

# Autopsy Freestyle

Skepta

Skepta  
Yo, it's Skepta  
Yeah  
The levels have blatantly gone up now  
Serious  
I've come off the decks onto the mic, man this is what's happening (Wasteman !)  
It's not even a joke out here (What?)  
It's Mastabeatz time  
Roll Deep time, Meridian time  
Big up Bossman every single day  
Yeah?  
Okay, Skepta on the mic right now (Big up Bossman)  
Listen and learn  
Yo!

I'm like draw for the tool, go on then, go on then  
Think I'm a fool? Go on then, go on then  
Draw for the mash, go on then, go on then  
Still wanna clash? Go on then, go on then, go on then  
Wasteman! See? Shook! Go on then  
I got war lyrics in my book, go on then, go on then  
Kiss my black foot, go on then, go on then  
One, two, diss my crew  
Three, four, come to your door  
Five, six, draw for the blitz  
Punches, kicks  
We'll be outside about seven or eight  
So it ain't bait  
Nine, ten, draw for the skeng  
Leave an MC underground like Den  
Go on then, go on then, diss a mandem

Go on then, go on then, draw for the 'chete  
Bullets start dropping down like confetti  
Won't bring a strap if the beef is petty  
Nah family, I just draw for the 'chete  
Make your belly look like a bowl of spaghetti  
Leave your lip bust and your forehead sweaty  
I'll make you wish you never drew the machete  
Go on then, you think you're ready? Go on then  
Know yourself when you're not in the booth  
When I touch mic, I only speak truth  
Run when you hear the dogs go "Woof, Woof"  
Don't care if he's a 12 year old youth  
Go on then, go on then, jump on the roof  
When it come down, your head will get hoof  
Blud, you'll be missing more than one tooth  
Skepta, live in the flesh I'm proof

That DJ's can take an MC's title  
Get chopped in your top lip with a vinyl  
Jack an MC for the R1 cycle  
Man get shook on Skepta's arrival  
Go on then, Go on then, draw for the rifle  
I'll bun a mic man like Ital  
Fry a man's head like Pepsi did Michael

I will separate the groom from the bridal  
Listen and learn, it's my turn  
I'll be a big MC by end of school term  
I'm a big bird, you're just a worm  
You don't wanna receive third degree burns  
When I bust gun, everybody spread like germ  
Bullets will burn forehead like a perm  
Fuck jailhouse, I don't wanna go there  
Big boy solicitor, case is adjourned

Now tell me that I ain't got bars  
Got better bars than your favorite stars  
See man saying "go on then" in cars  
Rudeboy, I got bars  
I make Nigerians proud of their facial scars  
My bars make you push up your chest like bras  
Your bars could never test my bars  
Old bars, new bars, or your war bars  
I ain't one of them boys from the past who ain't got the answer  
I got the answer  
I'm like Mr. Miyagi the master  
Go on then, give me the test and I'll pass the  
Exam with my eyes closed, get an Ass  
When it comes down to guns, I draw faster  
Push back your wig like a wasteman barber  
But forget that, Skepta's smarter

I must be the master, you know why?  
Always got the answer, you know why?  
Cause Skepta ain't a fool, you know why?  
I took notice in school, you know why?  
I wanted to be the smartest, you know why?  
Road life is the hardest, you know why?  
Man get shot for joke, you know why?  
They only care about their own life  
And they don't care about my tune  
Same wasteman wanna spit on my tune  
Wasteman bars can't fit on my tune  
They try hard, but they still sound shit on my tune  
Producers wanna bootleg my tune  
Clash me and end up dead on my tune  
Just a little reminder of my tune  
There was gunshots at Sidewinder for my tune

Born on September the 19th  
Don't care about February 14th  
Pay me for my 16  
Before I start acting like it's Friday the 13  
Two black guns and a balaclava  
CS gas and a meat cleaver  
Pay me for my halfer  
Before I start chopping off heads like King Arthur  
When people clash in the game  
Why's it such a big thing when they say a man's real name?  
Yeah, yeah, go on then, go on then, say my name then  
These same man don't want Junior to come around with  
Zayn, Javan, Jerome, Richard, James, Jamie, Mark and Marvin  
Bustin shots at your window frame  
Junior's not on the hype  
Skepta's only a music name  
And I don't get the roads twisted with the mic  
I'm only Skepta in the music game  
Call out my name, call out my name, call out my name

Batty boy, call out my name  
My name's Junior, Junior, Junior, Junior  
Suck your mum until she's in pain  
I got love for the fam when I'm 'ere  
Drive on a two year ban when I'm 'ere  
Skepta's a fully grown man when I'm 'ere  
No baby buggy or pram when I'm 'ere  
Fifty pound for a gram when I'm 'ere  
Smokers broke a hole in the can when I'm 'ere  
They can't diss Bossman when I'm 'ere  
Represent Meridian man when I'm 'ere, when I'm 'ere

Yeah, Skepta! Brap