

Cold Turkey

Skepta

Yo babe, open the door man I'm downstairs
Na man I'm only joking I'm at home in my bed
Whith a phone on my head
I got a cold and a blocked nose
That's why I might sound like O to the Z
I miss you a whole heap
That must be the reason I can't go sleep
Can you imagine what it's gonna be like when I'm touring
I would come and stay but I got stuff to do in the morning
Still, I wanna say I got the world at my feet
But sometimes I feel like my life is complete
All I need is my brothers, my sisters, my dad and mum
Money, music, you and a asthma pump
You need to know that I love you
And there ain't another girl that I would ever put above you
But you never answer your phone
And you know I don't like leaving messages after the tone

Wagwan, wagwan it's me
You alright, I been thinking about you all night
What's good, how you been?
I keep trying to phone and keep getting your answer machine
I just wanna kiss you
Two minutes after I leave you I miss you
I need to hug you
My credits gonna run out, I phone you tomorrow
I love you, see you later

Yo babe, try and get a week off work
I wanna take you on holiday
You don't need to worry about the money cause I'm gonna pay
So let me know if that's long for you
I been sitting in my room all day
I wrote a song for you
You know exactly who the song's for
When I say apple juice, prawn toast, cinnnamon, bagels, couscous and red wine
And petty arguments at bed time
The funny thing is we wake up
Look at each other, laugh, kiss and make up
Then we get ready to go out and eat breakfast and have another argument when
I see you wear makeup
You need to know that I love you
And there ain't another girl that I would ever put above you
But you never answer your phone
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What's going on
I hope you never forgot to take your micro ...? on
I wanna take you out for dinner later
So make sure you wear the white jacket with the pink lines on
Or the black dress
Cause when you wear it you look like an actress
But I think you look even better on the mattress
With the dress on the floor, no underwear, bottle of champers
Me and you head to head, skin to skin, body to body
You know thing to thing

The way you move your hips says everything
You ain't got to talk, not even move your lips
You need to know that I love you
And there ain't another girl that I would ever put above you
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