

Shh!

Before I start top lip slapping  
Think me and Skepta were born rapping?  
Born in the ends, move food in the ends and that's the new meaning of spawn trapping  
She sells sea shells on the sea shore, no  
He sells weed scales and a P4, yeah  
He sells details, swiping the law  
Deets, AKA credit card fraud  
You can't test me in the music game, I've got bare XP  
Doing this ting for real, in school, while you was typing up your CV  
I was downloading on Windows NT  
Bare sample packs for Fruity Loops 3  
Ask Mr. Covil about me, I was walking around, with my jacket that said Mic C ontroller on the back  
Best MC in the game, fact  
Didn't care about charts or about plaques  
Didn't give a shit about YouTube stats  
Didn't give a fuck about first week sales, now you wanna come and chat all t his crap?  
Fam, all I wanted to do was pick up the mic and spray, and today I still do that, so  
Chat to me about fucking up shows, bringing hundreds of supporters to the vi deos, spitting brand new bars nobody knows, still everybody in the room up o n their toes  
Room smoked out even though I don't smoke, forget my bars and freestyle, I d on't choke  
Been doing this for over ten years so anybody that was there from the start that only cares now, fuck you rudeboy  
Ring my phone, I will duck you rudeboy  
Chatting 'bout "ah, I ain't see you for time", yeah, I don't wanna buck you rudeboy  
You never used to check me back in the day  
You didn't used to rate me back in the day  
You never used to bred me back in the day  
So how the fuck am I the one who's changed?  
Piss me off, hard from the start and I ain't gone soft  
Your new fans come like tans, they only wanna bred man's skin after man got hot  
Grime in my heart just like Logan  
More serious than my slogan  
Anybody wanna go against me, I will leave you seeking asylum like Snowden  
Trust me, even if you don't see me  
I'm working so I don't get rusty, cause I'm born to do it like C.D  
These guys try cuss me and they ain't even sold one CD  
The only time they'll succeed is if they bill a zoot and it's seedy  
Cause they don't know about fucking up shows, bringing hundreds of supporter s to the videos, spitting brand new bars nobody knows, though everybody in t he room up on their toes  
Room smoked out even though I don't smoke  
Forget my bars and freestyle, I don't choke  
Been doing this for over ten years so anyone of you cocaine snorting label e xecutives that thinks you can take my integrity for a couple bags, think twi ce  
I make grime and I get paid  
I'm nice  
In a rave, get a lemonade and ice

I thought by now it was apparent that these guys cannot develop our talent  
I thought by now it was bait that these guys just try decide man's fate  
When I made Serious way back in 2006, I can't forget Sam told me it was a hit

I had to have bare meetings with pricks

Labels, A&Rs, radio playlists, managers looking at me like a dick

They weren't rating me but guys they were rating, now, ain't shit

But I'm still about, in fact I'm more than about right now

Sold out tour, smashing it out

About twenty features, smashing 'em out

See me in a six cylinder, three litre, two turbo, ragsin it out

So don't tell me that grime shouldn't be the music that man's putting out

If you don't know about fucking up shows, bringing hundred's of supporters to the videos, spitting brand new bars nobody knows still everybody in the room up on their toes

Room smoked out even though I don't smoke

Forget my bars and freestyle, I don't choke

Been doing this for over ten years so shh hut yuh muh, 'llow it!