

# Who said I can't do grime

Lowkey

Whether you're in HMV or KFC, HMP or A&E  
I make them see A.N.D let you know the C.A.S.E  
From LDN not NYC, on the M.I.C, Im M.I.B  
Like BIG the MVP, VIP to the E.N.D  
EG my CD, is way to D.E.E.P  
That goes for your TV screen, DVD or BBC  
ITN or ITV, C.O.P say ID please  
S.T.O.P like IC3, wanna see me hooked to an I.V G  
In the ICU but Im N.O.T, they went O.T with the M.O.B  
Can't see me through the F.O.G  
Don't cuss mothers of S.O.B's  
These MCs are OAPs  
Wanna hype up I'm like OK, G  
You think you're B.A.D  
Get a P.E.N and a P.A.D  
If the CIA and the FBI, the MI6 and the MI5  
Get on the A3 then I drive, turn up the A/C, FYI  
MJ like P.Y.T, LOL I never T.Y.P  
I E.A.T on E.I.D, twist the C.I.D like Levi Jeans  
D.I.E like BNP; EDL just BFGs  
Youths don't want no GCSE's they want C.O.D on the PS3  
Im like DP or PE, or KRS from BDP  
Download this on your MP3  
Send it to your MP & MTV  
You're not on this thing like A.D.D  
Your CD I rate PG  
Like KKK's with AK's  
My A.K.A is AA  
Take you off the road ASAP  
DDT these JLS MC's  
What you just saw basically  
Is how to murder the ABC  
Cos Im back in the booth  
Rappers wanna chat about the strap they got stashed in the back of their boot  
t  
But I chat to the youths  
Abstract or backpack my attributes and stack to the roof  
I capture the truth  
Pour it on tracks my view and I'll sell it out the back of the boot  
Im positive you're negative, you're whack and confused  
Im back and the fact is your dad's in the room  
Ain't a track that you rappers can battle with  
Everytrack that I spat is immaculate  
Any track that I smash Im attacking it  
Heard you rap fam, your tracks are inadequate  
Your CD was kak, it was crap, Im dashing it  
You follow fashion with rap, Im passionate  
Blood start splashing you, whip you're dashing it  
Said you were packing a mac in the back of it  
Kizzy, Im busy, Im really a brilliant guy  
It's gritty and shitty but really the city is mine  
If you diss me, pity the silly billy to try  
From bricky to Piccadilly to Mississippi Im live  
Getting rid of you milli vanilli's gimme the vibe  
Get jiggy like willy spitting the wittiest rhymes  
Uncivilised, ignorant diligent type  
And I victimise an idiot a million times

Hey hey, we ray rays and sway flames  
Take snakes of the road like AA  
So waste brays, vacate and make space  
You bate fakes ain't straight, you stay fake  
We chase paper, you chase days like day way  
On a late day you date fakes and save face  
In the same place, we maintain and ain't changed  
We make tapes that rape pace like Keslane  
Don't diss this or miss this we live this from Lisbon to Ipswich  
For instance the dick's got your sister addicted  
Oh look, big tits came for a quick fix  
You're limper than Bizkit you nitwits  
A monster, a beast, when I stomp on the beat  
If the nonsense you speak is not gonna cease  
Unconscious belief, some conscious MCs  
Don't respond to the beef if your nonsense is meep  
Get ill up on the rhythm when I kill 'em on a lyrical  
Finish up my dinner then drill 'em with a syllable  
Don't really care what you did and what you didn't do  
Little fools are miniscule, spitting isn't difficult  
You find your mind cos Im out of mine  
Fuck a pound sign came for the crown of grime  
I told you once, I told you a thousand times  
Im a fountain of acid, you're alkaline  
You alcoholics are out of Time  
Got a mountain to climb if your mouth is lying  
Bow to his higness, Im bound to shine  
Let me coach you on vocals and how to rhyme  
Think Im vexed with your indirects  
If I spit rhymes next I slit five necks  
Im a big time threat, to your piss sly vects  
This guy lives life inside stress  
Im the best in the game, not impressed with the fame  
Im testing my aim if I send for your name  
The successful are lame, they kept it the same  
But whatever the weather It's destined to change  
Couldn't give a fuck for your creps and your chains  
You slobber on the mic like a sket giving brain  
Im mental, deranged, crush temples and frames  
My pencil will end you like prepetual flames  
Burn like syphilis, you nerds are privileged  
When I die you can say that you heard the sickest spit  
My verse it limitless, the earth is spinning quick  
Pure words of wickedness that I merk the rhythm with  
Heard you were good, It's a shame that you're not  
Don't care about your chain or the fame that you got  
Keep my name on your brain cos I came for your spot  
What you're making is pot, they say it's a lot  
You're whack bro with your kak flow  
But you're whack though put ya cap low  
Prat go back home  
This monster is stronger than Castro's backbone  
I attack those little Fapo Caso's  
Don't ever get arrogant  
Don't start panicking, phone your management  
Mumbling, manning that man are getting mad again  
Don't care about your swagger, mandem or medallion  
What's the matter then, magger where's your magnum  
When theres beef mandem are missing like Madeleine  
I've been badder than you and your bag of men  
What's happening when I kill 'em with a pad and pen  
Ain't got the bars in your pad to match me  
Me im so fast, you should catch a taxi

Have you got a picture like Paparazzi?  
You lack the facts that go back to back b  
What I watch you rappers It's like crazy comedy  
I got a 'dont rate this fake G' policy  
Fuck ya rewards I don't rate these nominees  
Just little fickle Jay-Z wannabes  
You hobos are old and It's so so true  
No promo, logo or photoshoot  
Fuck your postcode, mobile and polo suit  
My opponents are hoping I won't go true  
Im certainly burning these burglars verbally  
Merking these merkers 'til mercenaries murder me  
Burstin' and turnin' your burberry burgundy  
Guernsey to Germany, Jersey to Bermondsey  
True rhymes, ain't got a pen? you can use mine  
Ain't stayin' underground line a tube line  
I'mma come through and shine, In due time  
Which one of you pricks said I can't do grime?