

I Don't Need a Reason

Dizzee Rascal

All I do is flex, I don't need a reason
All I want is sex, I don't need a reason
Fly out on a jet, I don't need a reason
Every day's a never ending summer season
160, blink and miss me
Super nifty, riding swiftly
Rolling through the sticks
Leather extra crispy, effortlessly
Power steering, accurately, ready for action, actually
Mellow, relaxed and cocking my snapback
Not taking no God damn back chat
Just racking up fat stacks
No ring, no chain, no fat chaps
Can't get no sleep, no cat naps
And everybody wanna be on my black sack
But I don't slack
You don't really wanna see me get abstract
I'll switch up the place like have that
Don't care about none of that rap crap
Steer clear of the rat trap
Some say that I lack tact
But I'm on the map
And I'm setting the pace, I'm on track
So get out my face, I'm on slapping
I'm on scrapping, so stop yapping, what's crackalacking?
Don't follow fashion, just keeping it G
With these hoes, macking, and that's what's happening
What?
That's what's happening
God bless me, nobody can't test me
Everyday life can't stress me, stay on the ball like Messi
Money and women are the only things that impress me
I stay fly and sexy
Life is a game of chess, and all the girls wanna check me
How much do you wanna bet me, that I never ever let a female sweat me?
Get me
I ain't gotta talk no more, cause soon as I walk in the door everybody stops doing what they're
doing, don't know what they're pausing for, don't know what they're gawping for
Bad boy from the LDN, what the world's been calling for, been balling for
And your girl gets wet, stays up in the morning for
Don't know what you're stalling for
Get with the programme, I got the flow and I've got the dough and money to blow
And, this ain't a slow jam, ready to rock and I'm ready to roll, I'm gripping at the Trojan

Never gonna get caught slipping, never gonna get caught tripping
Never too soft on the women
If it ever gets too hot in the kitchen, I'm dipping, I ain't gonna stand there dripping, I'm missing
International, flex and go
When I'm at home, I stay low
Yo, lay in the cut, they can't see me bro
And I'm living it up, they can't be me though
Get on the mic, I get easy dough
When I'm cutting the cheques, cause I'm C.E.O.
Keep on fronting, like you don't know
I stay repping the Manor, and that's E3, Bow
Stay with a brownin', get around the town, you better hold it down
I'll leave you breathing slow
Overstand, cause I ain't even clowning, I'll leave you drowning from head to toe
Wet, why you trying to put me in check?
I play for keeps, you better know I don't pet
Knock your head off your shoulders, no sweat, watch your step

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>