

# So Alive

Skepta

Yeah Skepta, Boy Better Know, N-Dubz  
I never have a dream when I go to sleep at night  
My dream begins when I walk outside  
Now I'm on stage and I feel like I'm looking through Michael Jackson's eyes  
Stories, rumours and accusations so I gotta stay self-conscious of my hand gestures  
before they call me a Mason or say that I'm working with Satan  
But even a blind man could see, I would never sell my soul for the P  
When you're looking at Skepta, you're looking at grime so the only thing I gotta stay true to is me  
I don't need a helping hand, stand up tall, I'm my own man  
Find me on the tallest building in the country singing as loud as I can

I-I feel so alive, so alive  
(S-K-E-P-T-A)  
Got my two feet on the ground  
But it feels like I'm in the sky  
It's time to enjoy the sun cause we made it through the rain  
Put your hands up in the sky like you're tryna touch a plane  
I feel so alive, so alive

(Boy Better Know-oh-oh, yeah)

Shit what have I done  
Raa, everyone singing along to my bars  
Went triple platinum, see me I'm trying to do what Elvis done  
And the stage is way too big for me  
Labels never thought this guy from the ghetto could make all these girls sing for me  
Nana, nana, nana, niiaiii  
I got a big NANA chain hanging down to my navel  
Tell the bartender "take a fat bottle of champagne to Polydor's table"  
Big men acting like school kids  
Say there gonna run up on me with a full clip  
So I pull down the two flaps on my cap cause I didn't want to hear that bull shit

I-I feel so alive, so alive  
(D-A-Double P-to-the-Z)  
Got my two feet on the ground  
But it feels like I'm in the sky  
It's time to enjoy the sun cause we made it through the rain  
Put your hands up in the sky like you're tryna touch a plane  
I feel so alive, so alive

It's time to get dark  
Blacker than Cilla  
Fazer aka 6 figure nigga  
Man said I got robbed for my chain  
Until I put a picture on Skepta's twitter  
When I go to the Gucci store I dress rags  
Security think that I ain't gonna buy shit  
Then I pull out my card, swipe it, bowl out with 20 bags  
If I like them, cop them, fuck the hater, can't stop them  
MC's wanna diss N-Dubz but they can't get a top twenty let alone a top ten  
So if it weren't for the fans I woulda had a haters blood on my hands  
I'm a mastermind behind the keyboard so I'm a carry on stacking up these grans

[Chorus]