

High Road

Skepta

(I stay and hold my guns, I own a lot of 'em
I ain't heard you scream yet, feds still on the scene, I bet
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I stay and hold my guns, I own a lot of 'em (SOS Music)
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[Chip:]

Yeah, fuck whoever thinking they king, I got no homage
Who taught you to be versatile and took the stones for it?
Who showed North you could make it out young
Without the ACs, robberies and going cunch? Listen up
Uh, I see the unemployment high, everybody scrappin'
Trap rap poppin', population trappin'
Basic but you poppin', I ain't tryna knock your vision
But I miss the days when if you couldn't rap, you didn't
You seen what buj' can do to humans, that shit real evil
I never made P off anything that kills people
Except for the times I touched mic and killed people
I ain't spoke to him in time, he thinks we're still peoples
Used to be my dawg, he was in my left titty
Chip left niggas, niggas never left Chippy
But I ain't chatty-patty, all your secrets safe with me
Still touch mic and pop corn, stay killy

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[Skepta:]

Listen, the whole city's sleepin', only the kitties creepin'
I'm doing vampire hours, celly forever beepin'
In a position you never wish you would ever be in
I went to sleep in the morning, I rise up in the evening
And I ain't waiting to die, I'm tryna live in heaven
Fuck niggas, the fiends taught me the biggest lessons
It's sink or swim, I'm in it to win
Tryna dodge bin, whippin' up lemonade when they give me lemons
International S, had to book the top floor, sit back and reflect
I could be still up in the streets with the strap and the vest
But I'm in the bank doing mathematics, cashing them cheques
I told my daughter, "Bubba, daddy gon' be back in sec'
Like Yakka Dee, your daddy, he's a wizard with words"
I put 'em in a verse, now I got some bags to collect
And all these ladies seeing is the racks on my neck
Can't they see that if it ain't Idris, which nigga is James Bond with it?
I got a license to kill, shittin' on the critics
Diamonds are forever, my gold finger got stones in it
This model callin', she wanna give me a home visit
Mowa Lola shades, Alyx jeans

Alexander McQueen tees, still the steez so exquisite
I got nothing to prove, these niggas know I did it
Been a top boy before I ever wrote a lyric

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[Young Adz:]

Yeah, I watched my favourite fiend Donna die
PTSD, last time I saw her she was horrified (Horrified)
What the fuck you know about when you don't wanna ride
But niggas hit your nigga so you out there tryna hollow guys? (Hollow guys)
Everybody got a heart, his was hollow inside (Inside)
Talkin' to her, she so sonic with lies (With lies)
Came with a wap but I pay all my tax
I pray my salat, grab my toolie and then hit up them flats, facts
SK, CM, niggas brain ain't intact
That's three GOATs spittin' rap and we spraying some facts
I look at my watch and then turn on the tap
The jakes tryna catch me slipping, so I turn off the maps, ah
My baby mother will tell you that I'm addicted to waps
My older brother will tell you that I was servin' in flats
Akh', I'ma go down the loneliest road
It's hard to spin your life 'round when you come from the road

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