

Back to Basics (feat. Skepta)

Headie One

It sounds like NygeBring out the dots, get back to basics, if I get stopped, it's back to basic

Bad B lost out my waps and laces,

ting set good, no, she can't be basic

Feds ask questions, I get evasive,

that's "no comment" up in the station

Gang can't sleep on the violation, swear, I'ma spend all my savings

Switch off my iPhone, back to basics, no, we ain't watching faces

Violate us, man are catching cases,

I was on the high road, armed and dangerous

Stepping in some Run Away trainers, no introduction needed

Peng ting already know what my name is,

and this year it's only money I'm chasing

Don't make me spend all my savings, do it for the cause

Go play the field,

gang fluent with the ball, life is tough when you ain't with the law

Seven jails, no, you ain't been on tour

You ain't ever been on license,

feds still tryna put the broom through your door

Yo, go there, do it with the Rambo, do it with a 4s

Should just come back and do it in a wave or do it with a storm

I just stepped with this 9 and

shine and I ain't even do it with my toes

I can bruck this grub into pebbles or do it on the low

They think I do ooh-ooh

Do it with the gang dem, do it on our own

Didn't they know it's the usual, now me and Skep' in the studio

Wrist all numb from the cuffs, so I just bust out my Cuban

Lord knows life was confusing, now I'm just chart

No trim, they don't care if my head back

rough, same way all of them gyally on us

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and this year, it's only money I'm chasing True stories, I ain't gotta lie on my raps
I was beside the feds with a 9 on my lap
Gotta look straight forward, try to relax
If I get pulled this time, it's a wrap
And I still get flashbacks of the cold nights in the trap
And man slept on the floor, no heater
Tottenham boy, I put the T in Tanita
On a first name basis with the shopkeeper
And he already know what I came for, cling film and a Ribena
Big smoke on the feature, come a long way from draws in a pouch
Thirteen scores in my mouth from
the same line, tryna get all of it out
Fast forward, now I turned starboy, man I don't stand on corners
Two left feet when your diamond's
dancing, why your shine look so awkward?
It's One on the chorus with a bit of
Skeptical, that's what they gyal dem ordered
And you better lock up your wife and
daughters 'cause all my guys are ballers Bring out the dots,
get back to basics, if I get stopped, it's back to basic
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