

Oi, how did man get that whip?  
Buss up the mic and spit  
Oi, how did man get that yard?  
Mash up the mic, go hard  
Oi, oi, how did man get on stage?  
Pick up the mic and spray  
Oi, how did man get that far?  
What?! Bruck up the mic with bars

Nang, going on nang  
Nang, them man are going on nang  
Nang, going on nang  
Nang, them man are going on nang

You know when I step on the mic I do this ting  
You man better get on your bike and move in sync  
If you never believe man will start rinsing  
I don't give a shit and I might even convince him  
Don't approach me when I'm eating  
I don't wanna listen to what man is teaching  
Man are going crazy asking me bullshit  
All I hear, ring-ding-ding-ding!  
When I step in the dance they got questions  
So bait, I wanna ask where's the restroom  
Halfway through the answer man's gobsmacked  
Like I weren't clocking you glancing at Skepta  
I clock you before you clock me  
In my black top like I said on 'That's Not Me'  
Kick down an apple and pears and that's cockney  
On stage man are scared, they can't stop me, what!

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So, what? Fam, I'm sick of these, pussyoles in this industry  
Man's got batteries put in his back and then they wanna speak up instantly  
Mandem are making history  
You man can't do shit to me  
When you see me I got the same energy but you ain't saying nuttin' like Mr Bean  
What, yeah, man I move too sick  
Fifteen years deep you man ain't on shit  
Games in my hand fam and I've gone switch  
Come for the ball, get a panna on pitch  
Try take the piss since manna got rich?  
Get a reality check I'll wake him up quick  
Can't call yourself a grime MC if you can't come radio, stand up and spit

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I don't take back chat or disrespect, already know the gang and I'm suttin'  
like Big Fris  
Fuck the opps, it's their loss, I cut them off  
How could I get pissed off, bodies get ticked off  
I hope you brush your teeth, before you talk about the big boss  
Brand new bed sheets, covered in your wifey's lip gloss  
You was at the top but you slipped off  
They hate the way I took what's mine  
Fucked off, came back, took some more, fucked off again  
Turned Shoreditch into a cunch spot, and I got more sauce in the dutch pot  
I do the producing, do the booth, I do the bouncing  
Funny guy, couldn't be me you're clowning  
Ten summers at the top and I'm still counting  
Said they don't rate me but when I bring out a new riddim they're listening  
Tryna find out who did the mixing, what was MsM Engineer thinking?  
Yeah, we was in the studio, doing up greatness  
You was on Insta, doing up shameless  
Peng ting, said she had enough of the fake-ness  
Told me she loves the way that I don't beg friend with any of them

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