

Durrrty Goodz "Don't Ask Me"

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(Durrrty Goodz Intro)

Yeah, just imagine that though...and just dream... 'cause this is real grime MC'ing (huh) but it's never gonna' change...until you change...

(Inferno's Chorus)

I heard you're looking for me, I'll be on my grind, ain't got not time to spend it on bad mind.
Everywhere I go they ask me questions all the time, they ask me "what is grime?" It's life on the road...
It's life on the road (don't ask me what it is) It's life on the road, It's life on the road (don't ask me what it is, it's life, life, life)

(Verse 1)

Uh oh, who just stepped in the room?
Lookin' like I'm getting closer, zoom!
Lookin' like I should be on a poster, soon!
This time man's blowing up, kaboom!
All ma man are full 'uh air, baloons!
Wha'dya know about holdin' a piece, Cachoon!
Everybody on street sayin' it's a tune!
Cause this is out of this world, the Moon!
Tell ma' sons call it the eclipse, Who?
Be gettin' dark with the script, Who?
Leaves a rapper in bits, Who?
Can take part and take apart ya' clique
And can Deege be da top 'o the top, Who?
Is on a level man will never stop, Who?
Is consistent and hot, Who!
An' know I'll be the illest brudda' on the block what!
An' can be Durrrty be puttin' in his work? TRUE!
We can have a Grime concert? TRUE!
Man never lightin' the herb, TRUE!
Gyally lookin' right in the skirt, TRUE!
An' whenever I prescribe a verse it's, TRUE!
An' you know the truth hurts, YOU!
So if you hatin' you better splurt, TRUE!
Ca' a flow here I merk, YOU!

How erry boy say it's overall, WHO?
Who showin' them the best overall that's, WHO?
Who spits the lyrics, that be toppin' all that's WHO!
While some of 'em been up on stage and got, BOOED!
So let me out rap 'em,
Back slap 'em,
Pack 'em,
In a casket,
Then wrap 'em up tight in a plastic,
I'm classic,
Them acts are Jurassic,
So how sick can I come an' get, massive
I'm elastic, with a flow fantastic
Bastards! know I be the farda' with the Rada, they say
Daddy, "what's the matter?"
You know I'm aggie on stage wid a whole load of in my
baggie
For the girls in the rave tell me they wanna' shag me,
Slap me, in the Facebook, Tag me!
Oi' what you lookin' at? keep lookin' at me, don't switch!
no don't backstab me!

If Grime was a chick she should of grabbed me,
flagged me
This is London, back me...
(Back me, back me, back me....)
But if you don't wanna...cool!
I'm a keep comin' re-writin' the rap RULES!
I never carry a strap 'cause rap is my TOOL!
Ya top five went to my rap SCHOOL!
My flows bloom there so colourFUL!
I'm black with a track that's so purPLE!
You ain't gotta be rare to know it's brand NEW!
You gotta be lean to know I'm comin' for the GREEN!
'cause I'm sick of these dud CREWS!
Most of these boys are not thugs, they're FOOLS!
This is London where the drugs move, But I don't
wanna live where the drugs are USED!,
We can go to a club come back BRUISED!
'cause you walked past and touched a man's SHOES!
Rappers thinkin' they can touch the man LOOSE!
So they gotta roll with bads and GOONS!.

(Inferno's Chorus)

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(Verse 2)

Ya' can't say I ain't showin' 'em,
That everytime I come around you don't want around
wid the style 'cause the child is golden,
(Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey)
Now the game is open,
'cause everybody comin' out, it's never been about, tell
me what you know about what I'm holdin'
(Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey)
The streets know that I'm chosen,
'cause man are badder than ninja, badder than winter,
showing you the flows I've frozen
(Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey)
Man's know when I've spoken,
I'm a bully on the mic, been a bully all my life but I've
never been a bully wid' a knife...
Ask Logan,
These rappers hate me 'cause I can expose 'em,
Cause I been on the ting, since the ting was on a pirate,
But never had a break or broken,
Don't provoke him,
What you think that I'm playin'? I ain't jokin'
I spit slang on the beats and be bangin' on the streets,
some man are in the industry cokin'
They keep hopin'
On my downfall but am forever floatin'
'cause I been born blessed, so if you invest, I can keep
pressin' up, potent
I start rollin', cause the eagles are other artist they're
stolen,
Bun da M.C, mark the ceremony,
On the mic, told 'em

(Inferno's Chorus)

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