

# Old School

JME

Yo Jamie  
Yo, yo rudeboy  
Ayo rudeboy, come here, blud  
Oi, come here, oi, yo, stop  
Come here, star  
Ayy, ayy blud, come here blud  
Don't want... come here!

Shut ya mout, rudeboy, allow the hype  
Chatting shit, put down the mic  
See, in two years, you're gonna pull out the pipe  
Send for the rocks, pull out the light  
If I was you, I would sit down tonight  
Read them bars you decide to write  
And think carefully before  
I put my dutty lips around the mic  
What? Check out the sweat on my neck  
I'm Lord of the Mic and lord of the deck  
Not no wasted yout from the bits  
I can MC, produce and mix  
Nah, fam, I won't diss you  
Let's not make this an issue  
Cause really nobody would miss you  
If your dad would've put you in a tissue  
I've got two Guess watches  
You think that's P? Guess what is  
Round my neck, if my chest hot, it  
Cools me down like a vest top  
Nah, you won't see me with no red blotches  
On my chest, near my breast pocket  
What you thought you saw, I guess not, it's  
My pendant that will blind out your eye  
Yo, blud, don't get rude  
Rudeboy, warning you  
You know that I don't normally slew  
Slew me, that'll be the end of you  
All this badboy talk is nothing  
You've got a stiff face like you wanna say something  
Don't get rude, I said don't get rude  
I will start uppercutting

You better mind out that I don't  
Bounce your head twice and dunk it in a basket  
Try jack Jme's flow, jack Jme's lyrics  
And then try to mask it  
You're baiter than a rasta man  
With fourteen tenses  
Your style will go dry  
Quicker than contact lenses

I write lyrics, if you take offence  
You can go to your garden and take a fence  
And knock yourself out, but if we're friends  
Ring me, it's only thirty pence  
Or you can take it upon yourself  
To go home and write one yourself  
But you're so swag

That you'll probably write a bar like this  
"Jme, you shout too loud  
Jme, put the mic down  
Jme, you just ain't cutting it  
If I see your face, I'm headbutting it  
Jme, you think you're serious  
Jme, you're nowhere near it  
Jme, you think you're sick  
But you're any durag prick"  
While you were writing one-liners  
I was on road shotting one-liners  
Not flames, couldn't be seen on the roads  
Blacked-out like a limousine on the roads  
What? I wear black clothes when I'm here  
Nobody even knows when I'm here  
I only wrote this lyric to show  
I'm the master of the one-line flows  
Beat you up! Yeah, yeah, everybody knows  
You're some goody-goody, yeah, everybody knows  
I hear you say Boy Better Know  
But you ain't got the energy, Boy Better Know!  
From day one, yeah, that's me  
Every single crep, yeah, that's me  
I'm the master of the one-line flows  
I can proudly say that I've got one of those

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