

## Line

Stormzy

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 (recomme  
nd)

From a city where we never beg friends

Still a three stab ting til the end

Skeng