

# Doin' It Again

Skept

I noticed when I walked in  
the room went dark  
somebody better call the police  
there's a guy here with no heart  
he said he goes by the name of Skepta  
he's on a warpath  
and he said if anybody touches the crown  
he's gonna tear them apart  
and a grime MC was telling me  
I kill them and i put them in a cemetery  
and if anybody thinks they're sick in the head  
then I'm going to rip him to shreds live on the stage like Jeremy  
I'm going in for the kill  
I wouldn't stop even if i had a punctured wheel  
got no time for the war with will  
squash that beef like a Forman grill  
I got a lot of mandem looking out for me  
the ladies, they go wild for me  
back to the front, left to the right  
and everybody up in the balcony  
you can tell by my accent that I'm straight out of London city  
like Wiley  
like Dizzee  
like Tinie  
like Trippy  
let's get busy, I was in forth now I'm in fifth  
man wished i was in port looking at a sixth  
instead I'm on tour  
I fxck off the stage, encore  
excuse my French, bonjour  
Je m'appelle Skepta AKA Daniel Son  
if I'm on the bill at two  
then the party starts at about half past one

I'm a grime MC and i won't change,  
Doing it again, doing it my own way  
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Doing it again, doing it my own way  
I'm a grime MC and i won't change,  
Doing it again, doing it my own way  
and i might recycle the bar  
because my material is too good to throw away  
doing it again, they tried to stop me but I'm doing it again  
Skept, yeah I'm doing it again  
Boy Better Know yeah I'm doing it again  
I'm, I'm doing it again  
they tried to stop me but I'm doing it again  
Skept, yeah I'm doing it again  
Boy Better Know I'm doing it again.

All because of the grime bars I'm spitting  
MC's are talking about quitting

25 mobiles ringing, majors bidding  
Boy Better Know chase ringing  
I've walked with the best  
2 fingers up to the west

big S tattooed on my chest  
Microphone champion no contest  
a lot of man never though i would get to say my piece  
can't believe the singles i release  
I climbed up the chart at light speed  
and I'm made of myrrh i forget about Sajid  
if it costs to be the boss  
I pay full price  
and i can show you my receipt  
scars on my body from wars in the street  
pain in my left arm  
and i can't sleep  
so I'm sitting up praying for success to come a little sooner  
I never suck up to no-one  
I'm not a hoover  
I come to fxck up the game like a sore looser  
the way i turn heads  
you would have thought that this was a reverse parking manoeuvre  
and when you're listening to Boy Better Know,  
you're listening to the sound of the future  
I keep my circle tight  
and the question everyone's asking is, "Who are you?"  
So i gotta put these squares in the right place like a Rubiks cube  
I'm a solider, what have you been through?  
you and your stupid crew  
better remember when you're talking to a chart topper  
you're talking to the lord of the mic part 2

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