

Take Me Back to London

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 (Twanged)
News that ain't ever been planned (Planned)
No goons that were never in gangs (Gangs)
Where I'm from, trap shit, get banged (What?)
Where I'm from, trap shit, let a 12 gauge drip
Yeah, it's sick how it fits in my hand (Hand)
I don't mix with the glitz and the glam (Glam)
All these stupid pricks on the 'Gram
I don't do online beef, or neeky grime beef
I'm way too G'd up to beef for grime neek
I bought an AP to help me time keep
My shooter ride deep, he moves when I speak
My shooter ride (Ride), he shoot a guy (Guy)
Leave you wet like you scuba dived
We were younger then and now we're unified
South London boys, get you 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 guys
Give me a pack of the crisps and 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, travelled a billion miles
But I'm heading back to London town right now

Jet plane headed up to the sky (To the sky)
Spread wings in the clouds, getting high (Woop, woop)
We ain't hit a rave in a while (In a while)
So take me back to London
Bass high, middle nights, ceilin' low (Ceilin' low)
Sweat brow drippin' down, when in Rome (When in Rome)
No town does it quite like my home
So take me back to London

Yo, when I squeeze off this little pen of mine
On 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, you man are aliens
I drink super-molten Vibranium
I go hard, I'm a livin' titanium
And I work a five-nine-seven, no daily, but
I want slow, I want flows

Don't need tags ripping off my clothes
Don't need pricks blowin' up my phone
And Ted said, "That's just the way things go"
It's just the way things go, amazin' flows
Grime or rap, man, I gave 'em both
Took this sound that was made in Bow
Went global, man, now the piece 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
But when you get to the top, man, it's never enough
'Cause you can win BRITS (It don't stop)
And you can do Glasgow (Headline slot)
But when you're miles away and you're feeling alone
Gotta remember that there ain't no place like home

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