Seems 2 Be

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 stank
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,
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 hole
Back, 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 being
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,
I have the feeling that you love me.

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