

Not That Deep

Stormzy

Walk in the rave with a smile on my face
Yeah man I got a few racks on me
Worm came through, don't ask what you pay
Tell man straight that a strap's not cheap
Light up my set then I'm out of the rave
Waiting around, nah that's not me
I got caught in the club with a slut
Tell my girl that it's not that deep

I'm not the one you can move to
I only lack when I choose to
Up in my car, connect my phone to my bluetooth
This ain't the flow that they used to
Get stopped on the road like rah
My mans hard, swear my man's off of YouTube?
Come from below, then I blow like I'm due to
Nigga fuck your voodoo
Jakes move dark in the Vectras
Make prof that's after the extras
Still tryna put my Marge in a Lexus
What's the point? Don't ask who the best is, hashtag problem!
Whip up the rock like I'm Austin
The man with the options, know a wasteman when I spot them
Park off the whip like, yeah man we lost them
Getting money in, it's often
Still got bare grown men all scared of the kid
Can't lie it's been a good year for the kid
Your postcode don't make you a gangster, you're not bad your area is
Fifth gear but it's six gears on the stick
You blowing up this year is a myth
We've got ten man chasing a dream, you've got ten man sharing a spliff, like
Wind me up yeah I'm raring to flip
Washed dongs can't bear when I spit
Ride for my friend, yeah I don't care who it is, tell man be careful you div
Beef with the champ, my man pulled out a shank, how you gonna scare me with
this? Nah really, how you gonna scare me with this?
My bro stabbed me in my back
Ask Swift what I do about that
He said Ak, brother don't talk just attack
Came to the all white ting in all black
Jumped on the mic with Jabba and Tash
Check one two check, nigga I'm gassed
Mandem roll through, yeah nigga I'm back!

A rapper try come for my throne
Ask Flipz should I kill them or no?
He said "yo, brother don't talk just blow"
10 car convoy to my last show
Spliff in the club, what d'you mean I can't smoke?
Drink in my cup, what d'you mean I can't cope?
Bun down the dance then I send man home
You can check my bros
Some of them buss gun, some of them go uni
Some of them go church on a Sunday, some of them mash work with a uzi
But none of my mandem are fruity
Yeah most of my mandem are unruly
Man are dishing out threats, putting money on my head

Then they see me on the roads then they screw me
How can I be scared? Big man like me with a beard
I buss two two jokes in my vids, now they think I'm a prick, little nigga be
ware
Swear that nigga turned bad last year?
Fuck your tape, nigga we don't care
Stormzy's whack yeah? I swear I've been grinding, oh well nigga life ain't f
air
Yeah man know what it is when I'm out on the strip, with Flipz when I'm slid
ing through
I'll take the piss, slap mans chicken and chips and your pissed if I like yo
ur food
Smoke with Dee, he said, "yeah man it's peak the rap scene now relies on you
"
He said "you know I'm not lying, it's true"
I was like "where's my Fire in the Booth?"
Check my stacks, I was that boy in the corner, little black boy with the str
ap
D's in the trap, putting down a brick into quarters, nigga get corned for yo
ur chat
All for the racks, banging out "Private Caller", take a little more of my 'n
ac
It's mad, man can't text me again
Tryna make dark skin sexy again
Word, see me on the road with my bros, feds can't make man talk
Never had a whip, never had Ps for a cab, couple man made me walk
Then I hit a lick, gave man food on the tick, couple man paid me short
Caught him in West, he was tryna buy some creps, beat him up in JD Sports
I laid his corpse, rude boy lower your tone
Couple pagans try follow me home
Said "Yo Merms, can I borrow your phone?"
G, come link me at the end of my road
I just do my thing, I just chill, I don't really make no fuss
My Gs them tell man cool, get that done, rudeboy leave it to us