

# 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  
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  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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