

Don't Get Rude

Skept

Yo, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
Yo, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
'Ey, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
'Ey, blud, don't get rude
Shut your mouth

Fucking hell, I've had enough of this shit
All this "JME contradicts"
You can call out every word that I shout
'Cause I never said that I won't chat about straps
I said, "everybody thinks to MC tough
Lyrics must be about negative stuff"
Flipping dicks, all that means is
Various subjects just like me
I didn't say I'm gonna stop all that
And start coming with all of this gospel chat
Obviously you gotta spit what you live
And if you live by the gun then so be it
But don't chat about guns 24/7
As if you were in the World War
Don't get rude
I said "don't get rude
'Cause I will slap your jaw

You can't teeth my flow, that's rude
You can't take Skepta for no boy
You can't teeth my flow, that's rude
You can't take Skepta for no boy
You can't teeth my flow, that's rude
Boy Better Know I'm not a boy
You can't teeth my flow, that's rude
You can't take Skepta for no boy

Yo, I've got my own flow, I don't wanna swap
Thanks for the offer but cool, I'm fine
Man wanna imitate the way that I rhyme
You ripped off my man's flow, now you wanna teeth mine
If you can't see that he's biting my flow
Then you must be blind
It's OK, impersonators won't shine
I will lick off your head top like wine
Eat your food and I won't say grace
No manners, both elbows on the table
Man wanna eat on my flow like bagel
But it's OK, I just might sign you to my label
Give you a little advance
Then put your video on cable
After you sell couple units check Skepta
For some white powder for your nasal

Yo, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
Yo, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy

'Ey, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
'Ey, blud, don't get rude
Shut your mouth

You see two decks and a mixer
But I see the bigger picture
I do music so you wanna diss man
Then I see you begging for a wrist band
So I'm saying "shut your mouth, cause"
'Cause on radio you wanna doubt us
In the rave you wanna be family
I'm Harrods, blud you're Hamley's
So yo (yo), blud (blud), Boy Better Know
No better boy than JME, so
So much MCs spitting on the road
Roads are flooded in every post code
All these lyrics you strap and chat
I won't give 'em a Butchers like Frank and Pat
Don't get rude blud, I said don't get rude, ya hear what I said?

Yo, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
Yo, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
'Ey, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
'Ey, blud, don't get rude
Shut your mouth

When I say bop your head to the beat
You better start bopping your head
Why you stopping your bopping, you dead?
Awoh, that's what I said, that's what I thought
Everybody knows, I mash up all the stage shows
You listen to JME, And you try hard to be me
Your live PA, it don't come over
Most things that you say; they don't come over
Wanna be JME? But it don't come over
If you see me, blud, don't come over
Your live PA, it don't come over
Most things that you say; they don't come over
Wanna be JME? But it don't come over
If you see me, blud, don't come over

Yo, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
Yo, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
'Ey, blud, don't get rude
Don't try take me for no boy
'Ey, blud, don't get rude
Shut your mouth, boy

So if you wanna get rude
And run it up then boy
I'll make your face look rude
Permanent, ya lickle boy
So don't get rude
And try take me for no boy
Don't get rude
Ya lickle batty boy