

Golden Brown

Skepta

Yeah, the boys are back in town
Yeah, the boys are back in town
She's addicted to the melanin
Golden brown, golden brown
It's funny how the tables turn around
She told me to leave, she's missing me now
Operator, turn up the sound
Mix me down, mix me down

I told the workers you can see it in my eyes
The other shotters in the town are praying for the line's demise
Took the roof off the coupe, let's see the sky
They thought I'm sweet and I'm a rapper, let it sky
I told my nigga no ticks, the cats have gotta pay the price
They stab my nigga, we taking lives
I'm tryna buy you some Chanels, what's your size? Yeah
I told my plug I'll buy the bricks, what's the price? Yeah
We took the wave to the masses, we filled the wave with pride
I eat the puss through your zipper, I swear them Balmain's tight
I done some wrongs, I ain't make it right
If we say we killed a nigga, then he took a flight
Arguing with a bro, he said why you eat a dyke here?
100K off my Nike Airs, all love for the white, yeah
She stay round the woody like she need the light, yeah
Looking for me in my town? Bro, I'm right here

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Youngers want my spot and couple olders hate me (Mm)
Cah I ain't going bald or grey, I'm young and wavy (Mm)
Broke's something I don't wanna ever be (God forbid)
If you don't spend some P, there's shit you'll never see
Power of the mind, uh, young black and buss quick
Where most kids wear handcuffs before cufflinks
Three piece suit, I look like some one's husband
Don't let this suit fool you, I don't cuff links
Naked white woman, villa with my niggys
Chatting to this chick like "How much was your titties?"
She's staring at my Cuban jewellery, ain't no biggie
I'm glorious, notorious up in my city (Baby, baby)
Wooly in the winter 'cause the streets cold (Brr)
But I don't roll with sheep, this here is 3 goats (Legends)
Ain't another trio that can test the guys (Never)
Them man there can't even last the test of time (Forever)

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I know you heard the he-say and the she-say
Heard I keep the sweets on me like it's cheat day
Niggas in Paris, I'm OutKast, feel like 3K
Double R whipping on the Champs-Élysées
Just made another milli'
Big business this ain't nuttin' silly
Sitting front row, got my bruddas with me
And when you see a real nigga, better take a picture
Said I ain't a top boy, man, I beg to differ
Taking selfies with my air hostess
Bags checked in, still I can't take no check
I grew up in the trenches feeling like I'm so blessed
Couldn't walk in my shoes, could never take those steps, uh
Killed the game, lights out like it's bedtime
Came a long way from the yellow bricks and the petty crime
They said we can't smoke backstage
And I told them tek time when you're talking to the headline

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(This is a public service announcement
I'm just here to let you know that the boys are back in town
And this will never stop
Because cream always rises to the top)