

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 Controller 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 this 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 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 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 supporters to the videos, spitting brand new bars nobody knows, though 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 anyone of you cocaine snorting label executives that thinks you can take my integrity for a couple bags, think twice

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!