

# The End

Skept

Oi hold tight my fans, yeah (Large up)  
Sorry I took long but  
You know how it is (Go on then)  
I don't care what no one says (Skept)

I'm a legend, a legend  
When I say ooooooh  
Boy Better Know I'm a myth, a myth  
When you see Skept, just bow to your master  
Has he got a gun? No, no  
Have I got one? Yeah  
And when I draw for the ooooooh  
Only thing you'll hear is boushya

Because bare wasteman wanna diss my tune  
Same wasteman wanna spit on my tune  
Wasteman bars can't fit on my tune  
Try hard, still sound shit on my tune  
And producers, they wanna bootleg my tune  
Clash me and then end up dead on my tune  
Just a little reminder of my tune  
It was gunshots at Sidewinder for my tune  
I wanna make Ps like Diddy  
So don't come around acting silly  
'Cause when you see me draw for the 9 mili  
I'll make 2Face say "ho my diddy"  
You get smoked like Philly  
Think that you're big but you're just a likkle willy  
I love magazines like Chantelle Fiddy  
Jookie Mundo's got titties

Jookie's a batty  
Why chatting about man's balls and batty?  
Boy Better Know I will draw for the gatty  
Burn out your mouth like a saltfish patty  
Jookie's a fassy  
And he's a batty  
Why chattting about man's balls and batty?  
Boy Better Know I will draw for the gatty  
Burn out your mouth like a saltfish patty

Jookie Mundo  
Keep dissing me Matthew and Javan  
Really and truly, that was the whole plan  
Knew if I diss one man, I would get your whole crew  
Saying my name while I finish my album  
Now I owe you one  
Because that's a third of my advertising's done  
But I heard couple man dissing my mum  
So God forgive me if I buss my gun  
(I'm like) God forgive me if I buss my nine  
God forgive me if I buss my nine  
I don't wanna get locked up like Shyne  
But you dissed my mum so you crossed my (line)  
I'm like, God forgive me if I buss my nine  
God forgive me if I buss my nine  
I don't wanna get locked up like Shyne

But you dissed my mum so you crossed my (line)

My name's J, I just wanna make money  
Bare wasteman think life is sweet like honey  
I don't scram, star  
I just pull out the mash and put it to your tummy  
Your girlfriend's flirting, carry on merking  
Till you see fast shadows  
In a Vectra, one dub eats man  
Put the mash to your ribs and damage Javan  
It's Skepta, I got the picky afro  
Told you before, Boy Better Know  
Van Damage ain't got one good flow  
You try too hard but no, no  
You look like a homo  
You're the shittiest MC in SLK  
And if I was Flirta I would ooooooh  
I would kick you outta

I can't believe what I'm hearing  
Who does Sniper think that he's scaring?  
You can have biceps  
Eight packs and triceps but you got a gay nose piercing  
Kung Fu Style, Private Caller, which one's worse?  
Your video looks like the advert from Fitness First  
Even though you take steroids, you will get merked  
I don't mean on the mic  
Shower man down on an R1 bike  
Draw for the mash and start acting wild  
And see if you still wanna do Kung Fu Style  
Batty man can't follow me  
I know Bomani's dealing with sodomy  
Blud, I'll put a slug in your clothes  
Don't come around here with a stud in your nose

Jookie Mundo can't bring it to Joe  
Jookie Mundo ain't got no dough  
Jookie Mundo don't earn no wages  
Jookie Mundo's been ready to blow for ages  
Since DeJa 92.3  
You wanna lash the same girls as me  
So when I see your girlfriend, I'ma say "let's talk about sex baby"  
Shut your mouth about "up in the air"  
Firing straight, not up in the air  
Send double 05 up in the air  
Jookie Mundo, up in the air  
The whole of East go up in the air  
Taliban, who is he? Why is he here?  
Tinchy, put the mash on his left ear  
Them man don't wanna clash when I'm here

I got a ting in my boot like Stryder  
Draw for the mash and aim it at Ryder  
Don't ask why I'm slewing this chief  
Because everybody knows I slew gap teeth  
But here's his family  
So is Knuckles, so is Angry  
So shh, dickhead  
Before I draw for the Stanley  
Draw for the tool (Go on then, go on then)  
Think I'm a fool? (Go on then, go on then)  
Draw for the mash (Go on then, go on then)  
Still wanna clash? (Go on then)

Because I got bare man with me (Go on then)  
Skengman with me (Go on then)  
Showerman with me (Go on then)  
Real wickedman with me (Go on then, go on then, go on then)

I'll see you man in a rave