm like, duh
Tell 'em I knew that
I'm Marty McFly with these albums, fam
And the new album be the almanac
Back to the future with it
I've got a MAC full of music in it
I go H•A•M and abuse the rhythm
Beast mode but you can see the beauty in it
Who are you when the moon's the limit?
Armstrong
Melvin to you baby boys
Your mother keeps my arms strong
Life's a bitch so I got a hard on
Leaving all the bozos banging over postcodes
But don't own the house they live in
When you're young, that's almost acceptable
But not when you're my age, so I ain't
Bang bang bangin' bangin' like M.I.A
Truth be told, I wouldn't mind moving home
I don't wanna bring up my kid around here
I want a house in the suburbs
I grew up with mice running round in my cupboards
Hungry, you could hear the growl in my stomach
Mummsy, put some more cow in the oven
Mmmmm, the table's set
Back when I never had cable yet
John Loughborough 20p bagels then
Now everybody want bread man
Cuh I get the bagels in

Wretchro, I'm vintage
Cazals are my squinters
Why the fuck would I tint em?
I wanna see the lord looking at my Christians
Might rain, or will it?
Sky's the limit so I might sky-dwell it
The type of money that I'm spending
The watch should tell me when I get to heaven
Check in, I might check out
Prada suit, step the hell out
Rah, see, anytime I rev out
I spend a killing just to say the rave dead out
It was duty, it was a movie
I was in a small group with a groupie

She had a friend that kinda knew me
She felt me in her soul, yeah, yeah, I gave her blues beat
It's the rhythm of the night
Playing chess, I'm the knight on the riddim
I say my next move's gonna be precise
I be the hero same time as the villain
Might sell one-O O-O-O O-O
Do a whole sold out tour on my solo
See, right now I'm ever so focused
I see the bigger picture and I don't take a photo
No distractions, no bitch, no, no
You lower the bar, my money is the pole vault
Constipated my album
Cause my shit's supposed to make hot cocoa
When I drop, it's supposed to be an earthquake
Nigga, I'm a Labrinth, bitch, you're a mermaid
Moving like a catfish, swimming through the nerd age
Stick your stones, I can kill you with the wordplay
Break your bones if you looking like a tuna
You wanna size up till I hit you with the ruler
I can douse skin with the fire like Akuma
Niggas love to act till their parts get shoot up, bang