

# Return of the Rucksack

## Stormzy

I don't wanna be on Lord of the Mics with shit MC's  
Nah bro, I'm above that  
Using my name for a dead bit of fame  
Tryna get up in the game, yeah right nigga, fuck that  
Stormz' ain't grime and Stormz' ain't clash  
Look don't be fooled 'cause the war ting, I love that  
Call this the return of the rucksack,  
Oi Flipz get the four-door truck back Come to your block in my PJ's  
Big dot dot for the briefcase  
Bro bought me a watch for my B-day  
And my girlfriend's a boss like I'm Decay  
Yeah, I lick shots for my DJ  
And I'm still getting guap in my CK's  
Big whip I'm underground parking (skrrt, skrrt)  
That's word to the fob on my key-chain  
Nigga can't flex on me, can't flex on me  
Rude boy thing, all the cheques on me  
See Big Mike on the IV site  
Now the pengtings wanna do the sex on me  
I've got scars for days, I'm so tribal  
You're not Ghana made, you're not Michael  
I can spar and spray with my idols  
Look, if I slap your face, it'll go viral  
I was on my saracen bike on my ridge back (Word)  
Cold on the road but I did that (Word)  
iPhone 3 with the GiffGaff (Word)  
Take a break little nigga, have a Kit Kat (Cool)  
Came from the wall like a mix pack  
I've got pengtings shaking their tic tacs  
And I know that I shouldn't be sending but broke niggas shouldn't make diss tracks  
You broke niggas should've been quiet  
I'm cold little nigga, don't try it  
Yeah I think I'm the best, I'm biased  
And I shoot for your chest like Payet  
But I roll deep on these  
Show these likkle MC's about greaze  
Show these likkle MC's about me  
I was on my steeze from 2003  
Like I roll deep on these

Put these MC's on deep freeze

Yeah, I roll deep on these

Put these MC's on deep freeze

Yeah, I roll deep on these

Put these MC's on deep freeze

Yeah, I roll deep on these

Put these MC's on deep freeze

Yeah

Man are getting killed by other MC's then coming round here tryna start

Rude boy, we ain't forgotten your past

Laughing stock for the year, what a laugh

Sending for MC's can't be your path

Rude boy, come off my name, just graft

Man wanna know what they paid for the part

Know that I'm comfy, shout out Noel Clarke

Bro you're too thirsty, I don't blame you

I get merky, I get paid too

You're not certi', I can't hate you

Just a wasteman looking for a break-through

I know Kofi, I know Kweiku

You can't smoke me, I don't rate you

Man, I told these niggas that it's album time and it'll probably go gold on my debut

I was on a BMX bike with the trick nuts (Word)

Out here tryna get my chips up (Word)

Known for the park with my lightie (Mm?)

I was fifteen tryna get my dick sucked (Eurgh)

Young nigga tryna get my dick wet (Word)

Had a cold pink jacket like Dipset

Last night I just rung my accountant

Like talk to me brother, am I rich yet?

Like, talk to me brother, can I buy this?

Big yard for my nephew Alias

Can't get this style from a stylist

Then I blow on the riddim like ISIS

But I roll deep on these

Show these likkle MC's about greaze

Show these likkle MC's about me

I was on my steeze from 2003

Like I roll deep on these

Put these MC's on deep freeze

Yeah, I roll deep on these

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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