

# Stupid

Skept

Yo, oi, oi (Oi)  
Yo, yo, oi soundboy (Nah who, who is it?)  
Are you stupid? (Who, oi)  
Are you dumb? (Oi, soundboy)  
Last soundboy that got stupid, left in a body bag, stupid (Nah, nah, who is it)

Who is it? Who is it? Who is it?  
It's not you, it's me  
Can't diss a man in my family tree  
You'll get shanked in the chest with my front door key  
Boxed in the face with my back door key  
Draw for the leng, kill a MC  
I've got a black ski-mask but I don't ski  
And if you diss Wiley or Jme  
I will come to your set like - "What soundboy? Who is it? Who is it?"  
Everybody gets sprayed  
I'm a hit-man but I don't get paid  
Two bullets in a wastemans' skin-fade  
Leave red stains on his clothes like cherryade  
Brand new duppies have to get made  
Make your head-top explode like grenade  
If you wanna draw for the blade, I'll be like - "What soundboy? Who is it? Who is it? Who is it? Who is it?"

Oi, stupid  
You don't want to come here and get stupid  
The last soundboy that tried to get stupid, left in a body bag, stupid  
That's what he got for being stupid  
Oi, stupid  
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MCs don't like it when I do war  
They want to be famous, no more war  
I'm already famous so I do war  
I do a road tour promoting my war  
If you don't like war, don't listen to the war  
Don't get involved in the bumbaclart war  
MCs travel the road and keep quiet  
When they come across me they think that they're raw  
I'm raw, you can't see me anymore  
Everyday I live, I stay low to the floor  
Before, you wanna test my crew, you better be sure  
Ready for us to blow up your sector  
Them boy ain't ready for the war, we draw the chainsaw, in a lyrical war  
I bet you never knew I had the keys to the door  
Some wife will get blazed with a 4x4

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They couldn't test me or Wiley  
Never been air on the roads, man are rated highly  
Draw for the shank give an MC a smiley  
You know me - it's D.T.I style  
Eskiboy's bassline used to be glidey  
Now he's got a new styley, it's tidy  
My name's Junior, his name's Kylea  
We make the big mic-men look tiny (Eskiboy)  
You can't test me or Skepta  
Come to your ends like Achilles and take out Hector  
Do you even know the meaning of war?  
Try clash me you get carried out on a stretcher  
I wear Nike, don't wear Acupunctures or Sketchers  
I'm known for blowing up sectors  
I went college but I didn't turn up to no lectures  
I'll still make it I bet ya

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D.T.I  
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