

Man (Skippit Bootleg)

Skepta

[Pre-Hook]

I don't know why man's callin' me family all of a sudden

Like hmm, my mum don't know your mum

Stop telling man you're my cousin

I got day ones and I got new ones

No fake ones, trust no one

It's Boy Better Know 'til I die

Tryna run up in the bank like Bonnie and Clyde

Cause[Hook]

Man get money with the gang

Man get girls with the gang

Man eat food with the gang

Man talk slang to the feds

Can't work out what I just said to a man

Told me you was a big fan but the first thing you said
when you saw me is "Can I get a pic for the gram?"

I was like "Nah, sorry man"

I only socialize with the crew and the gang[Verse 1]

Woah, guess who's back

Came a long way from sittin' in the flats

Came a long way from when whites never used to mix with blacks

Now all my white niggas and my black mates, we got the game on smash

I used to rate your page on MySpace but you never stayed on track

Upset cause your wife is a fan, she done with a little boy

Now she wants to be with a man

Told my accountant "Do me a transfer, cause I wanna buy some land"

You and I have got different plans

Real mad man, I might go Saint Ann's

No triple A pass, no wristbands

You are not mandem, you are not gang[Skit]

Tracksuit Mafia, Boy Better Know

My ones, my team

Meridian, bad blocks

London boys, active boys

You get me?[Hook]

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Told me you was a big fan but the first thing you said
when you saw me is "Can I get a pic for the gram?"
I was like "Nah, sorry man"
I only socialize with the crew and the gang[Verse 2]
They wanna see me drown
Tryna hold the mandem down
Cause I shutdown Shoreditch car park
And I got bars like Camden Town
Out there tryna survive on the streets
Tryin' not to get killed by the police
And I be schoolin' MC's
Nobody leaves 'til half-past-three
This year I'mma teach them a lesson
Tell Grace don't reply to those emails
Nah, I don't wanna do no sessions
It's like them man have got an obsession with my style of expression
But in public, never hear my name mentioned
Catch them at the nightclub entrance
Always seekin' attention
But I be inside, tryna get burst
Lookin' all cool like Herc
Dressed like I just come from P.E
You're dressed like you just come from church
Better do your research
You don't wanna hear my verse come after your verse
MCs act brand new cause they got a little money in their purse
So you had a good solo career?
Had a few big songs over the years?
Back then you was a real Top Boy
But right now fam, nobody cares
Walked in the club, everybody's like
"Who is he? Why is he walkin' around with security?"
You know the postcode when you're talkin' road
Better know that I speak that fluently[Pre-Hook]
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Like hmm, my mum don't know your mum
Stop telling man you're my cousin
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No fake ones, trust no one
It's Boy Better Know 'til I die
Tryna run up in the bank like Bonnie and Clyde
Cause[Hook]
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Man get girls with the gang

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Songwriters

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