Integrity

Jme

Shh!
Before I start top lip slapping
You think me and Skepta were born rapping
Born in the ends, move food in the ends and that's the new meaning of spawn trapping
She sells sea shells on the sea shore, no
He sells weed scales and a P4, yeah
He sells details, swiping the law
Deets, AKA credit card fraud
You can't test me in the music game, I've got bare XP
Doing this ting for real, in school, while you was typing up your CV
I was downloading on Windows NT
Bare sample packs for Fruity Loops 3
Ask Mr. Covil about me, I was walking around, with my jacket that said Mic Controller on the back
Best MC in the game, fact
Didn't care about charts or about plaques
Didn't give a shit about YouTube stats
Didn't give a fuck about first week sales, now you wanna come and chat all this crap?
Fam, all I wanted to do was pick up the mic and spray, and today I still do that, so
Chat to me about fucking up shows, bringing hundreds of supporters to the videos, spitting brand new bars nobody knows, still everybody in the room up on their toes
Room smoked out even though I don't smoke, forget my bars and freestyle, I don't choke
Been doing this for over ten years so anyone that was there from the start that only cares now, fuck you rudeboy
Ring my phone, I will duck you rudeboy
Chatting 'bout "ah, I ain't see you for time", yeah, I don't wanna buck you rudeboy
You never used to check me back in the day
You didn't used to rate me back in the day
You never used to bred me back in the day
So how the fuck am I the one who's changed?
Piss me off, hard from the start and I ain't gone soft
Your new fans come like tans, they only wanna bred man's skin after man got hot
Grime in my heart just like Logan
More serious than my slogan
Anybody wanna go against me, I will leave you seeking asylum like Snowden
Trust me, even if you don't see me
I'm working so I don't get rusty, cause I'm born to do it like C.D
These man try cuss me and they ain't even sold one CD
The only time they'll succeed is if they bill a zoot and it's seedy
They don't know about fucking up shows, bringing hundreds of supporters to the videos, spitting brand new bars nobody knows, everybody in the room up on their toes

Room smoked out even though I don't smoke
Forget my bars and freestyle, I don't choke
Been doing this for over ten years so anyone of you cocaine snorting label executives that thinks you can take my integrity for a couple bags, think twice
I make grime and I get paid
I'm nice
In a rave, get a lemonade and ice
I thought by now it was apparent that these guys cannot develop our talent
I thought by now it was bait that these guys just try decide man's fate
When I made Serious way back in 2006, I can't forget Sam told me it was a hit
I had to have bare meetings with pricks
Labels, A&Rs;, radio playlists, managers looking at me like a dick
They weren't rating me but guys they were rating, now, ain't shit
But I'm still about, in fact I'm more than about right now
Sold out tour, smashing it out
About twenty features, smashing 'em out
See me in a six cylinder, three litre, two turbo, ragsin it out
So don't tell me that grime shouldn't be the music that man's putting out
If you don't know about fucking up shows, bringing hundred's of supporters to the videos, spitting brand new bars nobody knows still everybody in the room up on their toes
Room smoked out even though I don't smoke
Forget my bars and freestyle, I don't choke
Been doing this for over ten years so shh hut yuh muh, 'llow it!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/