

Big Narstie, Groundwork - feat. Ed Sheeran, Paper

Coming to ya from the outskirts
I've been waitin' outside for time but now they gonna let me in
But you gotta know one thing, all I ever do is win
Because of that groundwork (yeah)
I've been settin' this mic alight until the fight takes over
My team build upon many years of groundwork
Cuban look like yellow yam, points to the 'Gram
You know that pound work (pound work), you know how my sound work
Miss the fantastic, I'm a static, make them crowds surf
Lone ranger, I am always on the outskirts
Grab my .40, start playing 40-40
If the demon starts to haunt me (hahahahahaha), they leave and love it
My cannon said, "Just fuck it", on these fingers that will touch it
On the peak like Warren Buffett, like Norris, I just chuck it
Three stars in the moon, flick my wrist and I just bruk it (I just bruk it)
You know my steez
You get the borough to your belly button like Priest from Dancehall Queen
Hardcore settings, never been PG larger 'cause it's easy
Extraterrestrial, ET, thousand grams
Weezy connecting people, BT shoe
Flew off-key, Weezy move for the shadows, creepy
Look for the glasses, Stevie, and when the rhythm all easy, light white, easy-peasy
Know it's PDL in the dunya, I make a man unknown T, like munya
Refer to me, King Kunta, king of Zamunda
I want the gyal with enormous bunda, yeah
I want the gyal with enormous bunda, yeah
I want the gyal with enormous bunda
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Because of that groundwork, I've been settin' this mic alight until the fight takes over
And they say I told ya
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And they say I told ya (who's Pap? Who's-)
I'm out in London, rude boys, top shottas and gunmen
Half of bricks, kilos, six deuces and onions
Black Smith & Wesson, the wooden handle, I'm clutching
So when I backwood, it's not what you roll your blunts in
Came through the door too loud, that's why you suffering
When you into calmers, easier to get buzzed in
Getaway car with the bad engine combustion
Transportin' traffic and racketeering and smugglin'
Remy, get me one more baby, just for your husband
Let's put a restaurant in this name like Puff and Justin
Crack rock seller, back block dweller
Your jetpack, with fair shots but pack box better, uh
Flash rocks fresher, mad fly dresser
Match my leather with the AV, black Margielas, uh
Mack cock level, black shots hella
Stash box in the dashboard, I stash my cheddar
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