

# Seems 2 Be (feat. Claire Cottrell)

## Dizzee Rascal

WHO'S DAT, WHO'S DAT, WHO'S DAT  
The dope is flying,  
OG, pimp hustler, gangster player, hardcore mother fucker,  
Living today, to be honest  
I'm totally and completely on his dick! And you know this ...MAN It's the return of Dizzee Rascal,  
Dem boy na ready yet, trend make a never set,  
Inside outside, inside outside  
Stop dat, start dat, get dat  
Yo, you know, going on dirty going on stank, Roll deep on these, put these Mc's on deep freeze,  
Hit these, wit these and rip these,  
Come like rusko, come flip these,  
So please don't write with these,  
Fearless, angry, sick MC's,  
Don't like Christine's or Brittany's,  
Allow us off; I'll take him with keys,  
And this one strictly for pickneys,  
Old school afro dry wineys,  
Barclays. Halifax, and stick these,  
Headless gunshots, you lick these,  
Trick these, CID with E,  
Touch mike mc's, drop like freeze,  
Player haters get chop like trees,  
Come a boy rascal, to a boy miseries, It seems to be cars and cash and girls and peds,  
And manners on flame, keep them higher for them fame,  
It seems to be phones and bling and raves and weed,  
And player for them for the hour, and the boys will make you bleed,  
It seems to be V and M and gold and Nike  
We roll deep for the money; we don't want to take your cash,  
It seems to be love and war and hate and life,  
Harsh life, hustle life, fog life, street life, So far from clean,  
Take his trace, to your aunt Maureen,  
Get live, get heard get seen,  
Dizzy run tings , like  
Keep vigilant, keep on grant,  
We chuck grenades at Scotland Yard  
Retard gets kick hard real hard  
Live get threat to your birthday card  
Oh my days what is he like  
Dizzee don't come

Dizzee don't bust might  
 World wide web, dot slash eat end,  
 Dizzee don't com jack your girlfriend,  
 Co dot uk and last collar  
 Deaf kick back slash dot holler  
 Frank frasier lyrical tank,  
 Dizzee come fresh going on stankIt seems to be cars and cash and girls and peds,  
 And manners on flame, keep them higher for them fame,  
 It seems to be phones and bling and raves and weed,  
 And player for them for the hour, and the boys will make you bleed,  
 It seems to be V and M and gold and NikeWe roll deep for the money; we don't want to take your cash,  
 It seems to be love and war and hate and life,  
 Harsh life, hustle life, fog life, street life,Ding dong its on,  
 Fake mcs want to sing my song,  
 You want to test hurry up bring it on,  
 Wanna take me for a mo no that's wrong,  
 Hit them with a ge con do,like key do blow,  
 Leave bullet hole in your moskeno clothes,  
 Hot like weathery grow, gonna come through the holeBack, front, inside, out,  
 Dizzee run a flow to make a boy wile out,  
 Six foot deep you can never climb out,  
 I smoke dat weed till my mum finds out,Front, back, outside, in  
 Bear folk kids sipping on jing-sing  
 Love making not doggy styling  
 In a dark park, when the dark in beingIt seems to be cars and cash and girls and peds,  
 And manners on flame, keep them higher for them fame,  
 It seems to be phones and bling and raves and weed,  
 And player for them for the hour, and the boys will make you bleed,  
 It seems to be V and M and gold and Nike  
 We roll deep for the money; we don't want to take your cash,  
 It seems to be love and war and hate and life,  
 Harsh life, hustle life, fog life, street life,I have the feeling that you love me.

Songwriters

MILLS, DYLAN KWABENAPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>