

Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah

Like, yeah  
I'm quite impressed  
Need more pounds, I might invest  
Look at me now, private jets  
Who woulda known I'd be writing cheques  
Big Mike, live in the flesh  
Life dun changed, my life was a mess  
Yeah, my life was a mess  
But aight fuck that, it's time to finesse  
Ooh, the boy's got fabulous rhymes (Rhymes)  
And he's got an Adidas line  
100 bags for the show (Show)  
Had to make my manager decline  
It's like I'm Jamie Carragher on grime (Grime)  
Spitting on the riddim 'til it's soaked  
Hit 'em then I kill 'em with the smoke  
I am not the nigga to provoke  
Ah, Stormz still coming for the necks (Necks)  
Fuckboy I'm coming for you next  
Rock you when I'm running up the steps  
Dodge you when I'm ducking from the feds  
Like, wait  
Are we just gonna pretend  
That Stormz ain't the nigga that they always recommend (recommen  
d)  
From a city where we never beg friends  
Still a three stab ting til the end  
Skeng