

Wolves

Rag'n'Bone Man

I don't wanna drown no more
Sick of the same old people
The kind that will sell your soul
Trade it for a shining stone
Ain't nothing in this life for free
Running from the greatest evil
Finally gone on me
A man's gotta fight temptation

Keep the wolves from the door
I hear them scratching like I don't know better
Won't you keep the wolves from the door
It won't be long before I cave in and open up the

I don't wanna go back home
Too many staring faces
Wishing they could drag me down
Waiting to pull me under
I've shaken off my chains
But I still feel those shackles
Living inside of me
I know I gotta fight temptation

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{Stig of the Dump:}
Money's short like my temper
But the bills still keep on coming
Staying on the grind January to December
Tryna lace these beats on a shoestring budget
Rents due so I'm raiding the copper jar
Hard on the hustle for the sterling
Going all out, putting work in
It's an uphill struggle but I'm working
I was homeless having to sleep rough
On the streets feeling like I need to be drunk
I'm tryna turn grassroots to a tree trunk
Friends of mine are only in it for the free lunch
See us we only deal with the real stuff brother
Cos all that glitters ain't gold bruv
I can hear the wolves outside my door but money can't buy my soul, no

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