

# Man

## Skepta

I don't know why man's callin' me family all of a sudden  
Like hmm, my mum don't know your mum  
Stop telling man you're my cousin  
I got day ones and I got new ones  
No fake ones, trust no one  
It's Boy Better Know 'til I die  
Tryna run up in the bank like Bonnie and Clyde  
Cause man get money with the gang  
Man get girls with the gang  
Man eat food with the gang  
Man talk slang to the feds  
Can't work out what I just said to a man  
Told me you was a big fan but the first thing you said when you saw me is "Can I get a pic for the gram?"  
I was like "Nah, sorry man"  
I only socialize with the crew and the gang  
Woah, guess who's back  
Came a long way from sittin' in the flats  
Came a long way from when whites never used to mix with blacks  
Now all my white niggas and my black mates, we got the game on smash  
I used to rate your page on MySpace but you never stayed on track  
Upset cause your wife is a fan, she done with a little boy  
Now she wants to be with a man  
Told my accountant "Do me a transfer, cause I wanna buy some land"  
You and I have got different plans  
Real mad man, I might go Saint Ann's  
No triple A pass, no wristbands  
You are not mandem, you are not gang  
Tracksuit Mafia, Boy Better Know  
My ones, my team  
Meridian, bad blocks  
London boys, active boys  
You get me?  
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Man get girls with the gang  
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They wanna see me drown  
Tryna hold the mandem down  
Cause I shutdown Shoreditch car park

And I got bars like Camden Town  
Out there tryna survive on the streets  
Tryin' not to get killed by the police  
And I be schoolin' MC's  
Nobody leaves 'til half-past-three  
This year I'mma teach them a lesson  
Tell Grace don't reply to those emails  
Nah, I don't wanna do no sessions  
It's like them man have got an obsession with my style of expression  
But in public, never hear my name mentioned  
Catch them at the nightclub entrance  
Always seekin' attention  
But I be inside, tryna get burst  
Lookin' all cool like Herc  
Dressed like I just come from P.E  
You're dressed like you just come from church  
Better do your research  
You don't wanna hear my verse come after your verse  
MCs act brand new cause they got a little money in their purse  
So you had a good solo career?  
Had a few big songs over the years?  
Back then you was a real Top Boy  
But right now fam, nobody cares  
Walked in the club, everybody's like  
"Who is he? Why is he walkin' around with security?"  
You know the postcode when you're talkin' road  
Better know that I speak that fluently I don't know why man's callin' me family all of a sudden  
Like hmm, my mum don't know your mum  
Stop telling man you're my cousin  
I got day ones and I got new ones  
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