

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Aight, aight, aight, aight  
Look, look

Heavy step, that's a everyday vibe  
Feel blessed, more pep to make rhymes  
Sceptical man, investing they time  
Neglecting our skills to better they lives  
Dem man stepped in creps on those lies?  
To prove that they sober, show that they fine  
They be too wavey, focus and drive  
Is suttin' they don't have up in their minds (No way)  
Vit, vit, triple A pass  
Allow me with your A class  
I am not a crack head  
Man's tryna see a haze plant  
Quick bit of suttin', OT, tryna get my grade on  
Pot luck it's, moan on  
Why you always hate on?  
Sayin' it's a weak nine, when I know it's the bang, bang  
And it's got man yawning, it's going on the M, wait  
I'm involved with the big mans, can't chat to a lickle man  
Saw him on a Segway, man yammed down a Subway  
Can't chat to a Big Mac, chat to a sensei  
Can't catch to a don, though, me llamo a bossman  
No comprende, ¡O no! Lo siento,  
Marbella, Marbella and the back off [?]  
"Uh!" That's what she said  
She was giving me head, like "Jesus!"  
Death to the lips of another gyal dem  
'Cause she do it like she got no teeth left  
Man got the iPod, no genius (Nah)  
Don't piss me off, just leave it  
Man tryna mock it, look at the eediat  
Playing his dead tune, like man are "Feel it, feel it, feel it"  
Big beat from the Cannon, keep feeling the pattern  
On the pattern, peak neeks on a pattern  
Gonna whack and attack 'em, doubt man and back 'em  
Go there with your moistness  
I got an Irish link wanna buy piff  
And he don't believe I ain't roiding  
I bench you and your boydem, sit down  
What?  
Drip, drip, you're a wet wipe  
About dip, dip, dip, stabbed ten times  
You're a big bitch and your sis' giving head right  
She an uckstar, buck her then bed  
Time, rudeboy, I'm on a vibe right now  
So I remix the two to a five right now  
Some dude getting rude to the hype right now  
Man have to pipe right down  
Might get a lick with the lead pipe

Don  
You know me as one

Force, I've got some  
Kenobi had some  
Records you know me have one  
Tell a man pipe down  
Cah flow me have one  
Don me have one  
Don me have two  
Don me have three  
'Cause no, you only have one (It's like... y'know)  
Bogey and cum, that's what you're into  
So don't be try calling man dumb

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Bars!  
Feeling myself  
Kill an MC before I finish my meal  
Seen him on stage he was killing himself  
So I did a crep check, I saw minimal shells  
When I spray though, it's like Rat-ta-tat-tat!  
Man can't write raps without their backpack (They can't!)  
See your man chat to yats ya done tapped  
But I saw you on Western  
You took her Maccies and that!  
You got the patty for pat  
Why are you chatting this smack  
Rah you're strapped  
You're banging, you're clapping  
You're clapped  
Just checking, I get it you twat  
I've got a bat for a prat  
I've got a knee for a neek  
Eye for an eye  
Get slit for a g  
I'll put a fist in the speak  
I'll be the cause of the "eek!"  
Be the cause of the ouch  
Now who's the talk of the town?  
Allow that pork in your mouth  
Better water it down  
I see you walking around  
Why is there always a frown?  
What is the deal?  
Is it your lack of a pill?  
Your lack of a pill?  
Is adding  
To your lack of appeal  
You cannot appeal  
I ain't lying  
I know you're carrying pills  
Them man are grabbing the ting in the till

If you are [?] then live a little  
They don't want us to be livin, us no  
So what we gon' do?  
Shit in the shell  
Sell it to them man as a delicacy?  
Evidently  
I'm ahead of their team  
They couldn't represent better than me  
When I (when I what?)  
Cruise down Western blessed and  
Complimented like Heston  
Chefing  
Condescending  
Man mention sentence that I spray  
And don't disrespect 'em  
Why? Ca the vibe I'm on is all right  
Ra, ya vibe is wrong  
It's all mad  
Ra, the vibe I'm on is all raw  
Ra, my vibe I'm on is all that  
Like I'm gonna meddle  
With the ting is like a ting in it  
Swiveling the vitamin'  
An' sellin' 'em  
An' I'm gettin' 'em  
An' spinin' them a run up  
An' the ting is gettin' ready  
With the binin' better bar  
From my livin'  
An' never never listen  
An' ma givenness  
An' I'm suttin' the mirror  
I'm not givin' 'em  
I'm givin' 'em a minimum of million a week  
That's goals  
An' I'm killing them roads  
Ya' never been in it  
Hold onto the woody, and grope me like  
My honey's Mauritian  
I ain't doing no dishes  
I whip up a Ramsay (Why?)  
To impress the bitches (Ok!)  
See I got me a chessboard (What for?)  
But I don't even play it (Why's it there, then?)  
Just der so I look smart (Ok!)  
Swear the gyal dem rate it  
Why am I spilling my secrets?  
So you man can make it  
Oi, I got some neat xi  
On a wall for the statement  
But I'm driving a tractor (Why?)  
Still I'm a good actor (Okay)  
Just playing the book of the top of the dome  
Someone give me a BAFTA

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