

I used to have ten youts knocking my door
Asking me to roll out and lick cars
Now I've got 25 youts knocking my door
Still asking me to spit bars
At least they're not knocking and running
Plotting and gunning, shotting and bunning
If my crew knocked man's door back in the day
It would be to hot him and run in
20 past 4 in the morning
And I'm still up, I ate too late
My belly got fill up, all the mandem look tired
Fam, I don't blaze
But I can bill up, so if I get bored
I might mm, bill it
At studio, I'm like mm, kill it
Then I duck from the room and I jump in the booth
When I dump on the tune
Rudeboy, hush
Don't ask me why I'm in a rush
Don't ask me why I'm not tweeting
I'm in Brent Cross, man I'm shopping in Lush
If you know me, phone me
I'm a go eat on my lonelies
I'm in Nandos with a veggie wrap
Or I'm sitting in Leon, munching a gobi
Whichever one's nearer
Vegan, now I see clearer
No meat, no cheese, no milk, no eggs
Don't believe me? Ask Sarah
Stop staring, you're not four-eyed
I only put good food in my jaw-side
Sensodyne Classic, Listorene citrus
Cause I don't wanna have no fluoride
Big up the man that know
The girls that know, teachers that know
Parents and children that know
If you don't know, Boy Better Know
If anybody try draw my ting
I'm a have to have words with friends
To avoid the clash of clans
Man might go for a run with Tempz
Man might go for a run with Tim
Good food will turn a Fatboy Slim
Man like me perform to keep trim
Spit two bars, don't have to go gym
We play grime all over the world still
Man bopping their head like Churchill
When us man touch down in New York, it's lit
Ask Virgil
Ask Bari, crazy baldhead, word to Bob Marley
I will sit up on a riddim so neatly
Now they wanna bite me like Charlie
Charlie bit me (ow, Charlie!)
Test me, you and what army?
I'll wear a Pagan out like Pagani
I'm gone, BRB