

# Space

Dizzee Rascal

"Discovery. Four computers now have primary control of critical vehicle functions"

"Roger roll, Discovery"

Ain't no point in playin' it safe  
Gotta know your role, better state your case  
When it all falls down better know your place  
Just gimme three feet and an ounce of  
Space, space, space  
Space, you should wanna embrace  
Space, space, space  
"Discovery. Go at throttle up"

Rip up and ravage, make it a habit for damage  
Whole lotta baggage, you will not manage, I'm the full package  
Why do they talk like I am not established? That is so callous, they are the saddest  
Why are they so full of malice? Making up fallacies, I'm in my palace blazing up the chalice with Alice  
'Cause I'm a gyalist and I'm the baddest, it's not a travesty  
Call me "Your Majesty," sometimes it feels like world's on my phallus  
Push out my chest and I big up my status  
Where's all the trappers? Where's all the clappers?  
I am not shaken, no need for maracas  
Or apparatus, put in the work and spend money on motors and slappers  
Why are we frontin' like it even matters?  
Why do they make me feel guilty for gettin' this money like my soul's in tatters?  
Sittin' here tryna realign my chakras  
Driving me crackers, you bloody spackers should get off my knackers  
Give me the gas and the matches, I've been through hell and I swallowed the ashes, running this ting for so long as it happens, I'm knackered  
All of my enemies broken and shattered, sprinkling hate, they're all over the shop and they're scattered  
Chatting my name till this day and I'm flattered, I am not easily rattled  
Don't follow the cattle, so quiet your chatter or you will get battered  
Can't find enough time to dine on these rappers, all of these MCs are looking like tapas  
Fuck all the swine and their bodily gases, roll with the rastas, Babylon's calling me, nobody's fooling me  
I do not roll with the masses, but big up the Junglist massive  
I am not timid and I am not passive, messing with me? You must be on some acid  
Done with the racket, I will get erratic, all of my problems disappear like it's magic  
It'll be tragic

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Yeah, uh

Don't pet or pander, leave 'em hanging

I'll be damned, man to man  
Hit him with an open hand, release the anger  
WorldStar, you could get dealt with on camera  
Understand my grammar, I don't stutter, lisp or stammer  
Watch me blaze the beat, I must admit it hit just like a hammer  
It's a banger for the mandem on the street and in the slammer  
Bang your doors, bang your doors for the cause  
Breaking laws, breaking jaws, open paws  
[?] I'm bored, taking scores, and be sure  
Never let a bredda get one over yours  
Never put money over whores, maybe or it's crazy flawed, it's a myth, life's  
a gift, made me pause, catch my drift, smoke a spliff and get in them draws  
Paid the cost to be the boss, ball and floss, Jesus died, he nailed himself  
into the cross  
Still couldn't please these backwards shit cunts, why would I take a loss?  
Giving a toss, know your worth, hold your turf, fuck the earth, and shake it  
off  
Breddas on my line talkin' 'bout, "Yo, Raskit, break me off"  
They're wafer soft, I'm taking off

"Three, two, one, zero, and lift off"

"Lift off of Kepler-41b. The first flight of the Orbiter Discovery and the s  
huttle has cleared the tower"

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Alright, lift off and the clock has started  
Yes sir, reading you loud and clear  
Roger, Zero-T, and I feel fine [?] turning around  
We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not beca  
use they are easy, but because they are hard