

IC3 (feat. Skepta)

Ghetts

Ghetts Feat. Skepta - IC3
All black attire
Draw back and fire
My nigga dem ride out
Horseback for hire
Full clip in the dryer
I ain't talking Richard
But I'm talkin' prior
What you know bout death and bury?
What you know about pressin' semi? (Huh)
What you know 'bout? (Greaze)
What you know 'bout Ghetts and Skeppy? (Go on then)
I feel like I'm born again
Me and Ghetts on a track and it's feeling like the rooftop all again
Yeah we're firin' that corn again
Get the toe tags and the body bags in
Soon as they told me about the power that came with the black skin
Unlocked it then I tapped it
Alchemist, when I feel the pressure I make diamonds
I cannot stop gettin' the racks in
Who woulda thought back then
We'd be some powerful black men
Back when, we was in estates I was trapped in, trappin'
Y'all don't know how this impacted us
Can't look a nigga when flats are us
Abandoned flats where the mandem trap
I took a few L's in my Champion hat
Came back like a champion and landed jabs while bein' branded black
African man, you see the jewels on my neck
Class of deja, went school with the best
When I fire my lyrics, you know I shoot for the chest and the head
Eyes roll back, better check if he's dead
I cannot act for the image
I'm in the motherland putting racks in the village
What you talkin' 'bout, Willis?
Ever see me on the iPhone, better know I'm talkin' 'bout b'iness
Don't tell me to go back where I
came from while the queen sits there with stolen jewels
Cool, I'll go back with a chain on
And light up the place like I'm Akon
I got a bullet with your name on
Bloodstains on the pavement you played on
You think I give a fuck about a loose screw?
My brudda, my whole brain's gone
Look in the mirror
I see king, I see me

I see who? I see what? IC3
Look in the mirror
I see king, I see me
I see what? I see who? IC3Yeah
Please don't talk about numbers
I don't wanna hear what he did
Talk about me, you're talking undefeated
Talk about SK, G, H - no introduction needed
The Queen offered me the MBE
I said no and I raised my fist
I went home, got my chieftaincy
Now I'm back on the strip
Police stop me in the street
They wanna take a pic There's only one Ghetts and there's only one Skepta
Blood of a king so I named my son Emperor
You see, right now I'm on a mad one
I need red rooms for the whole month, pepstar
I ain't gonna say I don't want no smoke
Like man don't know I am the drug tester
The young mad boy old niggas love lecture
Diamond under pressure Them man are playing question time
Talkin' about - who's next in line?
Who da best in grime?
All we wanna know is who gonna stand the test of time?
Labels on the phone and I had to press decline
With a heart like mine
How could I quit? Bought a crib out of the bits
Mum's proud of the kids
Didn't wanna play us on the radio
We took the ting worldwide, now man are pissed I'm a serial cheat, I got too many exes
Don't know how long I been dumping
Where was you when that Boy Better Know and that Movement 'Ere right now, man are
wonderin'
Some of you niggas need humblin'
I got drink that needs pourin'
Got weed that needs crumblin'
Got gyal asking my real name
My mum don't even call me Justin Look in the mirror
I see king, I see me
I see who? I see what? IC3
Look in the mirror
I see king, I see me
I see what? I see who? IC3 Go on then, go on then, go on then, draw for the 'chete
Bullets start droppin' down like confetti
Won't bring a strap if the beef is petty
Nah, rudeboy, I just draw for the 'chete
Make your belly look like a bowl of spaghetti
Leave your lip bust and your forehead sweaty
I make you wish you never drew the machete

Go on then, you think you're ready?
(Greaze)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>