

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 capsize
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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