

## **N-Dubz**

# **"Suck Yourself"**

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when  
Instead of doin somethin good with my life  
I was out feelin untouchable, tryna rock grown men  
I dunno how hes done it but my lawyer is a gee for  
keepin me outta pen  
If it wernt for him and my paps, I'd be lookin at a 10  
We all used to shot food but it was more about who was  
the gulliest in the ends  
Shout out to Tinchy, I was smaller than my guns  
One thing we wouldnt do and that was shot a mans  
mum  
But I wass jammed up at the crack house, all night long  
See man O'g'in of the needle and the needle and the  
bone  
One mornin use to come and smell mingin  
The weather was always fucked my line never stopped  
blingin  
Cubba, white, brown pills, you can name me anything  
There was nothin we wernt slingin  
Look at me now I'm singin  
At my little sons grinnin  
Mums gotta skits out, when she sees her new yard n  
kitchen  
The C needs coachin  
Put your'e album out, same day as us and we'll see  
who's roastin!

Suck yourself!  
You don't kill!  
I can tell the way you talk about these fuckin straps that  
you ain't never had one still so  
Recognise real!  
You know the deal  
If ya on this ting and you ain't talkin shit  
I'ma see ya when you make a mill  
When you make a mill

When ya make a mill, I'ma see ya  
Respected by gee's cos I never tried to be one  
But I've been around Dappy and money makers  
It's football and music, we'll let the streets take us  
Uh, I never lie in my bars

Artist blow and make up a part  
They start liein to the listeners, I tell em be yaself, the  
real gee's ain't listenin!  
But nowadays everybodys bad, everybodys gotta strap  
and everybody bangs  
And I don't give a shit if ya grinded  
if ya clothes look shit, your'e a tramp!  
I'm sick and tired of these Youtube gee's, gettin pissed  
of because ya girl Youtubes me  
I swear down these Niggers make me sick  
Na na nii, throw up a C  
Please, Mr Munks all good  
Ya think my hair wont cut the way I'm good in my hood  
I pass through like sho they show love  
It's an event whenever I shows up  
The money it goes up, day by day  
And baby, pricks should never say my name  
I came, from a place where it's all on

So I'ma take war and lead the boys on  
Lead the boys on yeah, fightin over shit  
Number 2 album, Nigger I'm the shit  
Ey yo Da's look now were winnin  
We use to be in the flats chillin  
Look at me now spittin  
Teeth still grinnin  
Pass through my hood  
Big gully A R keep swingin  
Paid so I'm boastin  
I can burn bread  
On 1 4 corner ways

Suck yourself!  
You don't kill! (You don't kill!)  
I can tell the way you talk about these fuckin straps that  
you ain't never had one still so  
Recognise real!  
You know the deal (You know the deal)  
If ya on this ting and you ain't talkin shit  
I'ma see ya when you make a mill  
When you make a mill

Yo  
I was never ballin  
My trainers all had smiles on their faces they were  
talkin  
Always dressin bummy in some oversized tracksuite  
Runnin round the streets where the gully is the black  
dudes  
Robbin Niggers bare faced  
I knew it wasnt fair mate

We'd lick a couple lappys  
And we'd meet up at the staircase  
Uncle B was the realest thing that I believed in  
Didn't think 4 years down the line, I'd still be breathin  
And I ain't leavin, so ...

Suck yourself! (Suck yourslef!)  
You don't kill! (You don't kill!)  
I can tell the way you talk about these fuckin straps that  
you ain't never had one still so  
Recognise real!  
You know the deal! (Ungrateful!)  
If ya on this ting and you ain't talkin shit  
I'ma see ya when you make a mill  
When you make a mill

Fuck it!

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