

Man

Skepta

I don't know why man's callin' me family all of a sudden
Like hmm, my mum don't know your mum
Stop telling man you're my cousin
I got day ones and I got new ones
No fake ones, trust no one
It's Boy Better Know 'til I die
Tryna run up in the bank like Bonnie and Clyde

Cause man get money with the gang
Man get girls with the gang
Man eat food with the gang
Man talk slang to the feds
Can't work out what I just said to a man
Told me you was a big fan but the first thing you said when you saw me is "C
an I get a pic for the gram?"
I was like "Nah, sorry man"
I only socialize with the crew and the gang

Woah, guess who's back
Came a long way from sittin' in the flats
Came a long way from when whites never used to mix with blacks
Now all my white niggas and my black mates, we got the game on smash
I used to rate your page on MySpace but you never stayed on track
Upset cause your wife is a fan, she done with a little boy
Now she wants to be with a man
Told my accountant "Do me a transfer, cause I wanna buy some land"
You and I have got different plans
Real mad man, I might go Saint Ann's
No Triple A pass, no wristbands
You are not mandem, you are not gang

Tracksuit Mafia, Boy Better Know
My ones, my team
Meridian, bad blocks
London boys, active boys
You get me?

Man get money with the gang
Man get girls with the gang
Man eat food with the gang
Man talk slang to the feds
Can't work out what I just said to a man
Told me you was a big fan but the first thing you said when you saw me is "C
an I get a pic for the gram?"
I was like "Nah, sorry man"
I only socialize with the crew and the gang

They wanna see me drown
Tryna hold the mandem down
Cause I shutdown Shoreditch car park
And I got bars like Camden Town
Out there tryna survive on the streets
Tryin' not to get killed by the police
And I be schoolin' MC's
Nobody leaves 'til half-past-three
This year I'mma teach them a lesson
Tell Grace don't reply to those emails

Nah, I don't wanna do no sessions
It's like them man have got an obsession with my style of expression
But in public, never hear my name mentioned
Catch them at the nightclub entrance
Always seekin' attention
But I be inside, tryna get burse
Lookin' all cool like Herc
Dressed like I just come from P.E
You're dressed like you just come from church
Better do your research
You don't wanna hear my verse come after your verse
MCs act brand new cause they got a little money in their purse
So you had a good solo career?
Had a few big songs over the years?
Back then you was a real Top Boy
But right now fam, nobody cares
Walked in the club, everybody's like
"Who is he? Why is he walkin' around with security?"
You know the postcode when you're talkin' road
Better know that I speak that fluently

I don't know why man's callin' me family all of a sudden
Like hmm, my mum don't know your mum
Stop telling man you're my cousin
I got day ones and I got new ones
No fake ones, trust no one
It's Boy Better Know 'til I die
Tryna run up in the bank like Bonnie and Clyde
Cause

Man get money with the gang
Man get girls with the gang
Man eat food with the gang
Man talk slang to the feds
Can't work out what I just said to a man
Told me you was a big fan but the first thing you said when you saw me is "C
an I get a pic for the gram?"
I was like "Nah, sorry man"
I only socialize with the crew and the gang