

# WickedSkengMan 4 (Studio Version)

## Stormzy

Wait two secs, let me spark this zoot  
My niggas, they don't tark, they shoot  
Roll up slow, then I park that coupe  
And the game got fucked by the darkskin yout  
Oh well, should've been watching  
He was gone by the time that they clocked him  
#MERKY, #SKENGMAN  
What's the last one? Yeah, #PROBLEM  
They should've stopped him, I don't run out of bars  
Just like Chip, I don't run out of bars  
Walk in the rave , put the glass to your face  
Look, I make fuckboys run out of bars  
Big 45 might bun out your clart  
No safety, that might dun out your dance  
Knock on your door like oi rudeboy, look  
Forget the hype, just come out the yard  
See the lightskin girls used to cuss me  
Now the lightskin girls, they love me  
Word to J Hus, man are ugly  
But this rap ting's sick, man, trust me  
Nobody can't claim that they buss me  
Cuh man was out there on a fuckery  
Plus we don't even tark too much  
That's the reason why your girl wanna fuck me  
I don't really care about your friend  
Bare likkle fish never been on the ends  
Yeah, you go hard but we go harder  
You shut down but nigga, I leng  
You turn up but nigga, I rep  
Why do man love getting me vexed?  
Here for the lightskin girl with the big bumper  
And the black bredrin with the breasts So if you got a BET, bring it out  
Oh, you don't? Shut your mouth  
Man just chat shit, i cut em out  
Know where I come from, I'm from the south  
Fuck up my house, peak when I press play  
Niggas go gym but they're missing out leg day  
My worst days are some of your best days  
Punch a grime MC off his segway, pussyhole

Look, Don't make me slap you  
Like, like, wait till I catch you  
Like, man are like "that's that black yout"  
Went Jools Holland in my tracksuit  
Rep for the scene like yeah man, I had to  
Just run a sick beat I can rap to  
Everybody calm down, it's a tracksuit  
What the fuck, man? I ain't gonna stab you  
Look, I don't wanna argue  
But if you talk shit, man'll par you  
Look at the size of my fist, I will spark you  
I'm the grime scene's Lukaku  
6'5" black guy, mad fly, put me up top  
Man down, everybody down when I buss shots  
Jump onstage, bare rage when my dub drop  
You did grime for a sec, then you fucked off  
Rap boys hate me cuh I do grime  
Grime boys hate me cuh I do rap  
Good youts hate me cuh I'm too cruddy  
Bad youts hate me cuh I don't trap  
Fake youts hate me cuh I'm too real  
And the real youts hate me cuh I don't act  
Well, um...  
Suck your mum, yeah, go and do that  
My name's Michael, Big Stormz  
I like peng tings, I like porn  
I've got a 16 bar full of corn  
I breathe fire every time I yawn  
Stormzy's this, Stormzy's that  
Stormzy's blick, Stormzy's black  
Stormzy's hairline's going way back  
But I still fuck your girl, go and retweet that little nigga, yo  
Man are saying that I blew up too fast  
Man are saying that I came up too quick  
Rudeboy, look on the YouTube, darg  
Mandem are putting in the graveyard shift  
Dem man there straight wash  
Brudda, don't blame me, go and blame God  
Every MC wan' try and take shots  
Tell 'em boy there hard work pays off  
Anyway, everybody wanna do grime now  
Real talk, let's not lie now  
Yeah, look brudda, this my house  
That's my laptop, that's my sound  
That's my people, that's my crowd

That's my kingdom, that's my crown  
Look, one phone call, man'll fly around  
I lay one vocal then I sign out, anyway  
Go Bluejays for a lunch and a brekky  
Make that thing bu-bu-bang like Fekky  
Got mad still with the ting, I'm TECCy  
Onstage, go back to back with Skeppy  
When I'm on the ball, I'm cool like Messi  
Man just talk, don't talk, be steady  
Tell 'em that I'm down for the war, I'm ready  
Them man change circles, they're jezzys

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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