

# Corn on the Curb (feat. Wiley & Chip)

## Skepta

Everyday, bro, we've gotta stay battling  
Gotta stay fighting, gotta stay striving  
Gotta stay dreaming, gotta stay believing  
Gotta stay scheming I broke down a few more barricades  
Got me a few more accolades  
Used to look forward to the weekend  
Now every day's like Saturday  
Surrounded by stars  
Come chill with the constellation  
Then she asked me what my real name was  
And killed the conversation  
Sometimes I've gotta scratch my head  
Like big man ting on a level  
Only my mum and dad call me Junior  
What makes you so special?  
No Rolex timepiece  
No Hublot kettle  
But still I know when it's time to jump in the car  
Put the foot to the pedal like Yeah, I don't care about VIP  
I've got very important places to be  
While I'm asleep, I'm making a beat  
Girls in the house getting naked for me  
What I'm tryna say is basically  
Never get a joke man mistaken for me  
Corn on the curb if a man diss me  
My niggas got the biscuits in T  
Santa Claus used to miss my house  
So I decorated my own Christmas tree  
Ring man's phone if he think's it's beef  
What do you mean, "who is this, blud?" It's me  
My niggas been on crime  
Don't get it twisted 'cause I don't beef online  
My niggas violent, my niggas loopy  
Something you ain't seen on Vine I don't want a like, I don't want a follow  
Diss me today, link me tomorrow  
I've got goons that can't leave the country  
Above the law, under obbo  
I know pain, I know sorrow  
I know empty, I know hollow

I just flew my Gs out to Amsterdam  
And I told them "thank me tomorrow"  
Cuh man have been in the kitchen  
Experimenting with the whipping  
And you see, the road ting and the music ain't mixing  
Would've thought man was playing baseball  
Way man are outside pitching  
Never been a punk, never been a victim  
Wanna hate on me? Wanna hate on Storm?  
Fuck that, let the kings inI start ringing MCs  
Go radio, I start swinging MCs  
I was in the trenches, everyday grinding  
You couldn't say a man weren't bringing MCs  
I will pick up the phone, start ringing MCs  
Bars inna my touch, bringing MCs  
They know I've got Skeppy on my team  
We were on road, living it, skilling MCs  
Producers, plus we are living MCs  
Bare vibes we have given MCs  
I was there back in the day when it was garage  
And them man said they wanna get rid of MCs  
But them man couldn't get rid of MCs  
'Cause since then, we've become bigger MCs  
Some MC debts  
Skibadee, Baseman and Trigga MCYeah, us man are blazing powers  
Them man are blazing Benson  
My bredrin said it's his birthday  
Took him onstage with Drake and Section  
Hate my niggas 'cause every day, it's another great invention  
Wanna talk about loot? Then I bring the loot out  
Talk about shootout? Better be a shootout like a western  
'Cause I don't fear no man  
Think you're a killer but your name ain't Cam  
Oi, pussyhole, don't look in my span  
'Cause you might get shot on the road like 28 gram  
And you know who I am  
Shower man down like Fireman Sam  
Drive to your ends on a two-year ban  
With Solo in the transit van  
Nah, you can't diss my mum  
Shots start fly out and man get bun  
Fling on my black garments and dun  
Dry skin between my index finger and thumb  
I hate man like a nun  
That's why I wanna buy a haunted gun

Can't get killed before I get to see my son

Them tings can't run

They got me thirsty for blood again

They got me talking crud again

They got-Yo, fam

Yo, Chip

Talk to me, man

Where are you, though? Who are you with?

I'm on my Js, blud

Sound, man. This ting has got me, blud, I'm not gonna lie, fam.

I'm not gonna front, fam. Mad pressures from every angle, fam

Yeah?

It's come like I'm too ambitious to be with the mandem on the road but,  
I'm, like, I can't be up there with them people either, you know what I'm saying?

I'm too black to be up there, you see what I'm saying, fam?

I don't know, I feel like, I feel like I'm in limbo, Chippy.

I feel like I'm in limbo, fam

I've been, I've been waiting to speak to you, fam.

You're going way too mad, fam.

Like what the fuck did you mean like you don't know why I mentioned your name, fam?

Like North London, fam. You got the call from God to do something deeper, bro.

Like, you got the call to go and make everyone look at everything else that is happening over here, fam.

You get me? That's a deeper calling, bro.

Like them callings there,

It's not everyone's phone that gets that that ring ring there, you see what I'm saying, fam?

Like super powers fam, super charged, bro

I hear that, fam

Like just being you alone, fam, niggas getting to watch.

You're doing what you're supposed to do, bro. Cuh we ain't seen nuttin' like this happen before.

Who's seen the country flip on its head like this, fam? These youts don't know what's going on, fam.

They ain't got a fucking clue, fam. Independent to the T, fam.

Love, brudda, man.

I needed that powers. Power up fam, I don't even like hearing you sound like this, blud.

I needed them. The mission's deeper right now. Love, brudda. Mad.

Alright, fam, I'm gonna shout you, man. What you saying though, everything good?

Blud, love you bro, man, just do what you gotta do. Man's doing what I gotta do, fam.

You already know, bro. Powers. Powers

Songwriters

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