

# Shut Em Down

## Public Enemy

Man try say he's better than me  
Tell my man shut up  
Mention my name in your tweets  
Oi rudeboy, shut upHow can you be better than me?  
Shut up  
Best in the scene?  
Tell my man shut upCouple man called me a backup dancer  
Onstage at the BRITs, I'm a backup dancer  
If that makes me a backup dancerThe man in your vids, backup dancer  
The man in your pics, backup dancer  
Man wanna chat about backup dancer  
Big man like me with a beard  
I'm a big man, how the fuck can I backup-?  
Army comes everywhere I go  
I can't run when my enemies show  
Walk in the club with all of my tugs  
Party's done, everybody go home  
Apart from the girl dem, you lot stayWalk in the club, all the girls say hey  
Tell a man like I'm K to the A  
There's no champagne, we don't rave  
Yeah, I'm the best, I'm so cockyI've got a mob like A\$AP Rocky  
I set trends, them man copy  
They catch feelings, I catch bodies  
They roll deep, I roll squaddyGot about 25 goons in my posse  
They drink Bailey's, I drink Vossy  
I get merky, they get worried  
If you got a G-A-T, bring it out  
Most of the real badboys live in south  
If you wanna do me something, I'm about  
I'm not a gangster, I'm just about  
But you see my man over there with the pouch?Dare one of you man try get loud  
All of my mandem move so foul  
I might sing but I ain't sold out  
Nowadays all of my shows sold out  
Headline tour, yeah blud, sold outWhen we roll in, they roll out  
I'm so London, I'm so south  
Food in the ends like there ain't no drought  
Flipz don't talk like he's got no mouth  
I wanna make my mum so proud  
Like "yo Mum, book a flight, go now"All of my ex girls stalking me hard  
Talk to my face, don't talk to my palm  
Had four bills and I bought a new car

Little red whip that I bought for my marge I straight murk, it's a walk in the park  
I take care when I water my plants  
These MCs wanna talk about Lord of the Mics  
You ain't even lord of your yard Dead MCs, blud, leave me alone  
Me and your girl, we speak on the phone  
Kill a whole crew of MCs on my own  
Kill a whole crew of MCs for the throne Look, I was out hungry, so damn hungry  
Man tried eat then leave me the bones  
Now these niggas, they need me to grow  
Hot chocolate and a panini to go  
I'm a big man, fuck a postcode war  
Man were upset about the MOBO Awards  
Yeah, I was gassed at the MOBO Awards  
Why? Cause I ain't won a MOBO before  
Duh, all of you MCs sound so bitter  
Shoutout Deepee, shoutout Flipper  
Best my age, yeah blud, look  
If you don't rate me, shame on you  
If you don't rate me, shame on you  
Can I order a deathbed for an MC?  
He wants beef with me? Make that two  
Anyone else wanna make that move?  
Anyone else wanna pay their dues?  
Stiff Chocolate, yeah my face so smooth  
Imposters wanna take my tunes, check it  
Don't even talk too much, you're a talker  
Dem man still go halves on a quarter  
See me turn from a prince to a pauper  
Two cigarettes and a bottle of water  
Told the bouncers get the bottles in  
Man in the kitchen putting in orders  
Stiff Chocolate, skin clear like water  
Smooth on this ting, start locking up daughters  
Brown skin girl in the club, I want that one  
Who's got Rizla and chip? I wanna strap one  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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