

## Mercedes Riddim

Professor Green

My skin colour ain't nothing to make light of  
We're all the same colour when you turn the light off  
If you don't wanna hear this then turn the mic off  
I drive women crazy I left your bitch a write-off  
Only if the head's right  
I forget her name you know what it gets like  
Like my whiskey sour, with no egg white  
Rolling up a big spliff sipping on a Red Stripe  
My bread's sweet, I got that hard dough  
Making it look easier, you make it look harder  
If I'm ordering food I ain't calling up Ocado  
Might fling it in an Uber but I got a couple car though  
AMG GT S it up and down the road you might see me wet it  
Your lines like coke that I keep re-pressing  
My rhymes like coke that I keep repressing  
Where's the Merc, I thought you were mashing work  
Ping ping I thought you were clapping thing  
Where's the cash, I thought you was in the trap  
And what's with all the front 'cause ain't nobody got your back

Look, the place I'm from ain't nothing to make light off  
Ride around and turn your lights off  
Aww you wanna play, you know no gangsta  
The flip it back, ride around and turn your lights off  
Cutting through the city, big body Benz  
Talking to Pro Green about cuttin' ends  
Every time they see us in the streets they're like there they go  
Got my bro looking out the window like "that's one of them"  
What's with all the gossip, what's with all the chat  
If we pull up to the front they're running out the back  
You know that I'm getting money, you know that's a fact  
With my tools on you know how the goons are  
Spray spray we about to take the roof off  
Then I shoot off in a new car  
It's easy, you're making it look too hard  
Slow down, you're taking this shit too far

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Where's the cash, I thought you was in the trap  
And what's with all the front 'cause ain't nobody got your back  
Got your back, got your back  
Ain't nobody got your back  
Ain't nobody got your back  
Got your back, got your back  
Ain't nobody got your back  
So what's with all the front?

I got that hard shit, download it and bang it in your car shit  
Give me the spliff yeah I'm past it  
Crack shy but I'm plastered, I ain't a [?]  
But everywhere I go I get my arse kicked  
See a fan give them a hug though  
Don't give a fuck though 'less I wanna fuck though  
Give you a quick spud tell you it's all love bro  
I couldn't give a fuck if you got hit by a bus though  
I buy in bulk, Costco

Umbro, I will soccer if she cost though  
Love? No. Me I just run through it  
Everything is custom I'm accustomed to it  
Work

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So what's with all the front?