

Dizzee Rascal, 2 Far (ft. Wiley)

You really don't have to do this,
why do people jus ask for things when they dont really want it
they should jus shut up
Uh uh uh uh (whaaat) uh uh (im your fitness instructor) uh uh uh uh
(i jus wanna make my money, you make yours) uh uh uh uh uh uh
(it's time for some exercise) uh uh uh (what) uh uh uh uh (make money
or shut up) uh uh uh uh uh

Yo, I don't promote no violence but if that boy gets arrogant O
leave that boy in the basement so,
done with the bat get up jus walk
I'm not a female beater but if that girl gets facety O
slap that girl all hasty cos she might be buff but she's not ruff
i can't believe I'm hearing that boy thinks I'm not dangerous
let me draw his girlfriend home cut no slack she'll never go back
marriage, love, wife please!
all that talk is stupid plus I don't believe in cupid cos
sometimes mo times everyone 2 times

[CHORUS]

who do they think they are
U push me too far
LOOK I don't care who you are
NO I'm a super, superstar
who do they think they are
U push me too far
LOOK I don't care who u are
NO

Yo, yo I dont obey no policemen cos they forget they're human uh
get excited quickly but, he aint got a gun i'll kick him and run (tell him)
don't talk to me about roaming cos queen elizabeth dont know me so
how can she control me when I live street and she lives neat
i love raising conscience but there's jus too much violence uh
i can't stand no nonsense uhuh
book me, watch me, hear me, pay me
i've been far too friendly now
everybody wants a favour but I'm not no ones saviour cos
where was you when I was blue?!

[CHORUS]

Yo, talk in the mike i'll talk neat
talk to your wife i'll talk sweet
talkin tough i'll talk wid my feet
rascals raw like red meat
talk act talk rough
talk sexy talk buff
certain girls talk rough
talk anything, anywhere, any stuff
yeah we got style, we'll get cash
yeah we got style, we'll make cash
certain man talk trash
act funny act flash
bring your bora, bring your mash
get banged, get bashed
we don't care who they are, where they are
if they wanna bring the beef we aint far

[CHORUS]

I was hot steppin in my nike m sneaker
you didn't know I was an mc beater, defeater
giving the mc a sleeper
I'm in to win fairly I'm not a cheater
I'm starving, hungry ready to eat her
your drinks sweet but my drinks sweeter though
I'm getting stronger bro your getting weaker bro
i came straight from the gutter lay low
I'm a ninja turtle u can't step into my circle
in a sound flash I will hurt you

paper, astor, liverpool
anyone wanna make paper they put they're face on the floor and chew
thats what a want
i wanna true ting a double bed fling with a true ting
wiley, rascal that's the bum ting
gyal wanna bang on my bed
no long ting!
[CHORUS x2]
shutup no one can't say nothing ever
I'm your fitness instructor