

# Mel Made Me Do It

Stormzy

I've been the goat for so long I guess it's not exciting when I win  
Boo-hoo someone grab the violins every time I try a tin  
Top bins  
Like Haile when he sings  
So of course they don't like me I'm the king  
Tell me why would I reply to him  
I leave them hanging like Kyrie on the rim  
Where do I begin I wear 5990 in the gym  
I got a thing for shiny little things  
What can I say I'm like a young black Biden with a Trim  
Presidential when I am riding in the Bimz  
Taking pictures with my cameraman I'm shining in my skin  
For eight figures I'm Aubameyang I go and sign the ting (aite)  
I never wonder bout who I could've been cah I am it  
Rose gold frosted or ceramic  
Told bro spin it so he spun it  
We are not the same Big Mike's from a whole different planet  
Top bins  
What a set piece fling it in the net  
Coulda Jet Li kick him till he bled  
And I'm rent free living in their head  
What's that quote ooo Killem with success  
Talking smoke please give it all a-  
Still dripping in finesse  
Man I've got figures and flows  
I'm a different kind of F  
Gotta a Lambo and a Rolls  
That's a different kind of cheque  
And I said I was the goat  
They didn't listen when I- ay  
Any time I do a big flex just ignore me  
Niggas wanna hear my side of the story  
Niggas wanna hear a nigga chat like it's Maury  
Fuck that, you niggas better bask in my glory  
They call me to slide through the store coz I'm so pattern  
To be fair we don't go Hatton  
We don't tell lies  
I think the kids call it no capping  
The boys rough but the flows Satin  
I j hussle and I'm mo stacking  
They wanna catch me on the roads lacking  
You better pray that it don't happen  
And I don't sell drugs still I'm dope wrapping  
Have your hoe catting  
Stiff chocolate with a boop  
To be fair I don't feel Twitter  
Gettin told I'm not a real spitter  
By some broke arse bill splitter  
Listen nigga you've got bigger fish to fry like  
If I ever see your girlfriend in Dubai  
Oh lord, party on the boat, she's on board  
And Birkin is a bag you can't afford  
And she'll like one  
Do the maths you ain't the right one  
It's alright, son  
We'll send her back before the night's done  
I roll one light one 8 out of 10

She's my aight one  
Think of a hit then I write one  
On when I sight one  
(This my) this my Ghanaian flow it's a tight one  
If she pretty then I'll put her in a flight  
I put her on a jet if her pussy- wait  
Look, my nephews are listening  
My chef should be Michelin  
There's guests in my kitchen  
And my left wrist is glistening  
My tunes getting played from a set to a christening  
They're pissed on the net cause I said I ain't dissing him  
Real niggas know it's all positioning  
Real niggas know I'm not the victim  
Alright, I am, I'll take the L, they hype the gram  
They tell their jokes to spite the man  
I feed my folks they bite my hand  
I do the most, I'll fly to Cannes  
To watch a film then buy some land  
Headline Reading and Leeds like it's easy  
Funny when they talk about the game cah it needs me  
Niggas wanna hear me, nigga spill it all to Zeze  
Fuck that, you niggas didn't know that I'm greazy  
It's easy  
Man talk shit until they see me  
Believe me  
All you niggas give me heebie-jeebies  
Word to Lauryn, I will die on this hill  
You little niggas two figures shy of my deal  
Someone slide me the bill (okay, I got it)  
What my eyes don't see the Messiah reveals  
If it all goes left give Josiah my will  
Cause I guess I'm just a brudda that they're dying to kill  
Your boys mad dark  
Still I shine like a grill  
Yeah I'm healthy and I'm blessed  
But I rhyme like I'm ill  
Linebacker holding down the line like Khalil (ooo)  
I live a life that they try to fulfil  
So they hate on my name  
But admire my skill  
And before I touch stage  
Gotta wire my mil  
My niggas do drill  
That was prior to drill  
If you see me with my dragons  
Looking fly in the field  
Know Khaleesi couldn't fathom all the fire I spill (nah)  
You old wash niggas should retire for real  
There's a time you should move and a time to be still  
There's a time to destroy and a time to rebuild  
But all I see is washed up Godfathers and washed up Podcasters  
I own all my masters, I ain't got Masters  
I throw a party on a yacht and wear my yacht master  
They think I just chart top but I'm the top charter  
Gaffer like I'm Scott Parker  
From when the Mandem used to rock Parkers  
I am nasty but I'm not Marcus  
Genius, I could of clocked Harvard  
My niggas slide but they are not dancers  
Dead rappers want to swap charges  
No, I mean they wanna swap stances  
No, I mean they wanna trade places

Get to scrapping like I ain't famous  
Have you dashing like Dwain Chambers  
Follow fashion man you fake greatness  
To make a classic yeah it takes ages  
But I still do it like my mate David  
Nah mean like my bro Dave  
Near miss, that's a close shave  
They fear this but they won't say  
I'm Daenerys on a cold day  
They love to talk about the old days  
Them man are old like Annie are you okay  
I prefer not to speak like I'm Jose  
(I prefer really not to... not to speak)  
(If I speak I am in... in big trouble)  
(This is what I, this is what I)  
(Wooo)

This is what I meant when I said what I said  
I got whips in my drive, pretty women in my bed  
My accolades are bigger than my head  
Stylo told me kill em till em the dead  
(Deh killi dem ah carry one inna deh head)  
(Don dada, kick off face wit bank robber)  
If it's a thing then I just pattern it like Trev (Bombaclar)  
Man I've got text like I'm Killian  
Punch like I'm Dillian  
Walk in the gym and I bump into William  
The S on my chest, yeah that stands for success  
But are the M on my hairline stands for my millions  
Ahh I got a brilliant car  
I've got a brilliant team  
They want to bring up my past  
Because I'm living my dream  
What we achieved ain't a shock coz we knew it  
We just step real clean and say Mel made me do it (owww)  
Ask Mel now, there's not enough space in my wardrobe  
Benjart fitted on my waist and my torso  
Niggas keep on thinking I'm a chief, but you thought so  
Chatty Patty niggas man, you niggas need a talk show  
I've never seen real Don's turn loose women  
Sleep real good, fresh sheets, new linen  
If we ever played a game called guess who's winning  
And you open up the door, I'll be in the room chilling  
There will never be a time when me and you's twinning, why?  
Different status, my chick's the baddest  
You know, the bag Chanel, the trips to Paris  
And if your boys a king the bits the palace (okay)  
Three O2s that I sell-out  
Man, I'm such a sellout  
Might fuck around and bring Adele out  
Me and Flipz don't talk like we fell out  
Ahh get the hell out all the shit I gotta spell out please  
A double L O W me  
Every time I double plaque they gotta double my P  
I was double spread Mike, now I cover ID  
Wouldn't cover for you dickheads if you covered my-  
Ah, I knew they wouldn't like it if I blow  
I got all you niggas rattled but you hide it on the low  
I'm from the city where they're riding with the pole  
And now my nephews can't believe that Spider-Man is my bro  
Shout Tom, that's my guy, on top till we die  
Yeah I skipped through the world, hopscotch to Dubai  
There's a lot to divide, but my God will provide  
Couldn't get to where I'm going if you hopped in my-

I got TJ telling me we're done  
Said I thought I got an hour left  
Oh man, my enemies are out of breath  
I pray then I fast then I counter press  
Spent a week in the sticks but tonight I'm at my south address  
Oh you know how it gets  
Holy Spirit, that's just how I'm blessed  
Ay, 20 bags for my showerhead, a niggas got to shower fresh  
You little boys are out your depth  
You know I got Ashville on the yard and Yianni on the wrap  
I mean I'm Yianni on the rap  
I'm the best at what I do  
They think I'm bragging on a track  
But I'm flexing cah it's true  
And if you went and ran it back  
You know I left you with the truth  
Cause the cars don't make you this lit  
The money don't make you this good  
The plaques don't make you this cold  
Give a fuck what my shit sold  
A buss a rhyme when I'm in flip mode  
You pricks know  
The boys just way too nice  
So you always see my music on the shelf  
I've been on the goat for so long  
That they never hype a niggas up  
So I guess I gotta do it to myself, boy