

Crime Riddim

Skepta

The feds wanna shift man
Wanna put me in the van, wanna strip a man
Fuck that, I ain't a Chippendale
Wanna strip a male
Put me in a prison cell
Got me biting all my fingernails Sitting in my hotel, listening to beats
My bredrin said that he's in the rave, told me that I should reach
So I jumped in the shower, got ready quick
Pulled up in a taxi, text my bredrin, tell him I'm on the strip
I stepped in, went to the bar, made my order
I got my drink, I posted up in the darkest corner
This guy frantically jumping around and spilled my drink twice
But I really ain't tryna fight, really ain't tryna see no jail tonight The feds wanna shift man
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Got me biting all my fingernails What the fuck? This pussyhole must've been off his nut
In the cut, jumping around like a little slut
I pulled him up, "yo, you spilt my Hennessy out my cup"
And still tryna run it up, it's like this guy really wants to scuff
Flexing like he had something on the waist
Pull Shorty out the way, blaow, punch him in the face
Made him Shmoney dance, I made him rock away
We ran out of the dance, we could've got away
But we came back, should've gone home and hit the sack
But he never hit me back, I was like "that's a wrap", fuck that
Shorty found some gritty tings to keep us company
Then the feds run up on me and put the cuffs on me
What you know about four man in a cell? Couldn't sleep
Spending pennies in the pissing well
You should see my cell mate, he's in shit as well
Sitting here, just waiting to hear keys in the door

I'm tryna buss this case even if I gotta get on my knees in the court, crazy
Trust me, Dex
Fucking hell, brudda, man
You actually got nicked?
Man, dickhead ting, fighting ting, fam. Look at my knuckle
Fucking hell, what? Strip-searched and?
Fam, not gonna lie, fam. Strip-searched, they made me liff up
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So what, what happened, then? So what's the settings now, bruv?
Well, man, I was just grovelling to the magistrates, man. Literally just begging for my life brudda

Songwriters

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