

Prophet

Rizzle Kicks

I'm lurking in your pocket
Better watch it, Rizzle Kicks, ha

What, I'm last on the heaven list
'Cause I couldn't give a Razz what angelic is
Even my laughter is venomous
Dennis is not even half what this menace is

We don't choose to make trouble
Holding up stores with Lucozade bottles
I'm the one forcing you to break bad role
Little goodie two shoes glue plane models

Um, an air of sophistication
When I enter various situations
Your best mate's gone downstairs
While you're stuck there with his sister waiting

I'm chilling in estates, sniffing at a rave
Sitting in a cave with a grin up on my face
I ain't civil but I'm brave, never listening to faith
Quick smile then a middle finger to your face

Stuck in your pocket, in your feathers while you sleep
I am a prophet and a profit's what you'll keep
You and I belong together
I'll live within your soul forever

Aha, aha, what? Listen up yo, ah

I'm in the spare bedroom at parties
Full of sweet whispers, not very smarties
Hope that nobody comes in, knock another drink
One thinks with no mention of car keys

I'm a hoodlum, stood in the woodlands
Gonna set fire to the trees, who wouldn't?

Du, dum, dum, dum, end of the episode
Punk style death threat letter in the envelope

Somebody's door for a quick whizz
Real weekender bloke, somebody kiss this
I'm your mistress' mistress
That your wife didn't put on her Christmas wish list

Let me rifle a quick flow
More punch lines than a high school disco
Ain't nobody gonna tell me what I wanna do
I'm rude, get your thongs out, I'm called Sisqo

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The one who wakes up and can feel no pain

'Cause you strive on another man's strain
Me and you will never be the same
'Cause clearly for you, this ain't just a phase

The type to steal something although that it is free
The type to make a promise just to break it clean
Who are you trying to be, who are you trying to please?
Make your mind up and choose your way
Maybe then we can seal the day

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