

My mouth is for food and food, it's a great two-in-one  
Skeptta weighs it up cause I hate doing sums  
People stare in the streets on some fake screwing one  
Cause I look like I'm chewing eight chewing gums  
Don't be doing dumb shit cause you've gotta chapse  
And start running up your gums with your chaps cause the straps  
On the side of the waist of my ruthless mans  
Will be on the side of your face like a Bluetooth hands-free  
Goes for all of you; short, tall, fat, thin  
Don't try to take me as if I'm an aspirin  
You're with your bredrins with your cat's back but  
When I come, everyone's innocent acting  
All went quiet, but one got agitated  
So I left him discombobulated  
Tryna take me as if I'm a retard  
So I brought niggas to his door as if he had a free yard  
I'm not a prick cause I'm riding a pushbike  
Cross the road and buss shots in a swoosh like  
No jokes, this is real, not a hoax  
Slam your face in my smokes, no, you shouldn't provoke me  
I don't care if you're serious  
Cause I'm Jme, so you know I'm serious, serious  
Don't pronounce my words properly  
But that don't stop me cause I've got bare experience  
Makes me sick when I see these dicks  
No dough, want dicks, no chicks, just pricks  
Starting beef and then tryna chief the feds  
Three or four chiefs tryna teef beats for pence  
Chatting 'bout I was neglecting my music game  
Shut your mouth, perfecting my shooting aim  
You can't expect me to live in the studio  
I've gotta flick the white ball to man like subbuteo