

## Round 2

Skept

What do we think of Joyner? (Shit!)

What do we think of shit? (Joyner!)

Thank you! (That's alright!)

(Bastard, bastard)

(Joyner Lucas, you bastard)

Yeah

Big Smoke, SK

This ain't even a UK-US ting

It's me and you, Joyner

You get me?

You fell for the bait

Let me show you how to clash

Now you're the bitch

You said there weren't a debate, now everybody's in two minds

Man of my word, killed you with two lines

You took a week for the weakest diss

Whoever givin' you info needs to resign

Ain't safe out here, this a fuckin' clash

You're on the front cover, tryna get your face out there

Take off the flag, you don't hold weight 'round there

Round one could've been yours, you bastard

Gave it to you on a plate, man, you know me, I'm reckless

Little bitch, all you had to do was finish your breakfast

Instead you drop a track full of cap, it's hilarious

Said you didn't wanna do it, but you practically begged us

You know I don't hit women, I'm sexist

Tory don't care, he was beatin' you senseless

The gloves came off, sent you to the dentist

With your own flow, hit you in your liver, you're legless

You wanna label me anything, call me relentless

Kill you by myself, I don't need the Avengers

Show you the ropes, and after I merk you

You're really gonna hope nobody remembers

"Friendly Fire" was a jab, had to give 'em a tetanus

Now I apply the pressure until he surrenders

You ain't been Tottenham, you don't know the members

You ain't got a catalogue that's as cold as Skepta's

What the fuck is a Joyner Lucas?

My name's Big Smoke, so you know that my chest got loads of mucus

I spit that crack

Make a rapper get vexed, wanna phone the shooters

No substance in your flows, you're useless

Course I'm gonna kill him, I got no excuses

Even America don't wanna hear your impersonations

You're a nuisance

They left you on Skid Row, fungal infection in your big toe

Sorry, I know business been slow

Left you spittin' your shit flows and ripped clothes

Doin' your Slim Shady karaoke, it's a shitshow

I said that I'ma win, and I meant it

You only make hits rappin' from another guy's perspective

Now they gassin', they're sayin' you ain't nothin' to mess with

And I'm like, "Ain't this the guy that you neglected?"

Left him for dead, broke, sleepin' on benches

Top ten, top twenty, never selected

Said I wanted to clash with somebody respected

Album's out now, guess he needs the attention  
You got no influence, and no aura  
Look around the word, see a million Skeptas  
I do it for the underdogs, and all the psyched-out niggas  
In the world that can see the pretenders  
I feel like André 3K  
They're makin' fun of my accent, but I'm winnin' this either way  
I feel like an outcast, cool  
'Cause they could never out-class me, I have the last laugh  
And sometimes, I feel like I'm Master P  
No limit, it's all on me, who gonna laugh at me?  
I get money, I feel like 50  
I put a stop to the jokes now, and I keep a young buck with me  
Keep it rap, nobody wants a buck-fifty  
ADHD 2 out now, Joyner  
Tell your manager to get in touch with me  
I don't do free promos, so fuck with me  
You can ask Devilman how I get busy  
Have my young Gs run up in your house with the missy  
I can't believe I'm dissin' this guy, like, who is he?  
I know nobody cares, why you sound like Drizzy?  
I'm triple-platinum in America  
It's time I bring in the triplets  
He tried to scare me, said he was a lyricist  
I'm the teacher, givin' out certificates  
Teach you how to get away with murder, trust  
You're Viola Davis, she learnt from us  
You gotta make sure that your bars are tough  
Keep punchin' until the ref' says enough, forget the funny stuff  
Keep Islam out your mouth  
You can't bring ham to a bad man  
You don't know where your lady is  
My lady's with me, chillin' in the caf, Dan  
I don't wish I was anything else  
I'm a British-Nigerian Black man  
Why would I wish I was you when you wanna be Eminem?  
Blud, you're the Black Stan  
You're just a fan, so I'm spinnin' you 'round, then I'm sitting you down  
You tryna get info, you been ringin' around  
I grew up on YouTube, got millions now  
Can't cap on my name, haven't you figured it out?  
Since fourteen, I've been livin' the dream  
Fans addicted, 'cause I've been spittin' that morphine  
See me in your dreams, and I already know  
What you're gonna say 'cause you got snitches on your team  
Said I'm on drugs, and I'm like "LOL"  
'Cause nobody's known me to sniff  
Said that I'm broke  
But the Virgil Maybach alone proves you don't know shit  
Said I wore a dress  
More Internet lies, and I'm like, "Please show me the pic"  
Can we please just come with the facts  
Or we call it two-nil? And I'm over with this

(Oh, Joyner's a bastard)  
How you drop a track full of cap?  
(Oh, Joyner's a bastard)  
It was there on a plate  
(Oh, Joyner's a bastard)  
"Nobody Cares" soundin' like  
"Back To Back" from Alibaba  
(Oh, Joyner's a bastard)  
You got personality disorder, bro, come with the facts

(Oh, Joyner's a bastard)  
Not rubbish you found on the Internet, or it's over  
Been laughin' at you bots for years  
(Oh, Joyner's a bastard)  
If it ain't facts, I'm not hearin' it  
Two-nil, I'm gone  
(Oh, Joyner's a bastard)