

Return Of The Rucksack

Stormzy

I don't wanna be on Lord of the Mics with shit MC's, nah bro, I'm above that
Using my name for a dead bit of fame, tryna get up in the game, yeah right n
igga, fuck that
Stormz' ain't grime and Stormz' ain't clash, look don't be fooled 'cause the
war ting, I love that
Call this the return of the rucksack, oi Flipz get the four-door truck back

Come to your block in my PJ's
Big dot dot for the briefcase
Bro bought me a watch for my B-day
And my girlfriend's a boss like I'm Decay
Yeah, I lick shots for my DJ
And I'm still getting guap in my CK's
Big whip I'm underground parking (skrtrt, skrtrt)
That's word to the fob on my key-chain
Nigga can't flex on me, can't flex on me
Rude boy thing, all the cheques on me
See Big Mike on the IV site
Now the pengtings wanna do the sex on me
I've got scars for days, I'm so tribal
You're not Ghana made, you're not Michael
I can spar and spray with my idols
Look, if I slap your face, it'll go viral
I was on my saracen bike on my ridge back (Word)
Cold on the road buts I did that (Word)
iPhone 3 with the GiffGaff (Word)
Take a break little nigga, have a Kit Kat (Cool)
Came from the wall like a mix pack
I've got pengtings shaking their tic tacs
And I know that I shouldn't be sending but broke niggas shouldn't make diss
tracks
You broke niggas should've been quiet
I'm cold little nigga, don't try it
Yeah I think I'm the best, I'm biased
And I shoot for your chest like Payet

But I roll deep on these
Show these likkle MC's about greaze
Show these likkle MC's about me
I was on my steeze from 2003
Like I roll deep on these
Put these MC's on deep freeze
Yeah, I roll deep on these
Put these MC's on deep freeze
Yeah, I roll deep on these
Put these MC's on deep freeze
Yeah, I roll deep on these
Put these MC's on deep freeze
Yeah

Man are getting killed by other MC's then coming round here tryna start
Rude boy, we ain't forgotten your past
Laughing stock for the year, what a laugh
Sending for MC's can't be your path
Rude boy, come off my name, just graft
Man wanna know what they paid for the part
Know that I'm comfy, shout out Noel Clarke

Bro you're too thirsty, I don't blame you
I get merky, I get paid too
You're not certi', I can't hate you
Just a wasteman looking for a break-through
I know Kofi, I know Kweiku
You can't smoke me, I don't rate you
Man, I told these niggas that it's album time and it'll probably go gold on
my debut
I was on a BMX bike with the trick nuts (Word)
Out here tryna get my chips up (Word)
Known for the park with my lightie (Mm?)
I was fifteen tryna get my dick sucked (Eurgh)
Young nigga tryna get my dick wet (Word)
Had a cold pink jacket like Dipset
Last night I just rung my accountant
Like talk to me brother, am I rich yet?
Like, talk to me brother, can I buy this?
Big yard for my nephew Alias
Can't get this style from a stylist
Then I blow on the riddim like ISIS

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