

The 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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