

Mike Lowery

Skepta

Where?

London.

London?

London.

London?

Yes, London! You know: fish, chips cup o' tea, bad food, worse weather, Mary fucking Poppins, London.

Whoo Kid

Too many wannabe badboys flexin' like they're so rowdy

Look a badboy straight in the face, tell him I'm a real badboy fuck Mike Lowery

I don't take disrespect neither do the guys that are standing around me

I do it how they didn't wanna do it now they wanna try an do it but I'm telling them 'low me

When I shut one eye and aim, I hit the target

Ben Cook now sitting at home now tryna figure out how he fucked up his artist

If the game was a tray full of ice cubes then I'll be the coldest and the hardest

The last MC that dissed me, blood on the ceiling, blood on the carpet

See I've got more heart than Tony Hawk but when I'm riding I ain't ramping

I'm ready for all out war them man are lying on the floor camping

Said keep it professional, Skepta forget the mad ting

I just say Candyman five times in the mirror but nothing ain't happening

When I say that I stick it in the pussy'ole, cause it ain't no sexual innuendo

I been producing since Mario came on the Super Nintendo

So if a man wants to violate me I will make this beat at the fastest tempo

Kill another MC then go Spain and change my name to Lorenzo

What happened to him?

He got shot in the face Lincoln. I would have thought that was obvious.

What'd you do that for? You mistake him for a rabbit? What do you want me to do about it?

Sort it out.

I'm not a fucking witch doctor.

But you are a bad boy yardie and bad boy yardies are supposed to know how to get rid of bodies.

I create the bodies. I don't erase the bodies.

There ain't no clowns round here when I find one go to the circus

Fuck a suspended sentence, I'll re-offend if I ever get nervous

I say what I mean, mean what I say so when I say it I'm saying it on purpose

I tell a man that wants to rob me don't bother coming if you ain't got burners

I gave up smoking and then I got stressed out told KJ get the weed in

Lying in bed paranoid thoughts in my head, staring at the ceiling

100 nightmares in my brain clearly tryna stop me sleeping

1000 diamonds in my chain and it's hurting a lot of mans feelings

You wanna know why they call me Guy Fawkes in the club just look at my table

Now they wanna know what Skepta's worth they wish they knew my appraisal

Black carbon fibre on the roof of the white Audi I'm so interracial

I start with a little bit of foreplay, have sex then finish off with a facial

When it comes to the bedroom ladies better know I'm so X-rated

I met her on Monday made love on the same day 'cause I ain't Craig David
Big high grade spliff, Courvoursier nigga I'm so wasted
I can't drive like this but it's okay because Jamie's driving a spaceship
Boy Better Know