

Eediyat Skengman 2 (Stormzy Send)

Wiley

But like, obviously like
When man would do the marjay and that
Like, d'you get me? Like (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
So no disrespect, yeah?
No disrespect bruv
Your mum's a dickhead blud
Dickhead
Dickhead blud

Ask your mum where she knows me from
Broski I'm the coldest don
Where was you when you wrote this song?
You was looking for a motive don
I've done more for you than your dad has
You didn't chief my dad so don't backtrack
My little bro shouldn't have sent and that's facts
But now it's me you gotta face
Mike, you ain't slapping anybody in the face
I will spray up your house and be proud
Whole street lookin' 'cause the shots dem are loud
Tell all your mandem better sit back down
'Cause this MAC-10 ain't got a friend in town
Kick all the doors off, even your mum's one
Hold on, you and your mum owe me a lump sum
Hold on, you and your mum should come see me
Bring a suitcase of money cah it's like you wanna be me
Dead, all informer fi dead
You're caught up in a circle of bread
If I see your mum down Croydon market
I'm gonna rip that weave off her head, dead
Man can't bully my dad
If they ever try a ting like that, dem man dead
They've all tried killing me dad, I ain't dead
Rasta, ballhead, skinhead and dread (Yep), 'nuff said
But you can't get your new gyal out of your head
Heard she's a goer from the likkle mandem
That's something that I shouldn't have said
It's not my business in fact
You gotta keep your image intact
This is grime, this ain't rap
Come and get your boy off the ropes, no cap
Me, the career resurrector
You wouldn't be nothing without Skepta
The 'Wiley Flow' was just a par but
Revenge is sweet just like nectar
I'm Achilles, you're Hector
I could win it both ways, G, I bet ya
I'm outside, ready for the outside
Sayin' "Wheel it up, my selecta"
Bro called me, took him a brick
He said, "Clash Stormzy? Wot's all this?"
I said, "With Big Mike? It shouldn't be this
But, without us, he wouldn't exist"
That remix was taking the piss
All dem man, they was taking the piss
Next time, none of you are faking the mix
You ain't from the village, you're a fake in the bits

Delightful, go beat your jaws on your tour but
Michael, Maya's not yours anymore
You're not on the dance floor anymore
I'm somebody that you can't ignore anymore
Club night, bring 24 in, raving in foreign
Your mandem ain't sure anymore
This is grime, my bruv, it's not four to the floor
All my war dubs, dem are awkward and more
You don't wanna see me get crazy, Mike
My mind works well, it's not lazy, Mike
Everybody thinks that grime is neeky
Til man rise the ting like Crazy Mike
I ain't chattin' for the fun it's not Laser, Mike
Better sit down 'bout you wanna raise it, Mike
So many people try to flex
You can't bring Ed round 'ere, save it Mike
I said this ting ain't really meant for you
I dunno why ain't nobody sent for you
You owe the dons that put you on
I swear they should be collecting rent from you
My brudda, some of us, we can't be controlled
I laid foundation for the keys you hold
If you don't stop moving funny around us
I'll change the locks, now your keys are old
If it's urban, it's all mine, shut up
Can't tell me nothing 'cause I came from the gutter
Before you was trying to bread and come across like a nutter
Now you've gone soft like butter
It's a shame, me and you are friend but you wanna move lame
Two two's you know we ain't the same
I run the show, yes, I run the game
Get out my way, ay