

So Alive (feat. N-Dubz)

[Skepta](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah
Skepta
Boy Betterknow
N-DubzI never have a dream when I go to sleep at night
My dream begins when I walk outside
Now I'm on stage and I feel like I'm looking through Michael Jacksons eyes
Stories, rumours and accusations
So I gotta stay self conscious of my hand gestures
Before they call me a Mason or say that I'm working with Satan
But even a blind man could see
I would never sell my soul for the P
When you're looking at Skepta, you're looking at grime
So the only thing I gotta stay true to is me
I don't need a helping hand
Stand up tall, I'm my own man
Find me on the tallest building in the country singing as loud as I canI-I feel so alive, so alive
(S-K-E-P-T-A)
Got my two feet on the ground
But it feels like I'm in the sky
It's time to enjoy the sun
'Cause we made it through the rain
Put your hands up in the sky
Like you're tryna touch a plane
I-I feel so alive, so alive(Boy Better Know oh-oh, yeah)Shit what have I done
Raa, everyone singing along to my bars man
Went triple platinum, see me I'm trying to do what Elvis done
And the stage is way too big for me
Labels never thought this guy from the ghetto could make all these girls sing for me
Nana, nana, nana, na ee
I got a big NANA chain hanging down to my navel
Tell the bartender "take a fat bottle of champagne to Polydor's table"
Big men acting like school kids

Say there gonna run up on me with a full clip
So I pull down the two flaps on my hat
'Cause I didn't want to hear that bullshit I-I feel so alive, so alive
(D-A-Double P-to-the-Z)
Got my two feet on the ground
But it feels like I'm in the sky
It's time to enjoy the sun
'Cause we made it through the rain
Put your hands up in the sky
Like you're tryna touch a plane
I-I feel so alive, so alive (nana, nana, nana, na ee) It's time to get dark, Â blacker than Cilla
Fazer aka 6 figure nigga
Man said I got robbed for my chain
Until I put a picture on Skepta's twitter
When I go to the Gucci store I dress rags
Security think that I ain't gonna buy shit
Then I pull out my card, swipe it, bowl out with 20 bags
If I like them, cop them
Fuck the hater, can't stop them
Mc's wanna diss N-Dubz, Â but they can't get a top twenty let alone a top ten
So if it weren't for the fans
I woulda had a haters blood on my hands
I'm a mastermind behind the keyboard
So I'm a carry on stacking up these grands I-I feel so alive, so alive
(D-A-Double P-to-the-Z)
Got my two feet on the ground
But it feels like I'm in the sky
It's time to enjoy the sun
'Cause we made it through the rain
Put your hands up in the sky
Like you're tryna touch a plane
I feel so alive, so alive Â (nana, nana, nana, na ee)

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