

Yeah, yeah

Ever since Diesle put us on two till four
Yardie kick shit, coming off the hinges
You can see the prints from the boots on the door
Jump on the stage like, "Who wanna war?"
I'm not a yute anymore
But don't get it twisted, I'm still a big kid
Might pull up in the whip with the windows tinted
Bags full of cash like Ricky and Ingrid
But bad Bs that'll make it clap for me
Got Gs that'll make it clap for me
Push your wig back for me
Told you don't disrespect the lord, that's blasphemy
Why would you play with your life
Don't act up again, you know that ain't really wise
Last time my brothers had a Twix in the ride
That's two sticks for you and your pussy-o guys
My enemies get splashed without water
And I be in the kitchen cooking up a snack for my daughter
Never get my hands dirty
I don't link cats on the corner
It's big smoke, I ain't talking no steam and sauna
Psycho man, I'm too out of order
Keep my name out your mouth rudeboy
You're a fan, better still, you're a stalker

Lick down guys in the booth
Sniper, take out guys on the roof
Take out cruise, give man a déjà vu
Blood, stop hiding the truth
Do it in the basement, me against you
Do it on stage, yeah, that's everyone against me
And we can pull up to the radio and do it how we did it on 923

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Sniper, that's not Kung Fu style
Big D-P, I've been here for a while
Been on the road, been putting in work since OGs were giving out Chelsea smiles
Can't control me 'cause I'm way too wild
Big boy machine, that's way too loud
Man don't bread or ask for no help 'cause I'm big D-P and I'm way too proud
Portsy called me last week and told me when I see them wasteman, wave it down
Jump out the whip, wave it 'round
So many spent shells cuz, untold rounds
Man talk shit, gotta gaffer that clown
Grime is alive when we're in town
Left it to them, look at it now

Everyting that we built up, they burned down
Do it like the basement or like the roof
You know the settings, don't need a booth
Just two decks, one mic and a mixer
Lyrics for lyrics like déjà vu
I can build two beats, put 'em on loop
Spit two lyrics, everybody goes mute
If you can't bill a beat then spit a lyric
King of the grime scene, that's not you

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