

# Take Me Back to London

Ed Sheeran

Jet plane headed up to the sky  
Spread wings in the clouds, getting high  
We ain't hit a rave in a while  
So take me back to London (Yo)

I do deals, but I never get twanged (Twanged)  
News that ain't ever been planned (Planned)  
No goons that were never in gangs (Gangs)  
Where I'm from, trap shit, get banged (What?)  
Where I'm from, trap shit, let a 12 gauge drip  
Yeah, it's sick how it fits in my hand (Hand)  
I don't mix with the glitz and the glam (Glam)  
All these stupid pricks on the 'Gram  
I don't do online beef, or neeky grime beef  
I'm way too G'd up to beef for grime neek  
I bought an AP to help me time keep  
My shooter ride deep, he moves when I speak  
My shooter ride (Ride), he shoot a guy (Guy)  
Leave you wet like you scuba dived  
We were younger then and now we're unified  
South London boys, get you crucified, I'm gone

It's that time  
Big Mike and Teddy are on grime  
I wanna try new things, they just want me to sing  
Because nobody thinks I write rhymes  
And now I'm back in the biz with my guys  
Give me a pack of the crisps and my pint  
I hit my friends up, go straight to the pub  
'Cause I haven't been home in time, yes, I  
But that's my fault (Oh)  
Grossed half a billi' on the Divide Tour (Oh)  
Yes, I ain't kidding, what would I lie for? (Oh)  
But now I'm back on the track with Big Michael (Woah)  
He said, "Teddy, never get off your high horse  
And never let 'em take your crown"  
I've been away for a while, travelled a billion miles  
But I'm heading back to London town right now

Jet plane headed up to the sky (To the sky)  
Spread wings in the clouds, getting high (Woop, woop)  
We ain't hit a rave in a while (In a while)  
So take me back to London  
Bass high, middle nights, ceilin' low (Ceilin' low)  
Sweat brow drippin' down, when in Rome (When in Rome)  
No town does it quite like my home  
So take me back to London

Yo, when I squeeze off this little pen of mine  
On the remix, now I got Ed on grime  
And this ain't like any top ten of mine  
I arrived at Wembley ahead of time  
And that's stadiums, you man are aliens  
I drink super-molten Vibranium  
I go hard, I'm a livin' titanium  
And I work a five-nine-seven, no daily, but  
I want slow, I want flows

Don't need tags ripping off my clothes  
Don't need pricks blowin' up my phone  
And Ted said, "That's just the way things go"  
It's just the way things go, amazin' flows  
Grime or rap, man, I gave 'em both  
Took this sound that was made in Bow  
Went global, man, now the piece is closed  
2015 in a Baddingham pub  
I told Stormz two years, he'll be wrapping it up  
And you'll go through tears with the people you love  
But when you get to the top, man, it's never enough  
'Cause you can win BRITS (It don't stop)  
And you can do Glasgow (Headline slot)  
But when you're miles away and you're feeling alone  
Gotta remember that there ain't no place like home

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Sweat brow drippin' down, when in Rome (When in Rome)  
No town does it quite like my home (Like my home)  
So take me back to London  
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