

Friendly Fire

Skept

Come on, babe
They're clowning your accent, but you know we love that shit
"Innit"
You get me?
Somethin' dead (The main event)
Big Smoke (Tomorrow, what you gon' be waitin' for?)
Nobody's safe, yeah

Old man Ebro askin' me stupid questions
Tryna use me to get clicks, I said what I said
Now I'm reaping the benefits, this ain't beef, that's expensive
You know I ain't tryna lose pounds, I ain't on the Ozempic
Come uptown, white wine, hummus and breadsticks
GOAT level, might say somethin' offensive, still, I ain't tryna ruin the friendship
But just like Ryu and Ken, in this game, might have to go to war with your best friend
If he ain't in the hood, catch your boy in the West end
Said that your a block boy, throw up your set then?
Tottenham, North London, we set trend
Pull up on me, I'm in your city with Fred Again
We just sold out the Paramount, and you know we got paid a mad amount
The place I hang about's a real dark place
You're ignorant, that's why you lack taste
You're mumbling, your voice, it lacks bass
Time to wipe the smile off Ak's face
Time to say, "Chat, W Skepta"
Go against me, it ends in bad ways
Keep it rap, don't wanna catch a case
You boys love to snitch, I ain't in a rat race (Brrt, brrt)

Oh, so underrated (How?), underestimated (Ha)
I need Flex to play this (Yeah), leak some texts to play this (Boom, boom)
New shoes, tryna step on faces (Greaze)
Yeah, we bought extra laces (Trust)
Rudeboy, what's the latest?
Got the UK, you estimating (Oi)

Joyner Lucas, you bastard
Why you rap like you studied at Harvard?
Catch 'em outside and move to him, heartless
Cuts, bruises, and plasters
If I see him on tour in London, I jump on stage and move to his dancers
Who said that I'ma lose? I need answers
You couldn't walk a mile in my shoes, I'm the hardest
I train with the animals, you really don't want this
On my Jack Jones, I don't need an accomplice
I spit hollow tips, time I pop shit
Put a stop to that man's not hot shit
Forget all this studio rap, come victory lap and I'll show you what I've done
Praise the lord, you want beast? Then I've got this
You haven't had a hit song for the longest
Too concerned with your clothes
You should be focusing on flows
Where I'm from, I'm a GOAT
Where you're from, you're a joke

SK turn you to a ghost, yo
Talkin' like you're lyrical miracle, oh please
Where I come from, that's a default speed
You never been to a clash with the machine Gary
Tell me what you know about Greaze
You think you're doing me like them other Emcees?
How, Sway? You ain't got the answers for these
In this war ting, I got a Master's degree
The facade falling apart
And they're starting to see
All eyes on me, I got the juice, I'm with the gang
Supermodels hit 'em up
It's poetic justice
You laugh at my accent when I rap
But your wife fell in love with the English

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