

Ayy

I'm old school like you're not greazy (Greazy)
G, I can't forget my culture (Culture)
Push bike, man bag and a toaster (Toaster)
That's the days of an old school smoker (Smoker)
Kickers, Wallabees, loafers
You weren't outside when these were the coldest
Them days was shanks, shotties, revolvers

I'm old school like knock down ginger (Yes)
Flip phones and driving ringers
Avirex and Morley's for dinner (Uh)
Old school like Jerry Springer (Yeah)
Tamagotchis, Reebok Workouts (You know)
Frontline, two lines with the work out (Ayy)
Them days these girls never knew about all out (Uh)
And they still don't know about all out (Nah)
Old school like you don't wanna fall out (Nah)
Enter the block on your feet but crawl out
Ho, have a seat right now, pull a stool out (Please)
Old school like the Odeon
And when SpongeBob hit Nickelodeon
And the tube, I ain't talking fallopian
Hoes high like they hit that opium (Yeah)
Old school like the cocaina
Triple H and John Cena
Remember I span that bitch and had the whole UK laughing like hyenas (Haha)
I'm such a petty fucker (I am)
D-d-d-d-did I stutter? (Did I)
Old school like a Tetley cuppa (You know)
Dimzy, I don't know these hoes
And I wouldn't even wipe my arse on their clothes (I wouldn't)
I'm a OG, old school, old street code, old rules (You know)
It's one thing being bad on the net
Being bad in real life is a whole other flex (Yes)
And that's suttin that a bitch don't get (Yeah)
She a troll, not a doll, not a threat (Ayy)

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I'm old school like VHS
3D Pinball, Space Cadet (Baow)
Them jelly crep with the frilly socks
In the disco, weren't doing Milly Rock (Huh)
Silly thots, we ain't size (Nope)
Big and what? We outside (Yeah)
Came a long way from the 468 (Skrtrt)
Whitehorse Lane (Mm-hmm)
Rolled-up skirt and the fat tie
Billing up a spliff, no chip, no Biff

They love how I rap, get wet and stiff (Ooh)
They all wan' breed but I'm sick of these kids
Talk 'bout beef, you don't know what it is
'90s yute with a violent boot
Kick down gyal, old school, nothin' new (Bop-bop)
Five pound draw, Blues Clues
Two-twos, LimeWire tunes
Spin it, pull it, twist it, bop it
Pop and lock it, Polly Pocket (Haha)
Come against me, hell no Elmo (What?)
Dem gyal there muppet
Sesame Street, on the wrist Van Cleef (Bling)
Used to be shagbands, fill in the gap
Suck your hangman
Any time I step on the track, they get span man
Old school style, Gangnam
Click, click, bang, bang
Ting don't jam-jam (Why?)
This ain't a sandwich
Way past twenty-one, but I'm still savage
Anywhere I go, do damage, dammit (Dammit)
I'm old school like love pon Bebo
Debo, GTA cheat codes (Yeah)
Old school like 3310 (Brr)
Push your wig back since way back when

I'm old school like Mykal Million
Still tryna get me a million
My girl's got natural hair, long
No, she ain't wearing Brazilian (Long)
My hunters are outside spinning it (Spinning it)
Jump out gang and finish them, finish him
You don't wanna see a man get out the car
You know he's gonna up it and click on him, pick on him
I'm old school like Tom and Jerry
I don't like Jerry, them man got a few Jerrys (Waps)
I'm old school like Avirex jackets
Vespas, zips, typhs and gilles
I'm old school like forty-forty home (Forty)
Now we got the .44 spinny in the whizzy (Forty)
Three-two auto spins and the mizzy (Bling)
You know we ain't new to the glizzy
I'm old school like playing my Sony Ericsson loud on the back of the bus (Facts)

I'm old school like when Eastenders had Dirty Den, Robbie and Gus
I'm old school like Morley's medley mix
I think that was like three nug (Old school)
I was outside when Arsenal had the forty-nine game unbeaten run