

Everyone's Dead

Rizzle Kicks

Everyone's posing
Everyone's nosing
Everyone's got someone by the scrotum
Everyone's choosing
Nobody's chosen
Everyone's dead Yeah, don't come at me with that dead arse vibe
You little sheep
I count you in my bed at night
You want beef? Well the steaks are high
Call me sega
I got mega drive
Used to be a dead beat
Now I kill a mic till the beats dead
Yes please
If you want to vibe all my peeps say yeah
Under your skin like an ingrown hair
See I'm straight to the point
All about honesty
You wanna be, be gone
You little wanna be
Yeah I'm really not bothered if we're nominees
See I'm more concerned about Mon Amie
That's my friends yeah in French
Did it in school did you think I was dense
Use to be Pensive till I made pence
Used all my senses till it made sense
Real chairman never sat on the bench
I'm way to offensive to sit on the fence
You're too narrow minded to live on the edge
So I'm sorry to remind you we can't be friends Everyone's posing
Everyone's nosing
Everyone's got someone by the scrotum
Everyone's choosing
Nobody's chosen
Everyone's dead Everyone's dead (oh no)
Everyone's dead (oh no)
Everyone's dead (oh no)
Everyone's Dead (oh no) I've been around the world
And I've seen a lot of things

But I never thought that I'd see this
I've seen brain dead adults
That act like children cause they're not getting their fix
Of unreality, reality they haven't got a Danny about what the F is happening
So engrossed a world full of manikins
Fake arse people
And fake arse challenges
Dazed and confused Lazy and bemused Think for yourself once
You may be amused
Don't get lost by the raving reviews
And just follow suits like you're chasing the schmoose
Cause sooner or later you'll get found out
For not knowing more the pounds
They're so trapped by the bright lights and shout outs
Bruv you'll never know when you're going down
You're going down(Call the paramedic)Everyone's posing
Everyone's nosing
Everyone's got someone by the scrotum
Everyone's choosing
Nobody's chosen
Everyone's deadEveryone's dead (oh no)
Everyone's dead (oh no)
Everyone's dead (oh no)
Everyone's Dead (oh no)Yo it's J to the Steezy
Mr Sylvester
Roll up to your yard in ford fiesta
Swag level on a million
Raybans dark enough to have the daily mail call them immigrants
I like a lot of people but I trust few
Text people I hate saying I love you
Then kill them in the Whatsapp group like
Everyone's Dead madting what you up too?
Come through telling you to bump my shit
Cause I'm ill enough to make you need to duck my sick
Left the room for a bit but now we come back in
And everybody's doing one dam thing
And it's boring
Morning!
Yeah we've been Top Of The Pops
So we're happy when bop to the shops
We'll keep running our gobs
Until the Queen takes LSD
Pigs Fly
Or Tinie Tempah wears socks, GONE

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