

STORMZY, ANGEL IN THE MARBLE

We still get the work in large amounts
There's somethin' comin' that I can't announce
You know the food taste good when you're starin' at a menu that you can't pronounce
This winter white truffle cost me half an ounce
Homewrecker flows, it's guaranteed to make your partner bounce
There's a horror up in our accounts
Why's your money froze? Runnin' Os, that's how we started out
I saw the angel in the marble and I carved it out
Now look at me, chiseled like da Vinci reappeared in '93
I found it in a press, and then I went and set it free
Now we the black Beatles, let it be
I from South London where them boys die by the hundreds
No one taught us how to mourn, so we go print 'em on our jumpers
Back when Megan had the TT, hood dreams
Didn't even know what it was called, but it looked clean
Used to wear the suede Wallabys 'til my foot leaned
Fifty inch telly courtesy of my booth fiend
You can pay me in electronic devices
Stormz' ain't nice, but he's the nicest
Even back when I was sellin' Miley Cyrus
Put a 'preme on all my prices, sick like a virus
Ah, don't make me do it like my stylist
I hear Top Boy talk from a bunch of quarter-finalists
Real nigga livin' through a bitch nigga crisis
Yeah, I grew up in the jungle, on the grid with Martin Brundle
My hairline's the only thing that keeps a nigga humble
God knew what he was doin' when he made me
Unforgettable, just check the swag, I'm on my Swae Lee
I told Jermaine I could be the Kung Fu Kenny to your Dave Free
Just be the Ty Ty to my Jay Z, they pree, they pree
I get lizzy and I stay flee
These new niggas lit, but they just ain't me, nah
I skrrt through it like I'm Sir Lewis
You nerds had it, but you nerds blew it
So I just got to it
They take shots, but I buck through it
I dodge through it like I'm Rod Stewart
If you want my body and you think I'm sexy
The flow is crystal meth, let me flip it like I'm Jesse
I control it like I'm Walter White
Told my mommy, know I treat her daughter right
She don't have to rental, every sought I fly
I love her up and hold her tight
Mwah, mwah, mwah, give me kiss
Pretty little miss, I tell her what it is
Babe, I take you shoppin' even though I take the piss
I'm only jokin', girl, I'm silly like this kettle on my wrist
Watch dumb, car dumb, cribs dumb, soon done
If my money spoke, to say fee-fi-fo-fum
I hit home runs, no smoke, no guns
No smoke, must be puns, I'm still good in both lungs
This the calm before the storm, I go Bulgari for my jawn
Half a mill' on jackets that I've hardly ever worn
Better check the fee before you ask me to perform
July 26th, that's the day a star was born
It's the arena packer, way back when I used to pree Natascha
Ask facts, yeah, I been a masher
They want a race but I'm Dina Asher
And bring a whole leap of passer
The flow's from God, but the—
It's Big Mike, but I'm More Spinelli
She got the Avril but I prefer the Kelly
I got the O, but I prefer the Skelly
Well done, girl, you hit the belly

I gotta tone it down on Graham Norton, all this swag can't fit on telly
I skrrt around in my big Pirellis
Them man are actors, I should give them Emmys
The man are washed, hang them out to dry
If man are lit, then what the fuck am I?
I must be doin' somethin' right, hell yeah, fuckin' right
Heavy kettle but it's somethin' light
I told Mel, "Do my button tight"
Gotta look clean when I'm gettin' my award
They wonder how I shine, that's the presence of the Lord
They wanna know my scent, nigga, that's Tom Ford
They wanna know the shows and the places that I've toured
They wanna know, "Stormz' don't you ever get bored
Rappin' 'bout things that you know we can't afford?"
Ah, it's Big Mike
The one to shed the light on a rappers insecurity
I ain't like you, I need security
I'm too lit and too rich
Gotta stay dripped for continuity
The boy's too sick, I need immunity
Them boys are too slow, but I'm Boat, or I'm Shelly-Ann
I fill the rap like a jerry can
I shoot like a Steadicam
I got kids, but my chick ain't have no belly scan
Look at my father from many man, boy