

This is 60 in his element  
Spitting bars that don't mean shit, they irrelevant  
Fuck around and dis the whole scene for the hell of it  
Maybe if I stop fucking around, I'm a celibate (get it, cunt!)  
The only rapper with a perfect score  
Yo, I've burnt so many bridges that I might as well burn some more  
I'm the fake friend you see and then shake hands, make plans with you and cancel before the day ends (ah, forgot I had plans, mate)  
It's really hard to make sense, I try to cash a raincheck and still haven't been paid yet  
I've been rapping in Pig Latin like adlays  
So when I say your ash tray, I really mean you're trash, mate  
I'm a make a verse, make it work  
Your life's a joke like your date of birth, it's April 1st  
Your girl keep coming back  
Boomerang  
She 'bout that life  
All she wanna do is bang  
The only reason I shot for the stars I couldn't reach  
The only reason I'd land on an earth I couldn't see  
So having bad vision's a good look for me  
Cause if I wasn't half blind, here is where I wouldn't be

Okay, I'm back in my zone, your time's up, bitch  
I'll give you a right hook with the hand that I write hooks with  
Stay clear I'm here, your fam stressed  
If I decide to let your blood spill, I'll wipe the floor with you like a polite guest  
How come those I see trying to indirect is slightly bliss  
With the same people I see bomb licking and writhing dick  
We don't play top five, D.O.A  
Make the streets go crazy like free cocaine  
I'm from the U.K  
I don't say "lit" and I don't "turn up", too stoned to party  
If the spliffs lit, then I don't turn up  
They should call you the scat man cause everything you spit is nonsense  
They should call me the scat man cause I'm shitting on 'em  
Come to the clashes on joke shit and still when they get roasted when I spin 'em like rotisserie chicken  
I just bagged an ounce and I'm about to let the Kraken out, I swear  
And I'm getting fucked up like I'm at my Grandma's house  
The one and only, I'm the blueprint  
I'm sick of these average rappers stepping on my toes scuffing

my new kicks

I'm talking 'bout no one specific, but if the shoe fits  
You still couldn't walk a mile in it, pussy, I do this