

# 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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