

# Style

**Stefflon Don**

Number one, let's go. Eh

Cosmo? Dunno. Eh. Eh  
In my Eight, London. Eh  
Presidential Rolly on my wrist  
When I was younger man I couldn't picture this  
Come harder, always hustled. Father took the piss  
He was a dickhead, too much politics, I told her  
Don't worry momma I ain't going to sting  
Like when you drink the coffee and you run to do a shit  
This was those days when Boba Wayne in that Eight  
And in one minute that popstar was at war with it

I write my lyrics in my own style  
My momma don't cry when I broke, no  
I kill beats like you must know  
My shot the dance at the stage show  
That poop my pants speaker  
Steff don is the teacher  
But ya'll, them don't know  
New Era was a blood, yo  
New Era was a blood, yo

Steff. Tell 'em  
All the way through the jungle is a madness, London  
Step up. Steff Don is a bad chick  
You want it? You don't really want it, cause I  
Keeping 'em coming, keep 'em running, and I  
Burn 'em. Done 'em. Everytime them come I run 'em  
London. Step up. Steff Don, what up?  
The place get mad and wicked and wild out. Sho'  
Wind up the dong dong low  
Bitches want to know how I get get so  
Mad wild out, while we kick it wild out  
Steff Don done. She wild out

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Them living on they bad self  
And she tick and she tats so  
Oh she fat and she going so  
Blood clots, Steff Don, are mad so  
Face pretty girl, look good. Eh  
Face pretty girl, look good. Eh  
When I come in to dance, everybody come to dance  
Everybody, everybody, let's go. Eh

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Give it to them  
Cosmo? Dunno. Bingo. Eh  
Feature. Leader. Me and the Teacher  
That was a bit of Dutch. Yeah, you don't know I'm Dutch  
But guess what. Me I'm a double Dutch  
Part of speak on the daily