

# I Dont Need a Reason (Mampi Swift Remix)

## Dizzee Rascal

[Chorus]

All I do is flex, I don't need a reason  
All I want is sex, I don't need a reason  
Fly out on a jet, I don't need a reason

Every day's a never ending summer season 160, blink and miss me

Super nifty, riding swiftly

Rolling through the sticks

Leather extra crispy, effortlessly

Power steering, accurately, ready for action, actually

Mellow, relaxed and cocking my snapback

Not taking no God damn back chat

Just racking up fat stacks

No ring, no chain, no fat chaps

Can't get no sleep, no cat naps

And everybody wanna be on my black sack

But I don't slack

You don't really wanna see me get abstract

I'll switch up the place like have that

Don't care about none of that rap crap

Steer clear of the rat trap

Some say that I lack tact

But I'm on the map

And I'm setting the pace, I'm on track

So get out my face, I'm on slapping

I'm on scrapping, so stop yapping, what's crackalacking?

Don't follow fashion, just keeping it G

With these hoes, macking, and that's what's happening

What?

That's what's happening [Chorus] God bless me, nobody can't test me

Everyday life can't stress me, stay on the ball like Messi

Money and women are the only things that impress me

I stay fly and sexy

Life is a game of chess, and all the girls wanna check me

How much do you wanna bet me, that I never ever let a female sweat me?

Get me

I ain't gotta talk no more, cause soon as I walk in the door everybody stops doing what they're doing, don't

know what they're pausing for, don't know what they're gawping for

Bad boy from the LDN, what the world's been calling for, been balling for

And your girl gets wet, stays up in the morning for

Don't know what you're stalling for  
Get with the programme, I got the flow and I've got the dough and money to blow  
And, this ain't a slow jam, ready to rock and I'm ready to roll, I'm gripping at the Trojan  
Never gonna get caught slipping, never gonna get caught tripping  
Never too soft on the women  
If it ever gets too hot in the kitchen, I'm dipping, I ain't gonna stand there dripping, I'm  
missing[Chorus]International, flex and go  
When I'm at home, I stay low  
Yo, lay in the cut, they can't see me bro  
And I'm living it up, they can't be me though  
Get on the mic, I get easy dough  
When I'm cutting the cheques, cause I'm C.E.O.  
Keep on fronting, like you don't know  
I stay repping the Manor, and that's E3, Bow  
Stay with a brownin', get around the town, you better hold it down  
I'll leave you breathing slow  
Overstand, cause I ain't even clowning, I'll leave you drowning from head to toe  
Wet, why you trying to put me in check?  
I play for keeps, you better know I don't pet  
Knock your head off your shoulders, no sweat, watch your step[Chorus]

Songwriters

Kouame, Jean Baptiste / Buendia, Ryan / McHenry, Michael Ojike / Mills, Dylan KwabenaPublished by  
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