

# Pop Boy

Stormzy

Yeah  
And it's like  
Yo

Your boy's too hot, put a fan on  
I am never under pressure, man, it's pressure that I stand on  
I'm not the bruddah you can go and put your hand on  
I'm just cooking up some flavour then I mix it like I'm Alan  
A bit of strength and a little bit of core  
Cah they had my little brother drenched, dripping in Dior  
Long time I was kipping on the floor  
Me and Twin B, we the new Jigga and Dior  
Flex on 'em, they talking my name then backslide  
I ain't even spitting no more, I rap glide  
Pree you tryna jump on my boat, it capsized  
Coming like I'm one of the GOATs, I'm that nice  
So it's old flows, new flows, goals go, do blows  
Now I'm on the road doing shows for some euros  
Asking how I done it, man, I did it by the grace  
Hashtag Merky, that's a pillar of my faith  
Old nightmare, coming for the crown, man I'm coming there  
Hi there, welcome to my town, yeah, I run it here

Been the top boy for a couple summers here  
And I'm popping like the Kente that my mama wears, yeah  
So quit running out your mouth  
Real bloody niggas coming out the South  
So no, I am not the one, man, I just drop for fun  
Still got a lot to come, 'fraid you forgot the drums, wait

Ay, in my city I'm the top boy  
And I didn't even have to be in Top Boy  
If you're asking what I done then it's a lot, boy  
You rap meeks make me wanna be a pop boy  
Ay, in my city I'm the top boy  
Mummy always told me give 'em what you got, boy  
On a mission so they wishing that I flop, boy  
But I'll never stop popping, I'm the pop boy

Yeah, yeah, your boy's too cold, put the heat on  
I ain't ever under pressure, man, it's pressure that I feed on  
Money movements and shellers, that what my team on  
I got techers, you know it's getting peppered if it's got me on  
Stunting for the 'Gram, I don't risk it for a like  
Take a second, fam, and have a think about your life  
Stop moving so fast, you gotta chill and take your time  
You ain't thought about it right if you don't think about it twice  
What boy's chatting to me like a top boy?  
Bro, I pop bottles and bitches, I never pop toys  
Manny way, couple block boys and some hot boys  
Stood up on the block, boy, finna drop the top, boy  
You hate me and ain't a fan of you  
Seen what I done in a year, imagine two?  
Young Aitch, I'm going clear and coming through  
Quick to switch place, upping a gear and bun a zute like  
Flex on 'em, bust a little move for the boomerang  
Everybody's sitting and watching me while I do my dance

Trust me this ain't nothing new to gang  
Make it by the load, don't have a clue how much juice I drank  
Grab a bag when I stack, not a rack  
Rack a track, want a plaque, not a whack  
Bag of gash tryna chat but it's cap  
Get me mad, you ain't bad, man, it's sad

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