

Shut Em' Down (Pete Rock Remix)

Public Enemy

Man try say he's better than me
Tell my man shut up
Mention my name in your tweets
Oi rudeboy, shut upHow can you be better than me?
Shut up
Best in the scene?
Tell my man shut upCouple man called me a backup dancer
Onstage at the BRITs, I'm a backup dancer
If that makes me a backup dancerThe man in your vids, backup dancer
The man in your pics, backup dancer
Man wanna chat about backup dancer
Big man like me with a beard
I'm a big man, how the fuck can I backup-?
Army comes everywhere I go
I can't run when my enemies show
Walk in the club with all of my tugs
Party's done, everybody go home
Apart from the girl dem, you lot stayWalk in the club, all the girls say hey
Tell a man like I'm K to the A
There's no champagne, we don't rave
Yeah, I'm the best, I'm so cockyI've got a mob like A\$AP Rocky
I set trends, them man copy
They catch feelings, I catch bodies
They roll deep, I roll squaddyGot about 25 goons in my posse
They drink Bailey's, I drink Vossy
I get merky, they get worried
If you got a G-A-T, bring it out
Most of the real badboys live in south
If you wanna do me something, I'm about
I'm not a gangster, I'm just about
But you see my man over there with the pouch?Dare one of you man try get loud
All of my mandem move so foul
I might sing but I ain't sold out
Nowadays all of my shows sold out
Headline tour, yeah blud, sold outWhen we roll in, they roll out
I'm so London, I'm so south
Food in the ends like there ain't no drought
Flipz don't talk like he's got no mouth
I wanna make my mum so proud

Like "yo Mum, book a flight, go now" All of my ex girls stalking me hard
Talk to my face, don't talk to my palm
Had four bills and I bought a new car
Little red whip that I bought for my marge I straight murk, it's a walk in the park
I take care when I water my plants
These MCs wanna talk about Lord of the Mics
You ain't even lord of your yard Dead MCs, blud, leave me alone
Me and your girl, we speak on the phone
Kill a whole crew of MCs on my own
Kill a whole crew of MCs for the throne Look, I was out hungry, so damn hungry
Man tried eat then leave me the bones
Now these niggas, they need me to grow
Hot chocolate and a panini to go
I'm a big man, fuck a postcode war
Man were upset about the MOBO Awards
Yeah, I was gassed at the MOBO Awards
Why? Cause I ain't won a MOBO before
Duh, all of you MCs sound so bitter
Shoutout Deepee, shoutout Flipper
Best my age, yeah blud, look
If you don't rate me, shame on you
If you don't rate me, shame on you
Can I order a deathbed for an MC?
He wants beef with me? Make that two
Anyone else wanna make that move?
Anyone else wanna pay their dues?
Stiff Chocolate, yeah my face so smooth
Imposters wanna take my tunes, check it
Don't even talk too much, you're a talker
Dem man still go halves on a quarter
See me turn from a prince to a pauper
Two cigarettes and a bottle of water
Told the bouncers get the bottles in
Man in the kitchen putting in orders
Stiff Chocolate, skin clear like water
Smooth on this ting, start locking up daughters
Brown skin girl in the club, I want that one
Who's got Rizla and chip? I wanna strap one
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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