

Sin City

Skepta

What goes around comes around, this shit keeps spinnin'
Every day I praise the Lord, but I'm still sinnin'
Stick to the rules of the trap, had to keep it whippin'
Ain't nobody, nobody fuckin' with my kitchen
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I had big waps, hurt my wrist from the kick back
Click-clack, roll up on 'em in the pitch black
Switching sides, now a nigga wanna switch back
Said I ain't a pussy, I was talking big facts
Niggas wanna talk, niggas wanna chit-chat
On your block with four sticks like a fucking Kit-Kat
Dressed in all black, fresher than a fuckin' Tic Tac
Started from a eight-ball, man, I had to flip that
It's Big Smoke, I'm a lion in the jungle, need a lioness
I don't like your attitude but I like the dress
Lights out, wild sex on the private jet
Huh, forty thousand feet, man, I'm highly blessed
Touch down, I'm in stu' with the killys
YA on the mud, boy, sippy sippy
Talkin' psychedelics, then you know I keep it with me
Man, I love the psilocybin, yeah, a nigga keep it trippy

Chippy, I got kicked out of school, caught with a kitchen tool
Daddy looked me in my eyes, he said, "Son, this isn't you"
Having dreams of shottin' raps, big cousin shottin' crack
I said, "Dad, I wanna rap ca' I want things that shotters have"
Like a Avirex and lighties on sex
Little Chippy with the olders from the ends
Probably why I saw a key before a tens
Traumatic stress, when I reflect, I hold the meds
Toronto with my G, on tour, we praise the Lord
College in Meridian but I knew Skep' before
Pussy, all my niggas winning, you can check the score
Match of the day, racks on the chain, cuttin' a cheque for sure
They say black don't crack, never been no coward, darg
Black and proud, no bounty, Chippy got lion bars
Rap or shot a packet, tryna get a Schott jacket
What you think, tea and crumpets? In my manor, shots bangin'

Gucci slides, he a newbie in the gang, you see him ride
Jesus Christ, stab him in his palm like he crucified
He ain't hit a movie with me, yeah, he don't know how I ride
My shooter crossed his arms and he got a cross eye
Diamorphine, said the works there
Try more fiends outside the rehab
'Til I find more fiends
I'm the reason why she got a plastic nose
I've got heroin and coke for the stove
Got a bitch from Cardiff, she just told me, "Roll"
R.I.P. to all the fiends that overdose
Told the kids, "Don't follow my footsteps on the roads"
Niggas said he got plaques, we got plaques, we got waps
Haha, you ain't got no waps though

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I've got heroin, I got coke for the stove

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