

Sit Down

Skepta

Hey man, you already know who it is man
It's your boy Lil B
Skepta in the building, man
Man I'm telling you man, we gettin' so much money
...

Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd
Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd

Look at my teacher's face now
Look at my teacher's face now
Had to put the cash inside the bag
And I'm gonna shut this place down
No intro, you heard the name
London city in burning flame
Slept in the trap for 30 days
Now I got fire on the stage
Hell, no I'm not a slave
Went back home 'cause I had to pray
I shed tears on my granddad's grave
Release the lion out the cage
Told mum that we're gonna be ok
Never leave home without my shades
'Cause this life is a game of poker
Show these fake niggas how to play
Play with the fire and you got burned
And you got yourself to blame
I'm from Tottenham where they play lottery screaming out Jesus' name
Everyday I got stopped in search, I couldn't make it to church (amen)
Found the solution, no excuses, manna had to make it work
Said I would never be shit, when I was on the 2 Word around town I wrote 'em
that, soon as I released my new crep
Whose killin' 'em in the U.S, everybody gonna say U-S
Reluctantly, 'cause most of the fake don't fuck with me

Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd
Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd

New Rolls Royce, I had no choice
Had to drop the top in the summer when it's snowing
Eat that Blac Chyna ass like oin oin
She call me R. Kelly, I was like duoy duoy
The way she move them hips, the way she works my wrist
In the traphouse and I'm servin' up bricks
Call me Mack Maine, stay with a bad bitch

Call me low in this bitch
I do what I want, I just stunt
I just flex, I just run up
200 bands, do that dance, the moneydance
Feel me?

Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd
Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Hater, sit down, hater, sit down
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd
Bitch, shake your ass for the ballers in the crowd