

# Big For Your Boots

Stormzy

You're getting way too big for your boots  
You're never too big for the boot  
I've got the big size twelves on my feet  
Your face ain't big for my boot  
Kick up the yout  
Man know that I kick up the yout  
Dem boy dere tried twist up the truth  
How dare you twist up the truth, look  
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Wanna come round here like a badboy? Do it  
Bun all the talking, go on then, do it  
Running through the party, bottle of BACARDÍ  
Bro's in my ear saying "Stormz, don't do it"  
Devil on my shoulder, I don't lack  
Hit 'em with a crowbar, I don't scrap  
Even when I'm sober, I'm so gassed  
Say you ride but there's no car and no mash (what you talking 'bout?)  
Clown, stand down  
Never had a MAC-10 or a trey pound  
You were never bad then, you ain't bad now  
Never had the MAC then, little nigga, back down  
Wait, I saw bare kicks, saw bare clothes  
Said fuck that, I can't wear those  
I don't like them, they're not my ting  
They went silent, they're all weirdos  
Like yeah, Stormz gone clear  
Never had a Tom Ford or a Moncler  
Mandem are calm, but you see my don there?  
Fuckries, tell 'em don't do it, don't dare  
Don't care who you know from my block  
You're not Al Capone, you'll get boxed  
They can take my car and my creps  
I'll still do the road in my socks  
Like who's gonna stop me? You? Him?  
Weed in a cigarette, blue slims  
Don't be an idiot, move smart  
I've been killing it, new king  
Niggas ain't ready for my new stuff  
You're a prick by yourself, go and group up  
And when Krept went States for the BETs  
I was covering Krept like a bootcut  
Ith mad, that's a family ting, straight family ting  
Dem man are broke, no salary ting  
Had a peng ting called Amy  
Telling me to come round hers on a Valerie ting  
#Merky, academy ting  
Coming like art in a gallery ting  
Dem boy dere wanna chat about bars  
Wanna chat about crud but, but, but

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I'm too hot  
Drug money in my shoebox  
I'm the man of the house and my shows sold out  
Like the brudda from the Boondocks  
Beats 1 in my boombox  
Still steal meat from the stew pot  
Mandem go sick when my tune drops  
Little man, that's a Hublot, not a Hublot  
What? Pronounce it right, you prick  
I go mad, yeah, I'm down to die for this  
I don't care, bro, I'm down to pipe your chick  
Mad stressed so I'm bound to light my spliffs  
Wait, I'm bound to ride for Flipz  
Real Gs gonna ride around to this  
Man, I've got no time to write a diss  
I never left my 9 to 5 for this  
Wasteman ting  
I don't care what rave man's in  
I came here to relax but if it gets mad  
Mek a young boy take man's tings  
Try tell me I'm way too big to rebel?  
Nah, man, you're never too big to rebel  
I was in the O2 singing my lungs out  
Rudeboy, you're never too big for Adele  
Leave my yard, blow a kiss to my girl  
Salute to my sister as well  
Gotta keep trophies down at my mum's bit  
Man, I'm getting way too big for my shelf  
Man, I see bare MCs wanna sideline  
But I still got a couple bangers in the pipeline  
Man, I've got grown men @ing me bullshit  
You're getting way too old for the timeline  
You're getting way too old for a diss  
Should've looked after your kids  
Get out the booth, go home to your son  
It's never too late to commit  
It's like man love put my name in a bar  
Random flight, get a plane to Qatar  
This year, I learnt how to take care of business  
Next year, I'll learn how to play the guitar

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