

Take Me Back to London (feat. Stormzy)

Ed Sheeran

Jet-plane, headed up to the sky
Spread wings in the clouds, getting high
We ain't hit a rave in a while
So take me back to London Yo, I do deals but I never get twanged
News that ain't ever been planned
No goons that were never in gangs
Where I'm from chat shit get banged
Where I'm from chat shit, let the 12-gauge rip
Yeah, sick how it fits in my hand
I don't mix with the glitz and the glam
All these stupid pricks on the 'Gram
I don't do online beef, or need your grime beef
I'm way too G'd up to beef with with grime neek
I bought an AP to help me time-keep
My shooter ride deep, he moves when I speak
My shooter ride, shooter guy
Leave you wet like you scuba dive
We were younger then, and now we're unified
South London boys get ya crucified
I'm gone
It's that time
Big Mike and Teddy are on grime
I wanna try new things
They just want me to sing
Because nobody thinks I write rhymes
And now I'm back in the biz with my guy
Give me a packet of crisps with my pint
I hit my friends up, go straight to the pub
'Cause I haven't been home in time
Yes, I
But that's my fault (Oh)
Grossed half a billi' on the divide tour (Oh)
Yes, I ain't kidding, what would I lie for? (Oh)
But now I'm back on the track with Big Michael (Woah)
He said, "Teddy, never get off your high horse
And never let 'em take your crown"
I've been away for a while, traveled a million miles
But I'm heading back to London Town, right now
Jet-plane, headed up to the sky
Spread wings in the clouds, getting high
We ain't hit a rave in a while
So take me back to London

Bass high, middle nine, ceiling low
Sweat brow dripping down when in Rome
No town does it quite like my home
So take me back to London Yeah, when I squeeze off this little plan of mine
Done the remix, now I got Ed on grime
And this ain't like any top-ten of mine
I arrived at Wembley ahead of time
And that's stadiums, man are aliens
I drink super-molten vibranium
I go hard, I'm a living titanium
And I rock 5970 daily
But I want soul
I want flows
Don't need tags drippin' off my clothes
Don't need pricks blowing up my phone
And Ted said, "That's just the way things go"
It's just the way things go, amazing flows
Grime or rap, man, I gave 'em both
Took this sound that was made in Bow and went global, man
Now the case is closed 2015 in a Baddingham pub
I told Stormz two years he'll be wrapping it up
And you'll go through tears with the people you love
And when you get to the top, man, it's never enough
'Cause you can win BRITs (It don't stop)
And you can do Glasto' (Headline slot)
But when you're miles away and you're feeling alone
Gotta remember that there ain't no place like home Jet-plane, headed up to the sky
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