Space

Dizzee Rascal

Ain't no point in playin' it safe
Gotta know your role, better state your case
When it all falls down better know your place
Just gimme three feet and an ounce of
Space, space, space
Space, you should wanna embrace
Space, space, space
"Discovery. Go at throttle up"Rip up and ravage, make it a habit for damage
Whole lotta baggage, you will not manage, I'm the full package
Why do they talk like I am not established? That is so callous, they are the saddest
Why are they so full of malice? Making up fallacies, I'm in my palace blazing up the chalice with Alice
'Cause I'm a gyalist and I'm the baddest, it's not a travesty
Call me "Your Majesty," sometimes it feels like world's on my phallus
Push out my chest and I big up my status
Where's all the trappers? Where's all the clappers?
I am not shaken, no need for maracas
Or apparatus, put in the work and spend money on motors and slappers
Why are we frontin' like it even matters?
Why do they make me feel guilty for gettin' this money like my soul's in tatters?
Sittin' here tryna realign my chakras
Driving me crackers, you bloody spackers should get off my knackers
Give me the gas and the matches, I've been through hell and I swallowed the ashes, running this ting for so long as it happens, I'm knackered
All of my enemies broken and shattered, sprinkling hate, they're all over the shop and they're scattered
Chatting my name till this day and I'm flattered, I am not easily rattled
Don't follow the cattle, so quiet your chatter or you will get battered
Can't find enough time to dine on these rappers, all of these MCs are looking like tapas
Fuck all the swine and their bodily gases, roll with the rastas, Babylon's calling me, nobody's fooling me
I do not roll with the masses, but big up the Junglist massive
I am not timid and I am not passive, messing with me? You must be on some acid
Done with the racket, I will get erratic, all of my problems disappear like it's magic
It'll be tragic
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Space, space, spaceYeah, uh

Don't pet or pander, leave 'em hanging
I'll be damned, man to man
Hit him with an open hand, release the anger
WorldStar, you could get dealt with on camera
Understand my grammar, I don't stutter, lisp or stammer
Watch me blaze the beat, I must admit it hit just like a hammer
It's a banger for the mandem on the street and in the slammer
Bang your doors, bang your doors for the cause
Breaking laws, breaking jaws, open paws
Coke, I'm bored, taking scores, and be sure
Never let a bredda get one over yours
Never put money over whores, maybe or it's crazy flawed, it's a myth, life's a gift, made me pause, catch my drift, smoke a spliff and get in them draws
Paid the cost to be the boss, ball and floss, Jesus died, he nailed himself into the cross
Still couldn't please these backwards shit cunts, why would I take a loss?
Giving a toss, know your worth, hold your turf, fuck the earth, and shake it off
Breddas on my line talkin' 'bout, "Yo, Raskit, break me off"
They're wafer soft, I'm taking off
"Three, two, one, zero, and lift off"
"Lift off of Mission 41D. The first flight of the Orbiter Discovery and the shuttle has cleared the tower"Ain't no point in playin' it safe
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Space, space
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Space, space, spaceAlright, lift off and the clock has started
Yes sir, reading you loud and clear
Roger, Zero-T, and I feel fine, Damps was turning around
We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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