

## Second Quarter

Stormzy

Look

Yo

I'm still the nigga, niggas tryna outshine  
I'm about to blow up, it's about time  
Searching for the browning with the long hair  
Looking for a shorty in the South Side  
Call 6 for the mix, what it sound like  
I get pics with the chicks when I'm outside  
Tryna stay alive, tryna get the crowd high  
Money on my mind, I don't see a downside  
Yeah  
Nigga what you want (huh)  
Catch them on the roads like this ain't what you want  
Had a little buzz and you made a couple songs  
But your shit's gone dry like, nigga where you gone  
Catch them on satellite, nigga where your dons  
You was talking like a G now you're telling me it's long  
Still killing rappers and I'm still getting better and I'm still getting money and I'm getting it with cons  
Little nigga what you stack like  
Forget about your rep, what you rap like  
You think I give a fuck about your gang types  
We all know you're ordinary black guys  
Brudda get your facts right  
Grinding with Deepee  
Yeah I'm tryna make that fire for my EP  
You funny niggas dying for retweets  
Man are tryna die for a retweet  
I'm on my jeezy  
I tell them not to fuck about  
I drop a tease and now they asking when it's coming out  
I've gotten smarter but they're telling me to dumb it down  
And yeah I listen but I'm telling them it's summer now  
Think it's time I shut it down  
Saying that I crept up [?]  
Sit him then I hit him when he gets up too  
But hear what, Krept said I'm next up, Tefs said I'm next up, Skeppy said I'm next up too

Well I'm guessing that's that done

I tell 'em you don't want no problems  
I ain't got a choice, I think I'm running out of options  
Plant a little seed, I get them buzzing when it blossoms  
I just phoned my nigga Swift, he said we're running out of coffins  
I don't care about a list, tell the bouncer let my squad in  
Like how dare you take the piss, I flip the script and stick it on him  
Talking like they're bad, fix your face and lowe the bopping man  
You niggas send her gwop, I send her shop, you send her shopping  
Little bunch of fucking half hearts, link me by the car-park  
I was on the block with them thingybobs and [?]  
You was getting rocked, picking girl up in your Smart car  
Think you're funny well you're not, get a bullet in your smart ass  
Whiz them when that car starts, easy on the tank  
You're just a little boy who thinks he's greazy with a shank  
Still comfy in my hood, still got P's up in my bank

I'm a young nigga living yeah that's word to Rhysa Frank  
Forget winner stays on (Forget winner stays on)  
I'll grips the pad and tell them if I can't play, the game's done  
You must have got my name wrong (You must have got my name wrong)  
I just let them use my flow then kill them with the same one  
See I get mad love because I've been around  
Do the job when I'm whizzing round  
Fuck your raps, I might write a hook and a single hook, I'm a singer now  
Couldn't care what them niggas on  
Couldn't care if I'm slipping don  
Mother's life, my Brother's riding on the other side with my slippers on  
Now I'm all up in the booth I'm tryna get what I deserve  
All this pressure on my back, this shit's a blessing and a curse  
Fire and I shoot them, put that fire in the verse  
Where's my Fire in the Booth, I've still got fire in my curve  
Three man, two sticks, eight arms and a whip  
Don't talk then I lose it, stay calm then I flip  
Fuck boy tried to tell me that Ray's hard but I'm shit  
Yeah Ray's fam so that's calm but [?] you're a prick