

Lyrics

Skepta

Come off the stage! Move!
They don't want to hear you! They don't want to hear you!
What, is that what you think? Is that what you think?
Oi blud, calm, calm, calm
Lyrics for lyrics, calm

Yeah, hear me on the radio, wah gwan?
See me on the TV, hi mum
Murk MCs when the mic's in my palm
Lyrics for lyrics, calm
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Yeah, you got murked last week
Couldn't even get a rewind, that's peak
Couldn't get out your punchlines on time
Now you wanna diss me? Oh blud, what a cheek
Sidewinder, you got air on the roads
Eskimo Dance, you was spitting off-beat
Lord of the Mics, you was spitting that heat
But right now, your bars ain't on fleek
You don't wanna clash me, you will get murked
Bury MCs six feet in the dirt
I know you saw the police outside
You saw the blood on Devilman's shirt
Got rude, that didn't work
And your girl looks like she don't work
Mental
Man wouldn't beat that even if I was burse

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Them man are fake, them man are sus
I'm the boss these pagans wanna touch
I'm the kind of boss that the opps gotta rush
Cause I make it ring something like bells on the bus
1 on 1, fair and square, man are fucked
Swinging out my sword, swinging out my nunchuks
Running out of corn? Man'll get a gun buck
Tell a pussyhole look sharp, fix up
Where you from? Huh, what's wrong?
What's going on? Why you got your screwface on?
Dead that, forget that
Diss track? Nobody wanna hear that song
Better get your thinking hats on
You don't wanna diss me, that's long
Cause I'm a don, lyrically gone
You want to clash but you're gonna get banged on

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Novelist:

Yo, I'm a king, lyrically ming
You want to clash but you're gonna get tucked in
Drew for the buck ting when I bucked him
And in the jawside's right where I bucked him
Don't really care if you go to gym
Get put down by the lead like drawing
To kick your door in, anybody snoring
When I bore in's gonna get a full face
Full of piss you're in, deep shit you're in
N-O-V-D-D-D that you're warring
Not gonna be me that you're boring
I'm gonna jack manaman, take your rings
And all of your bling, Lewisham king
It's not a ting to draw the ting if you wanna swing
But if you get jocked, don't sing
Not a long ting to do the hype ting

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