

Business Man

Dizzee Rascal

Eh

You know what they say. They say God helps those who help themselves and the Devil makes work for idle thumbs

Fuck it

No boy can't run me, sun me
Any given Sunday
Move like Crocodile Dundee
Daggar in my undies
Lookin' for a chick like Chun-Li
Thick in the hips not dumpy
Bumpers bumpy
Ready for the Rumpy Pumpy
Pum pum junkie
Side guys lookin' all grumpy
Thinkin' I'm cunt
Lookin' at me stuntin'
Wishin' they could jump me
Leave me all lumpy
Crooked and stumpy
Bet you any money that you wouldn't get 1p
You silly monkey
MTV gotta punk me
Don't be a numpty
Don't get comfy
Try me it'll get funky
Couldn't take me for a flunky
Now I just slump in the country
Country bumkin
Lookin' all chunky
I ain't got a monthly
Done with the mortgage
Coulda had a bigger house
But I got it figured out
So I bloody bought it
I ain't gotta forfeit
They ain't got a audit
But I'll endorse it
Stay in your lane rudeboy
Don't force it
Runnin' on ice when you know you gotta walk it
I walk the walk and I talk it
Talk is cheap everybody could afford it
You can still kill a fine wine if you cork it
Tastes like horse shit
I call the bullshit, sort it
I don't report it
Won't see me in the dock or on the pulpit
See me in the tinted whip with a sport kit
No spare tire an' the boots in the front with a tool kit
Didn't import it
I ain't gotta make no noise
If I want something done I will sort it

I'm a business man

I got a business plan
I got the wickedest brand
I'm so gifted and
You just sit and jam
I keep the business ran
You got it twisted fam
Go handle your business man
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Don't take no losses
Roll with the bosses
I'm my own boss and I don't sit sippin' on coffee in a office
Cuttin' across, cuttin' them costs
Sittin' on profit
Plus I'm a pro and a prophet
Who's gonna stop it?
Custom whistle I cop it
I'm lookin' stocky and they do not stock it
Raisin' the stock and I'm off like a rocket
All kinda P in my pocket
Back in the day had a bee in my bonnet
Moronic
Nowadays companies comin' to me and I tell 'em my fee and they're on it
Take it or leave it or I do not want it
Spare me the sonnet
If you could pree what I pree you would probably vomit
Gotta admit it's ironic
Gotta iron out all the pros and dosy sheep
Dressed in wolf's clothing
Only keep cool and composed I'm rollin' so
Cold I feel frozen
Chosen now my ego is swollen
Head above shoulders
Tryna keep a hold of my soul
While holdin' on to my goals
My goal is go, go and unload
And holdin' on to old flows a no go
Pogo, not me I stay low I'm solo
All my foes are so old and over
I ain't even involved I'm global
Good as gold I don't phone up soldier
No gold in my molar
Older, bigger, bolder, bipolar, owner
All I know is I don't owe ya

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