

# The Other Side

## Dizzee Rascal

Tell the barber stop fuckin' with my hairline  
Got mine fitted to the side when I wear mine  
Why these boys keep reachin' for my plate knowin' I don't wanna share mine?  
Why these boys keep lyin' when they swear blind?  
Why they talking like I never made bare grime?  
Talk tools like I never had a spare 9  
Why they reachin' for my pockets like it's their grind?  
They better recline  
Don't don't need a co-sign from the mayor cos I got a pretty penny, I ain't beggin' in my spare time  
Why these bitches wanna hit me with the bare whine?  
Tell me hit it bareback, these bitches ain't even worth the airtime  
Why these singers always gotta use Melodyne?  
Why these rappers on their phone on the radio, they ain't got prepared lines?  
Why you gotta keep gassin' up their dead rhymes?  
Why I gotta be a hater when I tell the truth?  
Why I gotta like your shitty fire in the booth?  
If you're really spittin' fire where's the bloody proof?  
I ain't hatin' on the youth, if you ain't got the juice  
What's the bloody use?  
Cos I'm used to the true spitters on the roof  
East side of the river that's the bloody roots  
Had to put in work like a pair of muddy boots  
Too big for my boots that's the truth  
No excuse for you new recruits  
Bunch of dilutes, and a few flukes  
I've been out of the loop  
Gotta pepper MCs with a few nukes  
Bunch of fashion MCs think they're too cute  
Bunch of rubbish MCs stick em in a chute  
Chuck em out of a helicopter with no parachute  
I had to jump through hoops  
I'm a true brute  
It ain't up for dispute  
How bad do you want it?  
Do you really, really want it?  
How bad do you want it?  
Do you really, really want it?  
How bad do you want it?  
Do you really, really want it?

Do you really, really want it?  
If you want it then I'm on it  
Why these bredders beggin' a re-union?  
Why's the Godfather touchin' on the kids?  
Why you actin' like you never knew and he's movin' new again?  
There ain't ever gonna be another crew again  
So tell Willy that I don't need a pen pal  
Stop writin' me these letters cos I don't know what to do with them  
It ain't ever gonna be '03 or '02 they don't do it how I did it  
Somebody tell me what I've gotta prove again  
I was runnin' round the manor like a hooligan  
I was linkin' up with Gavin he was slewin' them  
Would have been a mad ting if he blew all these little grime kids ain't got a clue  
I ain't even got a problem with the newer gen  
But all these rappers that you're begging I will ruin them  
And tell Mega he can make all the noise that he wants but I'll put him on his arse in a swamp with a few of them  
They're still talkin' about my old wars  
Folklore still talkin' bout my old bars  
Got my thinkin' that it's all I'm really known for  
I ain't runnin' from no-one I fought my own wars  
C1 NORTHSTAR, thats a war lord  
If they only knew the way, flip the scoreboard  
And tell Wes that he's pukka and a mukka, he's still a mad man, and a nutter and the heat I just can't afford  
Coz I'm on tour, they want an encore  
Yeah sure that's what I'm on for  
Tell the promoters that they gotta put me on more  
I'm like an elevator stoppin' at the wrong floor  
I ain't got no regrets, if I did have a set  
It would be that I never flew Concorde  
Now my flow is complete 'cah I don't want no raasclaat beat  
How bad do you want it?  
Do you really, really want it?  
How bad do you want it?  
Do you really, really want it?  
How bad do you want it?  
Do you really, really want it?  
Do you really, really want it?  
If you want it then I'm on it

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

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