

Tour Bus Massacre

Skepta

I bought expensive drinks
For my niggas in the grave, for my niggas in prison
Try to make more money to buy more food
For my niggas in the kitchen
So if you ain't talk about paper
Sorry G I don't wanna listen
Matter of fact, I don't wanna see you pussy-holes
In my periferal vision
I would never stick my dick in the stereo
But I'm screaming fuck the system
I turn Tom Cruise on niggas
When they told me it was an impossible mission
We used to be close
Now we're totally distant
Just to recognize when he was real
But now my man looks totally different
Only with my brothers to hang around
With me so I put JME on my neck
The last guy who try to take my chain
Got no respect
We can all start pumpin iron
Just know I'm a do loads more reps
Strong like Conan the Barbarian
Niggas can't walk in my creps
Thought a hundred grand would solve my problems
But I got loads more stress
The only thing that's changed
Now is I get loads more sex
She said when I made it rain
I make the flower I get wet
I said when you looking at Skepta
You looking at sexy in the flesh

I'm thinking last night was crazy
I'm living my dream, don't wake me
Pass me the coke and JD
The Mandem just shut down JD
Roll to the club, with a hole in the bus Wavy
Konan's chatting to Amy
Skepta's neck, Jamie
Just got Doe from the B A
Today, Max's B Day
Gonna put last night into replay
Let's raise a toast for the DJ
All right enough thinking
Let me get back to the track, listen
Since Otis the world been listening
Jackpot, like I burgled the kitchen
Let me slow it down nigga
I love the way that Cath lick
I need a vicar
She makes me buss an I'll nut
I call her Camilla
I got my wood, in her hand
I call it a splinter
Let me tell you, bout the last Pagan that clowned about
Was about two o'clock or round about

When I caught him at the round about
I let three more go round about
Now he's got more exits than a roundabout

I'm going in, but it's early
You can get thrown in the van
For a Persie
Look around here you gotta Play Dirty
Cus even Fat boys, don't show Mercy
You sure you want something in your jersey
Hands on the 8 I dare somebody verse me
With Kirsty, shes from Burnley
I told her to get her jugs out, I'm thirsty
Trynna live my dream, so I sleep less
Thinking, FUCK THE WORLD, cus I'm trynna cheat death
Lightys wanna suck me, but I only want the Queen's head
Counting this grands, screaming fuck the G Jet
Kons, now they saying I'm trouble
Got bruvas in track turning rocks into rubble
Get Caught in arms
But it's nothing like a cuddle
Pussys talk S, till I make then see double