

96 Fuckries

JME

Oh please
I couldn't care 'bout your T&Cs;
I'm J to the M to the E
I make G-R-I-M to the E
I make you bop your head, to the beat
From the S-W to the N to the E
Bare M to the Cs thought they could swim with the sharks
Until they entered the Sea
BLUKU!
Big up N to the G
Footsie, D to the E to the E
I show bare love like I did a E
Been like this from I entered the scene
Yeah, grime, I rep to the T
140, yeah I kept to the beat
If you wanna bad boy grime remix then just give me or Skepta the P, safe! You hype too much
But I don't see you fight too much
That's why you're not liked too much
You've been snorting the white too much
You man swear on your life too much
Careful or you might die too much
Bare MCs just lie too much
If not then they say like too much Easy peasy similes used frequently really gets on my nerves
Reason Jme's lyrically sick?
Recently I don't pet with my words
Beef me? Really you're chatting all street see but you don't step on the curb
These fake greezy MCs come against me, but see I rep for the nerds I was out the game but now I'm inside
Met some of my best pals in grime
Richard Cowie, baddaman James McCabe
And Jahmek Power inside
Tempa T said "shower down time"
Take music serious no lies
And now my bad boy Megazord whip's got more features than iOS5 Juju man, voodoo do'er
Mike Lowery any YouTube viewer
Original dead girlfriend slewer
So I don't care what you do to her
Stop chatting shit, poo poo chewer
Came from the gutter, came from the sewer
Any man that chats poop I will take out your eyeball with a Bamboo skewer! I roll with Aaron and Aaron

Frequently I get stopped by the gammon
Because my whip looks like it should be owned by
Jeremy Clarkson or Richard Hammond
Feds pull me like I'm a drug baron
Chatting bare shit, can't understand 'em
In the stereo I got Krept & Konan
In the boot I got my creps and my Canon I don't own a BlackBerry
Ask for my pin and get slapped heavy
Call me a rude kid or a maniac but beats?
I ain't sharing 'em like Teddy
The only thing I will share like Jack is lyrics
I'll spray whenever you're ready
Don't ask why I'm looking in your boat
With your big head fam, you've got a ferry I ain't a killer but D.P.M.O
Run up on guys with the green leaf camo
Badboy Eleven Paris leather jacket
Fall back, it's not CP famo
See my black lips on your TV channel
Bare MCs wanna be me, I know
You will never be like Jme
I told you on my last CD rago I had a durag straight at birth
God sent me here to make shit worse
Nobody wants a punch in the face
Coz when you get punched in the face it hurts
Jump in the whip, spaceship turbz
Open my drink, shake it first
When I drive my car, don't move fam
The wheels turn and they drapes the earth I am so raw in a rave
Jme, encore on stage
As soon as I spit one four and an eight
I will leave the dance floor in a state
You're not lord of the place
You jacked couple guys before with your mates
Your not a badman cause you robbed someone fam
You're just poor and brave! Beef? Slam doors in your face
Uppercut leave your jaw in a brace
Man will draw for the hadak-dak-duken
Leave you on the floor snoring away
MCs think they're raising the bar by spitting on fourteen genres a day?
Safe, raising the bar makes it easier for me to score anyway! One take

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