

Plugged In Freestyle

Skepta

Gotta give it to the man till you're on stage
You get me, big SK, big smoke
Fumez The Engineer, kweng, carns
Been plugged in, a boy better know

I don't take backchat, no disrespect
Already know the gang and I'm sittin' like big fish
Fuck the opps, it's their loss or cut them off
How could I get pissed off? Bodies get ticked off
I hope you brush your teeth before you talk about the big boss
Brand new bedsheets covered in your wifey's lip gloss
You was at the top but you slipped off (Wasteman)
None of them boy there hard (Nah)
All of them boy there soft
Murder charge ain't a joke and laugh
You think that you shower, when last you jump in a bath?
I know the gunman that do obeah or voodoo and witchcraft
Roll with a nine month old baby
So they can bring out the mash in a Winnie da Pooh scarf (Ice)
Sun's out, guns out
Bare chest in the Rolls Royce, park up and I jump out
Rich nigga, used to bag food at my mum's house
Heard that boy dissed me, now the boy rubbed out
Test my gangster, reach for my chain
Don't cry when your face get tump out (Smoke)
My young G love testin' that smoke in the park
Somebody gettin' dropped if he comes out
Bow, what you mean you fool?
Go on then, go on then, draw for the tool
Think that you're hard, but you soft like wool
Lick a man in the drawside with the stool
Real bad boy but I still look cool
White gold chain, and an iced out jewel
But they can't jack me because I'm not Ja Rule
Nah rude boy, what you mean? What you mean?
You can't jack me, basically don't chat to me
Ignore me, turn your back to me
You can't put no .9, no MAC to me
I know you did research, wanna move to Skepta
But you found out you can't do shit to me
Not lyrically or literally
I put you on TV, make history
What happened to your headback? That's a mystery
Five o' clock in the mornin'
I flew out, flew down the road, flew back, then flew in
My mum knows what I'm doin'
And deep know I know she's screwin'
I fell asleep with thirteen scores in my mouth
Had a dream about chicken and chips
Like an idiot, I started chewin'
Woke up then I started spewin'
I used to put thirteen scores in my mouth
Start choppin' up a next ounce with H
Can't chat to Meridian about weight
Dem boy wouldn't even know what to do with an eighth
You bought an eight ball on the 24th
You're still tryna move it on the 8th

Them boys don't know about Tanitas
With the batteries held in with sellotape, blood
You would've thought you was looking at a date of birth
When I put my food on the scales
I'm in the cell, start biting my nails
Never ever been an informer never told tales
I roll with four black males
And the feds better lock us in separate jails
And I can bag up the food
But, ayy, you chat to me about Class A sales
It's the return of the Mack, I'm still alive just like 2Pac
Girls in the front row, girls in the back
Spit one lyric, everybody's like brap
Flashback to the cold nights in the trap
Now I'm in a new whip counting the big stack
White-gold chain and the diamonds are black
Jack me? Nah, you don't wanna do that
God forgive me if I buss my .9
God forgive me if I buss my .9
I don't wanna get locked up like shine
Dissed my mom, then he crossed my line
God forgive me if I buss my .9
God forgive me if I buss my .9
I don't wanna get locked up like shine
If he dissed my mom, then straight grease

Fumez The Engineer