

## Infadels

### "Topboy"

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Try to get to my flat  
And I see him talking  
Triple up my pace,  
Got me speed walking  
Nothing gets under my  
Feet like his evil eye  
Got to get past them  
All and inside

I fall and I leap and  
I'm freaking out  
Nowhere near my place and I  
Know that they've seen me now  
My lace got caught and  
It brought me down  
Now he's right above me  
And shouting out

You're now talking  
To the topboy of  
Boxmoor flats and I am  
Kicking off (x2)

You have stepped on my turf  
And I see you walking  
Rumours all around you've  
Been breathe talking  
Nothing gets under my feet  
Like you wasted kind  
So don't be spitting rhymes  
On my time  
Standing on your hand now  
You're screaming out  
So say it to my face if you've  
Got something to shout about  
Call for your boys but they  
Ain't here now  
Dizzy in your eyes as I hang  
You out to dry

You're now talking

To the topboy of  
Boxmoor flats and I am  
Kicking off (x2)

Topboy  
You think you're  
Something don't ya  
Well these are all my rhymes  
And soon your days  
Are gonna end  
Topboy  
I've been here for a year  
I know no one can take me  
So soon your days are gonna end

Boy, you're going down  
You're going down  
You're going down

I tried to get to my flat  
And I saw him talking  
Quickened up my pace,  
I was speed walking  
I never made it there  
To my blue front door  
And now I'm lying here and  
There's claret on the floor

You're now talking  
To the topboy of  
Boxmoor flats and I am  
Kicking off (x2)

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