

Mic Check

Skepta

(Mic, mic check, one, two
Gyal wanna check man, not check you, you
Check, check
Wanna check man, not you
You, you, you, you
Wanna check man, not you
You, you, you, you
You)

Don't, don't, don't take it personal
Don't take it, no
Don't, don't take it, no
Don't, don't take it personal
Don't take it, no
Keep on loving on

Uh, mic check, mic check
She holding my hood on cam, that's mic check
If she got JuJu 'gina, I'm whipped
Might sex like a demon child, but I'm blessed
North side nigga, got miles in my ends
Ain't no good girl in a bad circle of friends
Shorty wanna ride, made her hip-hop again
Might pop in the chart, but I'm grime in the bed

Yeah, mic check, it's A
Go to The Shard for our first date
Hit the bando door with a barricade
And the crack so good, need an accolade, uh
Mic check, twenty-nine
Rent that bitch face like Enterprise
She just wanna cuddle when it's beddy time
But I told her, "Babe, right now it's not teddy time"

Uh, mic check, it's S
Gave her the sex, she said she feel it in her chest
Can you handle the fame? You know you're fucking with a star
When you're fucking with me, they talk about you in the press
Took a little time just to get it together
Better late then never
Matching Alyx hoodies for the rainy weather
Lost count how many times I broke your heart
I'm tryna make it better, you know

Don't, don't, don't take it personal
Don't take it, no
Keep on loving (You, you, you, you)
Don't, don't take it personal
Don't take it, no
Keep on loving

I've been waiting just like seven days so I can taste it, taste it
And she asking, "Can you fill me in to Craig David, David?"
I was surprised she sucked me so good with her braces
And I told her, "I'm a monster, baby, can you face it?"

Ayy, she cut me off, now we talk again

That pussy wet, it pours, it rains
Seattle Gold my collection of rose
But I'll bring you flowers in the pouring rain
Sweet tooth gyally wanna top this boy
In her mouth, say it's sweet like chocolate, boy
Celibate boy, chop this boy
Please don't turn me on

Tell the DJ rewind
In the club doing the champagne dance, gold chain and the gold card won't de cline
Yeah, we're rich, rich, rich, had to say it three times
Uh, all these runway pieces, ain't enough time for me to wear the shit
Yeah, we're getting to the bag, getting money forever
Tryna find a good girl I can share it with, you know?

Don't, don't, don't take it personal
Don't take it, no
Keep on loving (You, you, you, you)
Don't, don't take it personal
Don't take it, no
Keep on loving

Had to dash, you know we crashed, I'm moving forward
Realised you're not the guy, I'm over you, yeah
No more titles, not entitled, moving forward
Had to dash, you know we crashed, I'm over you (You, you, you, you)