

Eyes on Me

Skepta

How they gonna lift my skirt
When I never wear no dress?
Eyes on me
'Cause the way this designer lookin' on me got your girl impressed
So stylish G
I make one phone call and the gang turn up like it's Merky Fest
They can't diss us, boy, they get crushed in the Rizla
Trap it and burnin', yes
They got the eyes on me
But my eyes on the girl in the tight top, skirt
Their songs about ice and racks
Them boy there lives out the wifey's purse
You don't wanna see gang pull up
The cars them full up
Your guys disperse
And we ain't tryna take no L's
Any funny business then we rise up first

Came with a what? Came with a who?
Came with the hood like a Canada goose
I don't know who gas them youths
I stain the boy's tee like cranberry juice
Big man, you don't wanna get merked in your Beamer
Meet the grim reaper
It's thirty-eight degrees outside
But the street still cold like a freezer
Gotta stay close to the heater
Ex-girl found out that I slept with it in the bed
But she couldn't call me a cheater
Gotta stay with it
The streets hear that you gettin' money
They gon' spread news like the cleaner
Try slander my name in the paper
Now I'm on the front cover of The Fader
It's an oxymoron how I speak so bluntly
Still I'm as sharp as a razor
Who's that boy in the new Bottega?
Sippin' the Havana, no chaser
Bought a new crib and I've got no neighbors
Independent but I'm still so major
I was in New York tryna make ends meet outside the bodega
I went from trap boy to whole-saler
Tables turn and I'm the rotator

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What you tellin' me?
I made it so easy to like me
Still they wanna be my enemy
You know the fame comes with the jealousy
I'm an African triumph
'Course she fucks with me, that's simple science
One night with me and she feelin' the chemistry
She love the way I move
Especially no competition, ain't no one ahead of me
Stop the comparison, shit's embarrassin'
I'm a top soldier in the garrison
Room full of gold like the Vatican
Diamond chain froze her like a mannequin
I could put 'em in a hearse with a verse
They already know what's happenin'
Or we could do magic tricks
My guy wave the stick
Watch them boys start vanishin'

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