

Anger Room

JME

J... m... serious
I'd like to welcome you to the anger room
Anything negative, get it off your chest in here
Don't let nobody know about the anger room
Close the door behind you
Get it off your chest
Get it off your chest

From day one, I said I was serious
But nobody took me serious
For them boy, I go to the rave
And I spit in the rave, then I spit in their face
For the disrespect, cause I am serious
Boy Better Know I am serious
Jme don't take no shit
Boy that don't like Jme, listen up
Joe tried to jack me, where is he?
Alex tried to bite me, where is he?
Jay wants to clash me, where is he?
Dominic dissed me, where is he?
Labels wanna sign me, where are they?
Pussyholes wanna rush me, where are they?
Crews wanna clash me, where are they?
But you can't clash me, be serious

Cause you got your name on your Nike Air Dunks, blud
(I'll beat you up)
You're not serious cause you shot two kis of punk, blud
(I'll beat you up)
You're not serious, I don't care if you've got a yout, blud
(I'll beat you up)
You're not serious cause you got an Akademiks tracksuit, blud
(I'll beat you up)

Alright, rudeboy, calm down
Acting like you've been smoking brown
You've got a Tigra, you're not raw
I'll put air vents in your car door
Alright, rudeboy, just shush
Acting like you've been smoking bush
You're not big int he scene
I'll put air vents in your windscreen
Blud, you've been smoking the rocks again
Bare [?], bair oxygen
Cause Jme mic controller
Turns to Jme air vent installer
And I've got bare ammo like Smarties
Install air vents in your arteries
If you run, [?]
Jme's delivering air to your doorstep

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You think I'm any durag prick, but
When I touch mic, you can't say shit
When I touch mic, you know I'm not a dummy
I will give Lloyd Banks a run for his money
Voice is clear like ice
Spot me a mile off like traffic cones
Before, nobody knew, but
Now I'm in everybody's ear like white headphones
Which MCs do you rate?
That Jme guy, he's great
His lyrics are slicker than your av
Worth more than the gold on a [?]
Oi, you bredrins, show me a beg, I'm late
Nah, mate, I don't do tapes
You know how many blank CDs I have?
I deal with MP3s and WAV

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And I will beat you up, so be warned
The anger room
Get it off your chest, get it off your chest
Do not tell no one about the anger room
Close the door behind you
Get out!
J... m... serious