

Text Me Back

Skepta

Joseph, my GG
Wah gwan, G?
If you ever knew
Time, time, time

Sometimes I don't text you back
But I never mean to disrespect you
I'm on the road tryna do this ting
I know you see where man's tryna get to
I've been around the world and back
I ain't met anybody I wanna be with more than you
That's why when the sun goes down at night
Man are calling you

The girl of my dreams
You ain't tryna be part of the scene
And when I talk in code, you know what I mean
Too much style, way too clean
I'm in love with the way that you mix the Palace with Celine
How you mix the Chanel with the Preme
Too clean, the best piece of art I ever seen
The perfect picture, lost money this summer
So you know I've gotta grind in the winter
I ain't one of them wasteman tryna flex on Insta
I'm really out here with the axe, tryna chop down timber
This ain't a game like knock down ginger
Our love's strong like Mufasa and Simba
Never need to download Tinder

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Man, I hate this phone
Kiss my teeth when I hear the ringtone
Put it on silent, leave me alone
Mum's like "Junior, when are you gonna come home?"
Mum, man's on the roads
Text her a love heart, text her a rose
I've gotta do these shows
Cause I ain't tryna see another tear run down your nose
Nah, mum, your son's got ambition
Could've been dead, could've been in prison
But I had this vision

Of all the fam living in better conditions
So I had to go OT
Man, I've been OT since '03
And all my ex-girls know me
I ain't really ever gonna stop lowkey
Cause I've got a big team
And they all want sick things, big rings like Saturn
Forget the fame, that's already happened
Man are on top
But I can't stop till all the mandem are patterned
I ain't out here following fashion
And ya dun know, as soon as I come home
We can go shopping in Hatton

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