

Round 2

Skepta

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)