

Final Boss

JME

He who laughs last laughs longest
He who laughs last laughs longest
Do not fuck around with me
He who laughs last laughs longest
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I try to keep it clean, fit for the Queen
Represent UK, Brighton to Aberdeen
I don't care what you say, I'm writing for the scene
My lyric book could be a crime magazine
As I'm on my journey, earning stripes
Taking grime out of the stereotype
There's always one little person in a rave
Or radio that wants to get hype

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Blud, open your ears up, it's like no one hears us
On road, gunshot scares 'nuff
No one cares cause it's dangerous out here, cause
'Nuff badman to beware of
The streets of London, come like London Dungeon
Feds lick you with the truncheon
For doing nothing, you can get stunned with a stun-gun
When you hear a bang and then run
Everyone wants one, a pistol to have some gun fun
One shot, that's your fun done
Positive message, like the Indian girl that sung
That tune "Bucky Done Gun"
See, I ain't got time to tell you the nitty-gritty
About the danger in England's capital city
But if a boy thinks he's bad and gets a little lippy
You hear gunshots blast

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