

Skepta

"Doin' It Again 2010"

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I noticed when I walked in
The room went dark
Somebody better call the police
There's a guy here with no heart
He said he goes by the name of Skepta
He's on a warpath
And he said if anybody touches the crown
He's gonna tear them apart
And a grime MC was telling me
I kill them and I put them in a cemetery
And if anybody thinks they're sick in the head
Then I'm going to rip him to shreds live on the stage
like Jeremy
I'm going in for the kill
I wouldn't stop even if I had a punctured wheel
Got no time for the war with will
Squash that beef like a Forman grill
I got a lot of mandem looking out for me
The ladies, they go wild for me
Back to the front, left to the right
And everybody up in the balcony
You can tell by my accent that I'm straight out of
London city
Like Wiley
Like Dizzee
Like Tinie
Like Trippy
Let's get busy, I was in forth now I'm in fifth
Man wished I was in port looking at a sixth
Instead I'm on tour
I fxck off the stage, encore
Excuse my French, bonjour
Je m'appelle Skepta AKA Daniel Son
If I'm on the bill at two
Then the party starts at about half past one

I'm a grime MC and I won't change,
Doing it again, doing it my own way
I'm a grime MC and I won't change,
Doing it again, doing it my own way
I'm a grime MC and I won't change,

Doing it again, doing it my own way
And I might recycle the bar
Because my material is too good to throw away
Doing it again, they tried to stop me but I'm doing it
again
Skepta, yeah I'm doing it again
Boy Better Know yeah I'm doing it again
I'm, I'm doing it again
They tried to stop me but I'm doing it again
Skepta, yeah I'm doing it again
Boy Better Know I'm doing it again.

All because of the grime bars I'm spitting
MC's are talking about quitting
25 mobiles ringing, majors bidding
Boy Better Know chase ringing
I've walked with the best
2 fingers up to the west
Big S tattooed on my chest
Microphone champion no contest
A lot of man never though I would get to say my piece
Can't believe the singles I release
I climbed up the chart at light speed
And I'm made of myrrh I forget about Sajid
If it costs to be the boss
I pay full price
And I can show you my receipt
Scars on my body from wars in the street
Pain in my left arm
And I can't sleep
So I'm sitting up praying for success to come a little
sooner
I never suck up to no-one
I'm not a hoover
I come to fxck up the game like a sore loser
The way I turn heads
You would have thought that this was a reverse parking
manoeuvre
And when you're listening to Boy Better Know,
You're listening to the sound of the future
I keep my circle tight
And the question everyone's asking is, "Who are you? "
So I gotta put these squares in the right place like a
Rubiks cube
I'm a solidier, what have you been through?
You and your stupid crew
Better remember when you're talking to a chart topper
You're talking to the lord of the mic part 2

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