Do It Like Me

Prohoezak

F*ck Skepta (x3)
Let me hear you say f*ck Skepta
F*ck Skepta (x4)
He sold out
I sold out, Yeah
There weren't one ticket left not even a chair
I should send you a postcard, I wish you were here
I wish you could see, I wish you could hear
I make 'em scream
When I come true with the rest of the team
I get it pop-in mainstream, still I'm the best in the scene
So I can understand why everybody wants to do it like me
No you don't do it like me
Nah, no we ain't the same
You're never gonna do it I'm doin' it again
Boy Better Know, were moving too fast
You better move into a different lane
Oh what a shame
They though I weren't gonna bust, then I came
Took off the condom, made it rain
Left my stain all over the game
And these wanna be's wanna be me
They disrespect me then they beg me for a Re-tweet
Then we see them on the camera, walking, talking trynna do it like me
No you don't do it like me
(Chorus)
I know a lot of man that think they do it like me
I know a lot of man that think they do it like me
They really, really, really think they do it like me
But no they don't do it like me
(x2)
You call it money, I call it a piece of paper
You think I'm a human being, Nah man I'm a freak of nature
Skepta I got the UK buzzing like a vibrator
Now my paper's looking higher than a sky scraper
Chipmunk told me don't watch no face
I'll never leave home without my pencil case
24/7 I stay with my eraser
Put it up in the sky, nice and high, wave it side to side

Screaming rub e'm out, rub e'm out
Goodbye hater
Cya wouldn't wanna be ya

F*ck your mix tape I don't wanna feature
Couldn't give a shit about your album either
I don't wanna hear you come out the speaker, No?
You ain't been to a show until you been to my Show?
If you're looking for some action man I'm G.I Joe
I'm killing it that's why them man are switching
They threw some dead punches, but I'm still alive and kicking
There's too many cooks in the kitchen, bitchin' trynna do it like me
No you don't do it like me
(Chorus)
Guess who's in the city, it's going off
They know I got money, but I ain't showing off
I drop it like it's hot
F*ck how much doe it costs
Were blowing up
But you man are blowing off
Blad, you're blowing out
You told Logan you're Mix CD was finished
But you're constipated, your sh*t ain't coming out
Now know I got sick beats, and crazy vocals
MC's don't wanna see me on the scene I take it old school like
Nah rude boy, what d'ya mean, what d'ya mean, what d'ya mean you fool
Go on then, go on then draw for the tool
Think that you're hard but you're soft like wool
I will lick a man in the jaw side with a stool
I'm a real bad boy but I still look cool
White gold chains and a' I start drool
But they can't jack me becuz I'm not Ja rule
Nah rude boy what d'ya mean, what d'ya mean
I was born on September the 19th, don't care about February 14th
Pay me for my 16th before I start acting like it's Friday the 13th
With two black gloves and balaclava
C S gas and a meat cleaver
Pay me for my halfa
Before I start chopping off heads like King Arthur
People here are starting to hear you as the King of grime because you're the one person that has stuck by this genre of music,
I'm the, I'm the guy that we love this music I love grime world.
If there was a room, you get me, and a microphone and a PC lock me in there,
I'm coming out with tunes, oh yeah maybe years old (?)
but there ain't no-one else that does it like me

(Chorus)

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