

# Back on the Market

## Professor Green

Who's saying names?  
Who thinks they're fucking clever?  
You ain't a bloke, you're a bird  
And I'm back to ruffle feathers  
They call me the professor  
No one ever got a degree  
But right now, anything's possible  
Leicester were top of the league  
I'm having a party, like Jamie Vardy  
I'm celebrating too  
Cause somebody gave me an E  
Why would I break it in two?  
I don't do things by halves  
A wholly is as holy as I get  
Take care of you and your dargs  
What you know about me? I'm a vet  
I can kill, I don't play, I rap skilled  
I quit rap and then I got a tax bill  
Heap up, better speed up  
Speak on it, better speak up  
Don't worry about what I'm lean off  
Or pee'd off cause I'm P'd up  
Pigs took away my license  
You see all that laughter? Dead it  
Cause last July, I got a new whip  
Parked outside the police station  
Waited till I seen that pig and then revved it  
Commotion, I'm bursting  
Somebody hand me a little potion  
What's the motion [?], feel a lot of demotion  
Feel a lot of emotion  
I'm emotive  
Anybody saying they're the boss has since been demoted  
What? Demotion  
Look, it's hard out here in these times  
Cause these guys have got no hope  
Their flow's coke, it's been stepped on  
Like three times, they've got weak lines  
Dead lines, they've got no shots

Shots at me? I mean, these swines  
I grew up in E5  
Where you hear shots and then police sirens  
Your girl's a groupie, blud  
I see her preening me  
Your life's a movie, but  
It went straight to DVD  
I'm still the pro, bro  
I'm still a fiend  
So who's got all the pills?  
Somebody spill the beans  
Blimey, I'm grimy  
The way I'm rhyming just might be  
The reason all of these hot spices  
Wanna season my meat  
It's all about the timing  
Don't watch mine  
Just went and copped a new watch  
To make up for lost time  
I've got a new watch, it's a Hublot  
Or is it Hublot? Fuck it, who knows  
I'm lying anyway, it's an AP  
Don't make me get old school, put on my AP  
Big up Time, big up AP  
Virgin ain't the label that pays me  
Virgin ain't the label that pays me  
Virgin ain't the label-  
Back in it, give me the jab like a vaccine and  
Sit back and relax a bit  
I'll just strap you in and inject the vaccination  
You ain't ever gonna rap dissing  
Keep practising  
You never know, it might pay off  
If you see Jammz or Ethan  
Know that it's day dot  
Badboys from day, from day, no, day  
Army? Are you barmy  
You'll need an army to harm me  
PG, but I yell out "cunt"  
On live TV like Harvey  
"Hello, you cunt"  
I said hello, you cunt, not Ella, you cunt  
But Ella's a cunt  
You can tell I'm a cunt, one hell of a cunt  
Cause I tend to get ahead of myself

So full of shit, I need an enema  
I would rather listen to Enya  
Than any of you on my stereo  
Wickedest ting to come out of my area  
It's Pro, dig a hole, I'll bury ya  
Why in the world would I ever remarry her?  
Marry her? I've got all these hoes in the barrier  
Give me that spliff and let me spark it  
Boy, I ain't even started  
I don't miss any exes  
I'm always on the target  
Scarlet in my glass  
With a whip that'll make you car-sick  
Footloose and fancy free  
Yeah, I'm back on the market  
A platinum artist  
But I'll still [?] on your carpet  
Back on the market  
Piss on your parade  
Back on the market  
Money can't buy you class  
Back on the market  
But it can buy you class A  
Back on the market

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