

Eediyat Skengman 3 (Stormzy Send)

Wiley

Free my mumzy, what's that about?
Oi Chewbacca, what you chatting 'bout?
Come and see my vibes, there's no crack about
I get the riddim, hit the booth, then I crack 'em out
Manna got the BFG tapping out
Ding, ding, round 3
Let me catch 'em out
I see your pop fans think that I'm backing out
I get the whip that I want, then I black it out
Don't hype, don't care what you like
Tell me what you don't like, man do it more
You weren't on the roads when Dizzee made "I Luv U"
Back then, you must've been about 4
Heads in your clouds, got my feet on the floor
I'm helping you now sell tickets for the tour
We all wanna be the rich black kid
Until we go pop, then the pop drops us on the floor
Now hold on bro, let me say this
Nobody cares if you got all your songs on the playlist
The music's shit, we don't play this
You ran into drill, you can't face this
I told you "suck your mum" because I'm tasteless
You can fight for words and get hurt
Every single man who defends their mum gets murked
Eediat, I know the 3 words hurt
I set the time limits, kill you with grime lyrics
Won't draw for the Headie One, they ain't my lyrics
Said the Kano ting was quite cool but, you ain't ever written any dying to survive lyrics
I've been killing you in the game with all my lyrics
Got the bullet bars
I ain't trying lyrics
Fire lyrics
Can't retire lyrics
Got the 'Claren on the roads, black tyre lyrics
Come alive when its drama
Jump at a man and disarm yah
Ed got you in the room with Jay Z
But you came back with that bullshit after
Dun I said, take who back to where?
Because this whole campaign, I see is air
We don't really like it, but we gotta care
It's Stormzy, no, that's when the weather gets stormy
About slap? You must be mad
Gotta murk any soundboy, you know like that
But you man are acting on tracks
My mum's in London, that's facts
I ain't gotta go and get her back
Mikey, I don't smoke crack
You got all this Adidas stuff but Mike, you make it look crap
Yo, you ain't had a real battle
Yeah, it's your first one
I'ma dad and I murk, that's how I teach son
Feat. one, teach one, and I could reach one
We get results like you, and that's a peak one
I'ma straight from the street one
Man know a real one broski, anywhere I meet one

I'ma share some money, I'ma keep some
I'm a strong one brudda, not a weak one
Got you sweating like a pig
You don't like when I start snatching off weaves and wigs
Got the weed in your hand
Last time I saw you blud, you weren't blazing shit
Don't front, it's an act
Before the weed you're smoking puts you on your back
BFG and the GOG got the whole world looking at a grime class act
Like, respect my pen
Bars in your face like pen
Box in your face like ken
From way back when I been a madman chatting 'bout way back when
So, respect my pen
Bars in your face like pen
Box in your face like ken
From way back when I been a madman chatting 'bout way back
More action, they love all that
Man get rich, think they're above all that
And when the system switch, you come running back
I'm gonna score touchdowns whether you play me QB, wide receiver or running
back
Been away for a minute, but I'm coming back
And I know yous love the charts, but I dun all that
Now I'm back on the street, they know I run all that

Blud
Like Rick Bobby, what about nine bar Bobby?
Flower pot men like Billy and Bobby
I'm a builder, just like Bob
Bob
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Flower pot men like Billy and Bobby
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