

Mr Skeng

Stormzy

Yeah, yo
Call me Gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
Check one-two-one man skitzed again
Dickhead you and a dickhead crew
Getting gassed up by your dickhead friends
It's like dem man woke up pissed again
If I buck these pricks again
I got goons and you got goons
But the difference is your shit pretends
My niggas don't talk or rap
No, my niggas don't talk or clash
No, my niggas don't talk they mash
Fuck boys, man, are you talking smack?
They said Stormzy can't be the king of grime
'Cause he can't do radio sets
Let's be real rude boy, I would light up a radio set
Like really I can't stand these fucking pricks
I don't care about your fucking whip
Mom, if you're listening close your ears
But tell them pagans "suck my dick"
I've had enough of them, they all piss me off
Had one chance, they missed the shot
I link up Flipz then we burn your bridge
Then we laugh about it and split the prof
Call me Gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
Check one-two-one man skitzed again
Dickhead you and a dickhead crew
Getting gassed up by your dickhead friends
I think I just got dissed again
Think I care who this offends
Run up on man like Bale with a -
Slap that through your shit defense
And I can still get a box imported
Said "Don't worry about the beef it's sorted"
My man said he's a real gun shooter
Then my brother said "Aww, that's awkward"
My mans never been bad, that's bullshit
Two weeks in the Top Ten, who called it
Christmas, I went to war with the corporates
Like big ups the ones that caught it
I do rap, then I do grime
Then I do rap, then I sing and I roll right back
They said you ain't gonna blow like that

Who gives a fuck? You know like that
Ice in my cup cuh'm cold like that
Woah?
We ain't even close like that
You know my style, know my stats
Don't talk bad if you don't talk facts
If I sign now what's the buy out clause
One Top Ten, five sold out tours
Might fling a mixtape out when I'm bored
My life's okay, how about yours?
Brother, I'm good, I stay with the Lord
Bible carrier, that's my sword
Matthew 12 so I don't talk
John 19's why I never got caught
Call me Gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
Check one-two-one man skitized again
Dickhead you and a dickhead crew
Getting gassed up by your dickhead friends
Back now, damn I've missed the pen
Had one shot, you missed the pen
Bad man yutes, with their bad man ways
What they wish for me, I don't wish for them
I don't pay them fools, never been told
Bring your fools outside Elliott school
Let me get a little bit of Henny I'm cool
Many have come but many did fall away
What? You thought I was the one?
I was fourteen trying to buy me a gun
Most of yous doing what I did back then
So now I thank god for the guy I've become
That's Gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
Check one-two-one man skitized again
Dickhead you and a dickhead crew
Getting gassed up by your dickhead friends
Yeah it's gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
Check one-two-one man skitized again
Dickhead you and a dickhead crew
Getting gassed up by your dickhead friends
Yeah, it's Gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
Gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
Gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
Yeah, it's Gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
Gunshot Mike or Mr Skeng
You had one shot and you missed the pen, and that's
Flex, eh

Songwriters

MICHAEL EBENAZER KWADJO OMARI OWUO JUNIOR, KARL JOSEPH
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