

Chat

JayKae

I go back like Suncity Ravers
When the bouncer said no trainers
Versace shirts and Moschino skirts
And the Alizé came in flavours
Smoke weed in little red papers
Nike shops cuh there weren't no Vapors
'Nough complaints from the neighbours
Well I say they just haters, 'cause I got

Gyaldem chat, mandem chat
Champagne chat, tracksuit chat
Gucci chat, bad boy chat
Bring it in and I'll bring it back
I got gyaldem chat, mandem chat
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Bring it in and I'll bring it back

I said bring it in and I'll bring it back
Four missed calls, I'll ring him back
Give her this and then give him that
I got the gift of the gab with a wicked chat
I get a sambuca and then lick it back
Lick off your head like a cricket bat
Spliff full of green with a bit of fag
I say, "Yo, DJ, where the riddims at?"
I want classics, champagne in plastic glasses
Gyaldem with the fattest asses
They go mad for the backstage passes
I stepped in with the vintage fabrics
Come through like Mr. Bombastic
I make this all mandy and magic
Weren't no Snapchat, never had gadgets
Lemonade money, with class A habits
But we still get by
I go back like Marty McFly
Ain't partied 'til ya partied with I
When the club shut, man, still party at mine
Yeah, we still get high
I go back like Marty McFly
Ain't partied 'til ya partied with I
When the club shut, man, still party at mine

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I love chillin' with people who don't smoke weed
'Cause then I get more of it
I might pop champagne and pour a bit
I might fly 'round here and explore a bit
I love chillin' with people who don't show greed
'Cause they can have all of it
And if I like it, swipe it, order it
You can have that one 'cause I'm bored of it
I love ravin', I'm not sayin' hello when I'm wavin'
I'm still spendin' my dough, I'm not savin'
And they follow the road that I'm pavin'
I don't know one thing 'bout behavin'
I ain't tryna go there if it's rainin'
You got gains but what are you gainin'?
You spent the whole of the last year trainin'
But I still look your girl when I came in
Yeah, we still get gyal
I go back like Kenan and Kel
Ain't one of them mans that beat 'em and tell
Got my yard man, don't need a hotel
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