

Hyping

JME

Where's my trainers man
Getting ready to go out
Friday night, time to get dressed
Puttin' on cologne, you know, Amen
You know that Issey Issey, Miyaki Miyaki, Issey thing (the sparkley one)

Everyone's hyping about tonight
Bare phonecalls to my phone all day
Walk out my bedroom, turn up the light
It's time for man to move to the rave
Then I switch like federal agents
Cause trigs is rinsing my fragrance
Gams and Shorty blazin' a green
And Skepta is nowhere to be seen
Blood, I swear down
It always happens when we leave out
No matter what we do, it's no good
We'll always be late to the shubs
On the motorway, halfway there
We have to pull over and wait for a bree
Get to the rave, walk to the door
And the shubs ain't even on no more

All right, nobody can blame me, yeah?
When I was saying 'come let's go, let's go'
You were all burning CDs and that, yeah
You know, cause I'm nothing brother
I was ready from time ago
You were on a leyley
And you're breaking down on motorway
I swear, freaking long ting

Everyone's hyping about tonight
I might even have to turn off my phone
Bare phonecalls and text messages
Cause this girls want guest list, no
You best pay at the door
I can't really get you in free
You all better know about Boy Better Know me
I just roll through in my Boy Better Know Tee
I just roll through air and a chick at the door
Saying 'Jme, please please me plus four' (Derkhead)
Why you calling me for?
Probably not even on a par
Plus there's bare of us
My bredrins are my priority, truss
Maybe once everyone's in
I might give a blight to that sorting

Everyone's hyping about tonight
Truth says there might be a little beef
Two crews on a lineup don't like each other
Somebody may lose their teeth
Yeah, I know it's not good
If we all could get along - we would
Anyway, strap that, I'm saying a lot
We have to get their one on a dough

Everyone who's got a car don't wanna drive
Licence and insurance is live
But their arguing over things that are petty
Like the frontseat and paying for pety
By the time their arguing's done
Look at the time, quarter past one
My phone's copping off in my pocket
We have to pay back the deposit

What I'm saying is
I only paid 50 pound
At the deposit, yeah
Because I went to my account
I was overdrawns ain't paying no more P's over that
You were all tripping
And get a promoter back his money
Cause I was ready to go to the rave, yeah
You all wasteman, derkhead