

Everything's live, everything's live  
Fucking hell fam, everything's live  
Behind the tints, in my seat, live  
Step out, see me on street, live  
Stage shows with my peeps, live  
Tre, this fucking beat, live  
Big man, done past 30, live  
Certi, live, Merky, live  
Everyting live-o, just like Raskit  
Everyting live, opposite of casket  
And the corn live too, make you do a hand spin  
Then a backflip, shoulda written pamphlet  
Trust, no plan B  
MC only, 10 years deep  
Badman, no contingency  
Doin' this ting in its infancy  
Man see me and start do parkour  
Rhetorical question, why's man running for?  
Get over here like Kombat  
More tools is what I need in war  
Stay on point and that  
Roadblock, traffic, leave a gap  
In front of the whip, in case man has to  
Fucking swing a U-turn and double back  
The high road is hot  
But don't think man won't come and cotch  
Whether you like it or not  
London is my block  
The girls from back in the day that used to say [?]  
When I had the 'lergies now wanna sex me  
Heard through the grapevine that I sell Pepsi  
Sike! I'm just a MC  
Kermit's giving me eyes and sipping Tetley  
And if the boydem's listening live then fucking get me  
Or not  
I turn my volume up to the top  
I didn't hear the siren, rudeboy, what?  
Chatting bare shit about failing to stop  
From the tread dirt from my tyres  
A-C-E and J-M-E  
Tryna maintain and stack legal P  
But we still kick out your molar, canines and incisors  
And your wisdom teeth  
Might see me in your local Sainsbury's  
Testing out the dairy-free cheese  
Snapback, BBK tee  
Then I jump in the whip with a T  
Not no Aventador SV  
I'll tell you like Lethal told me  
Don't cop one if you can't afford three  
Badman for them? That's fine, not me  
And man brought waps, no ice on me  
I done gripsed man's shirt and slammed man  
Like it was a judo key  
Still gyal seh I'm cinnamon churros sweet  
But she don't know me  
Don't know about my family tree

Might see me with a couple OGs  
Yeah, Boy Better Know Meridian roll deep  
Opps Next Door, don't knock and ask for sugar or milk  
Cah we ain't got nuttin' for you chiefs  
Last time you knocked man's door  
You was all asking to turn the music down a piece  
Fuck that, feel this bass  
Knock all you want, you won't see this face  
Next time I leave my yard  
I'll have my Beats by Dre's on, just in case  
Man wanna converse, dead crep  
SK Airs anytime that I step  
I'm on my Jones, ain't got no jewels  
But boys on the road still wanna dip sets  
I put swammies in a man bag  
If he's the father, I'm the granddad  
Turn white t-shirt into tampax  
I box, boot and man stab  
Heavy in the ting like sandbag  
Better yet, wet sandbag  
Mad savage, they're nearly drag  
Riding dingers and dipping cab  
Man's sick, no influenza  
My aura mek gyal tell Victoria secrets  
And expose the centre  
Please remember, I roll with guys with a greaze agenda  
About you don't know about grime  
Yeah, fam, but you still know about me and Skepta  
UK gang shit, been a member  
No joke ting, no Bo Selecta  
No joke ting, no Inbetweeners  
So a date of birth on my Tanitas  
Man wanna test in their two-seaters  
Man wanna test in their two-litres  
Light goes green, if you're looking for me  
Better look in front, about 20 metres  
Put this on one track repeaters, repeaters