

Private Caller

Skepta

Big up the Manchester crew, Birmingham crew
Meridian, this is how we do it in our studio
Big H, give them a sample of the bossman

Gimme space, gimme room
Glock 19 spin your face round the room
It's real out here not a silly cartoon
Black hood, white tee my costume
Jump in my GT, zing zing zoom
See me on TV, real real soon
'Nuff MCs wanna copy my tune
Don't wanna see me blow? Too late, BOOM!
Be ready when I come
Might drop a bomb, might drop an album
It's a big part I'm back with an anthem
Try make this go triple platinum
Can't get money if I ain't getting none
If I ain't got, you ain't got, get it right son
I don't wanna come across as the bad one
I don't want to take without asking anyone
When you see H, you know what's happening
When I come around, you've not got that thing
Can't get Big H shook with your Gatling
Look in your eyes, I can see that you're acting
Can't be that bad, when you look that thin
Some smiley faced guy with a gay grin
Spend all your spare time gazing
I'm cold but my lyrics dem are blazing

Yeah, remember Skepta's album (Skepta)
Yeah you can rewind this tune if you want to rudeboy, go on rewind it
But if you don't rewind it yeah, check the rest of the album
Skepta (yeah, yeah)
Private Caller man

Yeah Skepta, Private Caller
TNT, Mastabeatz
Meridian, Roll Deep
Cold Blooded, Ganja Fam
MO-AM Films, 2005
It's live, yeah

Boy, boy, boy I grab boys
Send for the ting then I stab boys
Niggas wanna get away, I grab boys
In the game with the real bad boys
So boy, don't try acting, boy
Your boys won't back you, boy
Run off, then I'm gonna catch you, boy
Stop you, drop you, clap you, boy

Tolerance zero
They wan' fi see me hit zero
Walk in the shop, they can't afford Aero
They watch too much De Niro
Now it's funny how when they walk street they turn hero
I got niggas in the country, ain't trying to hear, yo

President T will gun buck the year, yo
It doesn't really matter what dem boy wan' say, yo

Alright, everybody knows you're some goody goody
That screwface and that Rocawear hoody
Just ain't working, sorry bredrin
I'm Buzz Lightyear and you come like Woody
Now look at my man bigging up his chest
Come like man's tryna grow some breasts
Stop that, before you get an arched back
Don't know who my man's trying to impress

Scramble, Frisco's about, don't gamble your life
Nigga better think twice
Bruv, I'm quick on the handle, I dismantle and manhandle
Shots will flow from every angle
Shots from the luger, two shots, I'm a mover
Who'd have thought the shots would go straight through you?
This ain't new to me
Frisco, creep up on a nigga like puberty

Get ready there's Dan
Adi it's Dan, in an R6, man that's Dan
Don't disrespect Dan, do you know Dan
You'll get a box from Dan
And you can't rob Dan, don't plot on Dan
Cause you'll get shot by Dan
Straight up and down
Who's greatest? Dan, make space I'm here, it's Dan

It's Scorcher, I burst the balls like shots
Big pump make a boy run like teeth
When I make dem boy run inna war
Pump action lick out your whole chest
Step on the frontline, fling on your coat
Send for the ting then liff up your face
Duck down when you see me reach for the hip
Full clip blast put a hole in your mouth

Don't try spit like Bossman
Come through with like 5, 6 marksman
And we don't pet to blast man
When we aim for the top, don't try cross man
You're not built for the war, you're not a Bossman
I and I will toss man
He who tries thief my style, must get glass, man
Don't respect no false man

Don't shot drugs, you ain't got clientele
Why these MCs chat like they buy and sell?
I want clientele, my name's Cell
Sell so much I don't need no scales
Stick to tracks, you don't handle crack
What you know about bumping cats with candle wax?
And I know you can't handle facts, but I've done all that
Double tooth got the rat-tat-tat

I'm tired of it all
I'm tired of the frauds and the fakes going on like they were balling from d
ay
And I'm tired of it all
I'm tired of the people always moaning how they wish garage stayed old schoo
l

And I'm tired of it all
I'm tired of the raves that go on like it's clothes that determine your ways
And I'm tired of it all
I'm tired of the money grabbing hoes that are only there when the tune blows

Blud, mind how you step to me
Mind how you bring disrespect to me
Cuh directly, you're an insect to me
It ain't nuttin' but your face to my crep to me
All your big gun talk, it don't have no effect on me
Cause you're trill as [?]
I buss shot and skin off your headtop like leprosy
So mind how you step to me

Yeah
Skeptak, Private Caller 2005
Once again it's TNT, Mastabeatz, Meridian, Roll Deep
Cold Blooded, Ganja Fam, MO-AM Films, 2005
This is how we do it in our studio
Get with the programme
This ain't the last you're gonna hear from me either
Meridian
Yeah