

Hype

James Arthur

I'm hyped baby, don't you leave me no more
I've got to keep going 'til the break of the dawn
Oh na na

Yo man, I'm hyped
I got my slate wiped
Clean, back to following the dream
Back to bitches on my penis
Do you see this?
Crazy paper on my range up to Venus
Rolla J, System Down, Chaka Demus & Pliers
Flyin' higher than the rest
I'll blow my load on these little worldies double fs
Blessed, no less than I'd expect
These days, I'm arrogant, can't nobody change it
Jeez whiz, I'm hyped, I blaze through the maze
While the people faze my name, not me though
Ey, I can't be found, like Nemo, he know, she know
Everybody here knows
But gee he roll with hear no, see no evil
We rub our eyes in disbelief, like where's BeeDo?
Bad girl, pussy's sweet like treacle
Here we go, switchin' to my over-inflated ego
Facetious though, so I can sit back and laugh
At the non-believers quote
My rhyme's a disciple, scepticism in every note
Little kids are Jumpin' Jim
They see that this doesn't drown, does it float
Eyes still, they fail to go where my mind goes
I don't fear failure, I am on a roll
Helpin' to realise I am a prodigy, I'm an anomaly
Nobody toppin' me, nobody stoppin' me
Nobody poppin' this ego's fuckin left me, [?]
Eff off and eff you, I'm Cee Lo
Ey, eff you, I'm Cee Lo

I'm hyped baby, don't you leave me no more
I've got to keep going 'til the break of the dawn
Oh na na

Later, cool for the gifts we got coz we get the picture
We ain't flinchin' at the negs, we just be gettin' richer
Girl, I'm so hyped, I could kiss ya
Obliterate Kate and her sister
She fucks me like she hates me
She been gettin' from her mister
Eeeee, got a schlong like a donkey
Hung, my flow's tight for a honky
[?], getting high watching Kung Fu
Arigato to my ninjas
Yeah, we're the new John Dillingers
Give us any don't floppers we be killing yas
Finish 'em with diligence
Bunch of fuckin' idiots, whole crew hideous
My team lookin' like we all makin' millions

Look to fill ya in, I'm a King, you're a minion

Get on ya knees and beg for mercy at your silliness
I'll cut ya motherfuckin' tongue out
I'll put ya lung out
Watch ya wheeze until ya scullin' air run out, spun-out
Faded, you just look jaded, coz I dare say it
I don't care if they dismay, if they slay
If they pay no credit, no radio edit
Call me a medic coz I'm ill
You got a headache high memories stick byte-freestyling on the beat
Coz I don't have the time to write
Just giz my Grammy
Giz my Grammy motherfucker!

I'm hyped baby, don't you leave me no more
I've got to keep going 'til the break of the dawn
Oh na na

Oh na na

Oh na na