

Don't Mug Yourself

The Streets

[Verse 1: Mike Skinner]

A new day, another morning after
Leanin' back on my chair in a greasy spoon cafeteria
Last night was some beer-lairy-ness done our way
But again, we're back in the light of day
Chattin' shit, sittin' at the wall table, telling jokes
Playin' with the salt, looking out the window
Girl brings two plates of full English over
With plenty of scrambled eggs and plenty of fried tomato
Get my phone out, 'bout to give this girl a shout
See if she had a nice time last night uptown
Ask if she fancies tryin' it again some time
Then Cal grabs the phone like "Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi!"

[Chorus: Calvin Bailey]

Hold it down, boy, your head's getting blurred
I know you can't stop thinking of her
By all means, you can vibe with this girl
But just don't mug yourself, that's all, don't mug yourself

[Interlude]

Seriously Mick, you fucker
No, no, no! I mean, I'll fuckin', I'm no way, d'you know what I mean?
I mean I'll fuckin'... I can take it or leave it, believe!
And then Calvin's like, "Oi!"

[Verse 2: Mike Skinner]

You need to hold it down Jack, put your phone back
Quit starin' into space and eat your snack, that's that
She'll want you much more for not hangin' on
Stop me if I'm wrong, stop me if I'm wrong
Why should she be the one who decides
Whether it's off or on, or on, or off or on?
Now the girl's rude, I know she's rude
But she screwed right through you, you'll be on your knees soon

[Chorus: Calvin Bailey]

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[Verse 3: Mike Skinner]

And I'm like, honestly, it's not like that
Your actin' like I'm prancin' like a sap
Jumpin' when she claps and that
Oi, do you really think I act whack?
'Cause I'm telling you, I'm servin' the aces
And it's game, set and match
Perfectly in control of this goal, I've got the lead role
Won't be foldin', I'm older than you told
Girl sold, high speed's gold
Game over, game over, too cold

[Chorus: Calvin Bailey]

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[Spoken Outro: Calvin Bailey]

Hold it down, boy, your head's getting blurred
I know you can't stop thinking of her
That girl is – she has smelly on her P's
She must have crab and fuckin' shrimp in her teeth
(No! Oh no, that's it, that's it)
Hold on, hold on, let me go again
Are we, are we still recording?

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