

# Redrum

Skepta

If I, ya know  
Pull up with a stick, it's a murder  
Anything I do  
Grease, I'm blessed  
Yeah

If I pull up on the strip, it's murder (It's murder)  
Pull up in the whip, it's murder (It's murder)  
Pull up on your chick, it's murder (It's murder)  
Pull up with a stick, it's murder (Greaze)  
Don't give me that burner  
I'll slap you like what? Slap you like who?  
Slap you like what? Slap you like who?  
Slap you like Ike Turner  
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Touch down in the city, now she don't wanna go work, she's tryna call in sick (Sick)  
Everybody want the cash, when they see me on the stage, MC's want to call it quits (Go on then, go on)  
We ain't watchin' no Screwface, dem man are two-face, definitely ain't with the shits (Greaze)  
And my SK's fresher than toothpaste, lord of the mics and lord of the kicks (Ice)  
I did nine weeks on the Billboard, now they wanna show interest  
This year, man, I'm tryna cash more checks  
Can't have beef on an iPhone X  
Can't waste time 'cause my time's expensive  
Everybody wanna be my arch-nemesis  
Don't care what the time on your kettle is  
It's my time, when I said it, I meant it  
Back with another album, told my accountant I'm gonna clean up  
Business flight, so I got my feet up  
Ten out of ten, so she want to meet up  
Now the boyfriend tryna get me beat up  
Ask about me, they will tell you, "He's sus"  
'Cause I don't beg friend  
I can see that jealousy can try, but you can't keep up  
And if I

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6 million ways to murder  
Every day check another one off  
It's not everyday guns and shanks  
More success piss everyone off  
We came along way from marbles to Pacman  
With a mouth full of dots  
Serving the fiends outside by the shops  
With the .38 by the side of my crotch  
The feds wanted my whole crew locked up  
Either that or a tag on their ankle  
Had to come back with a different angle  
Leaving the house was a gamble  
Mum scared that I wouldn't make it back  
'Cause I was on the high road chasing cats  
Said they want the old Skepta (Ayy, yeah, uh)  
But they don't really wanna see me take it back

Back, back, back, to the nicks, hey (Woah)  
Back selling bricks, ayy  
Porzingis shots, ayy (Woah, woah, woah, woah), ayy, uh  
Your bitch end up missing, ayy (Yeah)  
Then you started bitching, ayy (Woah)  
AK with extension, ayy (AK with a woah, woah, woah, woah)  
I wasn't even wishing, ayy  
Tell 'em that I died, ayy (Woah)  
But a nigga died, hey (Woah)  
Why your mama crying? Hey (Why your mama cryin'?)  
I laugh, hey  
Swoosh with the Glock, ayy (With a Glock)  
Carti in the spot (Carti in the spot)  
You was actin' like a groupie, you got robbed for your block  
"KEY! what's a block?" Hey  
That's you, you, and him, hey  
Sharks in the water but I know how to swim, hello?  
Back to the trap shit, back to the conflict (Open up that moshpit)  
.45 bust, better act like you don't know shit (Yeah)

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