Learn

Twofold

Like, who the fuck are you?
Yeah, who the fuck are you?
Is it recordin' yer?
I come direct when I inject and I'm expecting your respect
I'm a baller, you've been checked
I'm the kind of kid you can't detect ya know
Out and about I put my elbow in your mouth
You're a fassy there's no doubt I bet my sword will make you shout
I'm intense, you best see sense I'll have you hangin' from a fence
Then I'll laugh at your expense and maybe chuck you 50 pence
Snitch you make me switch, you sound and look just like a bitch
Whether you're poor or whether you're rich I'll leave you lyin' in the ditch
'Cause I'm from ragged raggo rags, you wear raggo rags like me
I'm ahead boy, I ain't in tune rappin' raggo rapidly
We easily be the worst bust academics first
Batty crew MC's get academically reversed
I'm academicly perverse, academically perverted
Batty crew MC's get academically diverted
Some return, we clearly get burnt get hurt
Until they realize they should academically of blurted
You don't want the beef, you don't want the grime
You ain't got the guts, I ain't got the time
But you can come to the man and get jakked
Come to the man or get killed
Come to the man or get shot
Come to the man or get killed
We call it arms as, arms as, go and get your crew
If you can't back that arms ask, who the fuck are you
We call it arms as, arms as, go and get your firm

If they don't wanna listen then we better make them learn
Raised in the gutter I was told I should fight
I create and cause confusion from the left to the right
I'm sweet as a nut, I'm doin' alright, cosy and comfortable
Still I try and avoid the sergeant, P.C and the constable
Raised in the gutter I was told I should bop
I create and cause confusion from the bottom to the top
I'm doin' okay, I will honestly say this year I'm flyin' through
I could easily find myself in jail but I ain't tryin' to

I keep it clear in front, relax wid the pressure
I'm dirty, and I'm stank but ain't nobody fresher
My haters make inquiries, make it obvious they care
When it comes to my location they would love to be aware
But I could be in the man or could be overseas
Could well be definitely makin' peace
Could be live at Wembley, warmin' up for Jay-Z
Still I'm definitely certain that you can't see me
You don't want the beef, you don't want the grime
You ain't got the guts, I ain't got the time
But you can come to the man or get jakked
Come to the man or get killed
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