

Show

JME

Jamie Adenuga that's me, confessed I'm the best I'm a don,
I been shoppin' spendin' P, and I heard lady sing man song,
You might see me with President T, dun know, we call him ching chang chon,
'Cause he cuts up rocks with scissors, and makes paper, that's what big man'
s on,
Bruv, when I'm out spending cash, I might run into some local scruff,
And they start showin' off, true say they don't see JME on road too tough,
On some idiot childish hype, showin' off all they white bone and stuff,
Take a look at me rudeboi, you don't see paper, but I'm holdin nuff,

Everywhere I go,
I see the same bro's,
They lookin' at me funny,
Yeh, there puttin' on a sho-ow, sho-ow
No wonder why they make no dough,

Area Watford, me and Skeps,
Sam an' Ez get searched on the steps,
All pat down and a metal detector,
Incuse mans got a shank in their crepes,
Straight downstairs, straight to the bar,
No space for order, it's a par,
While I paitiantly wait, one guy always wants to screwface,
Ediot,
I'm not afraid of him cause I pump up tone up weights in the gym,
I don't know what this guys thinkin',
All I know is he's not blinkin',
A girl taps him shoulder,
He turns round, smiles, starts drinkin,
I don't understand, there's bare girls but he's on some badman ting...

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How many people are gonna tell me that JME's not reppin the ends,
Shut ya mouth you stupid speng,
I was representin' in year 10,
Whinchmore uniform Heat FM,
So, I don't wanna hear no bullshit again,
I live on the north of the LDN,
But I represent the north and south of the Thames,
And the left to the right,
Bruv, I represent anyone who has lived the street life,
So no-one chat to me,
Cause before I Mc'd,
No-one used to chat to me,
But now you think your a real goon,
You ain't even made one real tune,
Shut ya mouth stop lyin' to me,
I don't know who your tryin' to be...

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They lookin' at me funny,
Yeh, there puttin' on a sho-ow, sho-ow
No wonder why they make no do-o-ough,
Sho-ow, Sho-ow,

Sho-ow, Sho-ow,
Ya make no Do-ow-ow-ow-ow-ough...

Hem Hem, I can't do it...