

So Alive (Radio Edit)

Skepta & N-Dubz

[Skepta]

Yeah Skepta, Boy Better Know, N-Dubz

I 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 Jackson's 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 can

[N-Dubz - Chorus]

I-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 feel so alive, so alive(Boy Better Know-oh-oh, yeah)[Dappy]

Shit what have I done

Raa, everyone singing along to my bars

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, niiaiii

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 cap cause I didn't want to hear that bullshit[N-Dubz - Chorus]

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[Fazer]

It's time to get dark

Blacker than Cilla

Fazer aka 6 figure n-gga
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 aint gonna buy shit
Then I pull out my card, swipe it, bowl out with 20 bags
If i like them, cop them, f-ck the hater, can't stop them
MC's wanna diss N-Dubz 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'mma mastermind behind the keyboard so I'mma carry on stacking up these grands[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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