

Who said I can't do grime

Lowkey

Whether you're in HMV or KFC, HMP or A&E
I make them see A.N.D let you know the C.A.S.E
From LDN not NYC, on the M.I.C, Im M.I.B
Like BIG the MVP, VIP to the E.N.D
EG my CD, is way to D.E.E.P
That goes for your TV screen, DVD or BBC
ITN or ITV, C.O.P say ID please
S.T.O.P like IC3, wanna see me hooked to an I.V G
In the ICU but Im N.O.T, they went O.T with the M.O.B
Can't see me through the F.O.G
Don't cuss mothers of S.O.B's
These MCs are OAPs
Wanna hype up I'm like OK, G
You think you're B.A.D
Get a P.E.N and a P.A.D
If the CIA and the FBI, the MI6 and the MI5
Get on the A3 then I drive, turn up the A/C, FYI
MJ like P.Y.T, LOL I never T.Y.P
I E.A.T on E.I.D, twist the C.I.D like Levi Jeans
D.I.E like BNP; EDL just BFGs
Youths don't want no GCSE's they want C.O.D on the PS3
Im like DP or PE, or KRS from BDP
Download this on your MP3
Send it to your MP & MTV
You're not on this thing like A.D.D
Your CD I rate PG
Like KKK's with AK's
My A.K.A is AA
Take you off the road ASAP
DDT these JLS MC's
What you just saw basically
Is how to murder the ABC
Cos Im back in the booth
Rappers wanna chat about the strap they got stashed in the back of their boot
t
But I chat to the youths
Abstract or backpack my attributes and stack to the roof
I capture the truth
Pour it on tracks my view and I'll sell it out the back of the boot
Im positive you're negative, you're whack and confused
Im back and the fact is your dad's in the room
Ain't a track that you rappers can battle with
Everytrack that I spat is immaculate
Any track that I smash Im attacking it
Heard you rap fam, your tracks are inadequate
Your CD was kak, it was crap, Im dashing it
You follow fashion with rap, Im passionate
Blood start splashing you, whip you're dashing it
Said you were packing a mac in the back of it
Kizzy, Im busy, Im really a brilliant guy
It's gritty and shitty but really the city is mine
If you diss me, pity the silly billy to try
From bricky to Piccadilly to Mississippi Im live
Getting rid of you milli vanilli's gimme the vibe
Get jiggy like willy spitting the wittiest rhymes
Uncivilised, ignorant diligent type
And I victimise an idiot a million times

Hey hey, we ray rays and sway flames
Take snakes of the road like AA
So waste brays, vacate and make space
You bate fakes ain't straight, you stay fake
We chase paper, you chase days like day way
On a late day you date fakes and save face
In the same place, we maintain and ain't changed
We make tapes that rape pace like Keslane
Don't diss this or miss this we live this from Lisbon to Ipswich
For instance the dick's got your sister addicted
Oh look, big tits came for a quick fix
You're limper than Bizkit you nitwits
A monster, a beast, when I stomp on the beat
If the nonsense you speak is not gonna cease
Unconscious belief, some conscious MCs
Don't respond to the beef if your nonsense is meep
Get ill up on the rhythm when I kill 'em on a lyrical
Finish up my dinner then drill 'em with a syllable
Don't really care what you did and what you didn't do
Little fools are miniscule, spitting isn't difficult
You find your mind cos Im out of mine
Fuck a pound sign came for the crown of grime
I told you once, I told you a thousand times
Im a fountain of acid, you're alkaline
You alcoholics are out of Time
Got a mountain to climb if your mouth is lying
Bow to his higness, Im bound to shine
Let me coach you on vocals and how to rhyme
Think Im vexed with your indirects
If I spit rhymes next I slit five necks
Im a big time threat, to your piss sly vects
This guy lives life inside stress
Im the best in the game, not impressed with the fame
Im testing my aim if I send for your name
The successful are lame, they kept it the same
But whatever the weather It's destined to change
Couldn't give a fuck for your creps and your chains
You slobber on the mic like a sket giving brain
Im mental, deranged, crush temples and frames
My pencil will end you like prepetual flames
Burn like syphilis, you nerds are privileged
When I die you can say that you heard the sickest spit
My verse it limitless, the earth is spinning quick
Pure words of wickedness that I merk the rhythm with
Heard you were good, It's a shame that you're not
Don't care about your chain or the fame that you got
Keep my name on your brain cos I came for your spot
What you're making is pot, they say it's a lot
You're whack bro with your kak flow
But you're whack though put ya cap low
Prat go back home
This monster is stronger than Castro's backbone
I attack those little Fapo Caso's
Don't ever get arrogant
Don't start panicking, phone your management
Mumbling, manning that man are getting mad again
Don't care about your swagger, mandem or medallion
What's the matter then, magger where's your magnum
When theres beef mandem are missing like Madeleine
I've been badder than you and your bag of men
What's happening when I kill 'em with a pad and pen
Ain't got the bars in your pad to match me
Me im so fast, you should catch a taxi

Have you got a picture like Paparazzi?
You lack the facts that go back to back b
What I watch you rappers It's like crazy comedy
I got a 'dont rate this fake G' policy
Fuck ya rewards I don't rate these nominees
Just little fickle Jay-Z wannabes
You hobos are old and It's so so true
No promo, logo or photoshoot
Fuck your postcode, mobile and polo suit
My opponents are hoping I won't go true
Im certainly burning these burglars verbally
Merking these merkers 'til mercenaries murder me
Burstin' and turnin' your burberry burgundy
Guernsey to Germany, Jersey to Bermondsey
True rhymes, ain't got a pen? you can use mine
Ain't stayin' underground line a tube line
I'mma come through and shine, In due time
Which one of you pricks said I can't do grime?