

Intro

Skepta

(Yeah)

Heard the devil a liar, pull up in Prada (Skrrt)
Spliff in my mouth, dreads on my head, live like a Rasta (Bombo
claat)
Stick in my hand, bang on the drum, live like a rockstar (Pa-pa-
pa-pa-pow)
At the traffic light, tryna see which car go faster (Skrrt)

I got the Wraith, I do not whip an Impala, oh (No)
I make a mil', phone, SIM, and a charger
Stupid boy, go sit in the corner
Lower your tone, have some manners when you're speaking to the
father
My white G split your wig like a barber
One phone call, then you're dead by mañana

Insomnia 2 (Yeah)
Dick in the throat, it's 7 a.m. (Oh God)
I guess she got insomnia too
Don't need a pot, whip an M in the booth
If I'm in the stu' with Skeppy and A
There could be a ... in the room (Baow)
Sippin' this red, 'cause A bust K's
My niggas stick to the truth

I'm in the Moncler store
Can I get the jacket with the fur please?
If I am sittin' in jail
Then I am tellin' them load up the servery
Strap on me, Fashion Week
In my new, huh, Burberry
Givenchy, got racks on me
And I came up from the fuckin' dirt