

# R U Dumb?

JME

You think you're a badman to the fullest  
Cause you got a couple of shotbun gullets  
Don't run it up and make me get dark  
Cause I will chief you up in the par cark  
Tell your girlfriend to leave me alone  
Stop ringing my phobile mone  
Serious, it's getting on top  
Jeez, can't even shop to the bops  
I'm slim but I ain't got anorexia  
I spit like I've got dyslexia  
You don't want to make me get vexed  
Or you'll find out about my tourettes  
Boy Better Know  
Don't mess with Skepta, my bro  
My family, Joseph Junior  
My name's Jamie Adenu-  
Shh hut yuh muh  
Derkhead, wasteman, poomplex  
I don't know what you're thinking  
But it's not a me-and-you-spitting-in-the-same-room flex  
When I enter, you exit, cah  
You said shit 'bout me and Skepta  
See, now shit can't be perfect, cah  
You let the situation get complex  
Shh hut yuh muh  
Derkhead, wasteman, poomplex  
I don't know what you're thinking  
But it's not a me-and-you-spitting-in-the-same-room flex  
When I enter, you exit, cah  
You said shit 'bout me and Skepta  
See, now shit can't be perfect, cah  
You let the situation get complex

Yo, yo, well everything seems clearer  
Seems like Eskiboy is the key bearer  
You on my level? No you ain't getting any closer  
Than last time I checked you're getting nearer, blud  
I can't hear ya, your best friends  
Can't compare ya, when I'm 'ere, come out the area  
How dare ya, ya getting bright  
Might get a couple shots in your new Porsche Carrera  
Yep, yep, yep, I eat lamb curry and roti  
I'm a war MC, they can all quote me  
And I might punch you in the boaty  
When you get up everything seems floaty  
I guess you wanna find me but I move low key  
In your house with no key, climb through the window  
You know me, my name's Wiley  
Yeah I'm that brere with a goatie  
You and your boys came round and thought you could fold me  
I'm from a city, not Holby  
Who's this chavvy looking brere? He looks like Jan Mølby  
It sounds like he's talking in Dolby  
Telling me he's gonna leave my t-shirt holey  
Wasteman, he can't test Wiley Coyote  
If it's the last thing I'll do I'll revenge  
Anybody that tries to stop me or hold me

It's the downtown boy  
Drop boys to the floor then I stamp down boys  
Boys get boyed, oh boy  
I'm not a boy, I make big boys look smaller  
Downtown baller, clamp down boys  
Drop boys to the floor then I stamp down boys  
Boys get boyed, oh boy  
I'm not a boy, I make big boys, look  
I'm in and around the bits, see me around the strip  
They can never hold Cooks down, I'm bound to flip  
I know you're bound to slip, walking around  
The hood with no gun, it's obvious you ain't down for it  
I know I'm down for it  
You can catch me down town, with the goonies from round town  
We hold it down  
Used to be so many guys on the road but we own it now  
I ain't saying I'm the realest  
But I've been around some realness  
Some guys hate my bars cause they can't relate to the real shit  
They don't know about bare knuckle fist fights  
Knocking out guys on a quick hype  
Trying to make a little P, pan full of drugs and a flick knife  
Yeah I'm quite pretty but ask about Cooks in the hood  
You'll be told he's a sick guy

Pricks like you just get a beating  
Nike Air Dunks, I'm there stamping  
You can't move or stand up, I'm beating  
Get left on the floor, you're wheezing  
My boys round the corner, creeping  
Cock back and hear man, blasting  
Headshots are raining, bleeding  
You can't move or stand up, you're [?]  
And I [?] like you're teasing  
Draw for the mash, man'll start breezing  
Ducking out fast, they're not screaming  
Went into the woods start the [?]  
When he sees me [?]  
My four five, pop that, chest squeezing  
Your [?] your easing  
Lacking for the key cause I'm not starting  
Dash you in the back of the flats  
Grips, bang him  
He's on the floor  
No movement, he's on the floor