

Slicker Than Your Average

Craig David

Yo, Craig

There's some real jealous people out there right
Tryin' to say how you're whack
And your music's soft
And you ain't got nothin' to say
Well, it's album number two right
So you gotta let 'em know
So do your thing, take your time
Speak your mind
Ever since I first stepped up
They thought I wasn't good enough, no
They told me that I'd only last one song
(That's foolish man, what's it like now? 7 million albums?)
They said I wasn't from the streets
When I was working behind the scenes
Shit like this don't happen overnight, no no
While they're tellin' me about my imagery
How I'm so squeaky clean whenever I'm on TV
Too much jealousy in the industry
Why are you watching me when you should just let me be
Slicker than your average
Tell me what do you want from me
Slicker than your average
Tell me what do you want from me
Slicker than your average, hey
Tell me what do you want from me
Slicker than your average
Ooh, tell me what you want from me
Some people say it's been too long
That's why I'm here to prove them all wrong
So why do imitators wanna bite my style
(Ladies and gentlemen, will the real Craig David, please stand up?)
You never had a problem at all
When I was havin' woman trouble
Somebody fill me in, didn't I serve my time
Remember who gave you rewind
While they're tellin' me that I'm too R&B
How I turned right back up the whole U.K. garage scene
Now they're stressing me when I know there's much more to see

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Slicker than your average
Tell me what do you want from me
Slicker than your average, hey
Tell me what do you want from me
Slicker than your average
Ooh, tell me what you want from me
Everywhere that I go
They keep stopping my flow
Everywhere that I go
They keep stopping my flow
Yo, check it
There comes a time
When you've gotta take a step to do what's right
(As much as I like I can't possibly please everyone)
Slicker than your average, singer serving garage
Busy tryin' to slam me 'cause I smashed it
Well they don't understand us, I'm hittin', I'm established
By takin' British music to the masses
The gold diggers go bananas
The same ones that didn't show me no love when I was cashless
In the day when it really mattered
When I was pennin' competition, no publishin' hits for damage
Now the gold go to me so minimal
I'm involved in the platinum plaques and records sold
Heaven knows that I've battle producer with ego
And there were those that were told exactly where to go
Somebody please stop these little kids
They wanna pull bumpers off my 2 0 6
Shoutin' outside of the block I used to live
They don't like my records so why listen to this
Slicker than your average
Tell me what do you want from me
Slicker than your average
Tell me what do you want from me
Slicker than your average, hey
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