

Back To Basics

Aitch

(WhyJay on the buttons once again, you know what the fuck it is)
(Oi-oi L Star, L Star, L Star absolute badman ting rude boy)

When I spray that skippy, man come through militant
Blacked out on a ride out, move diligent
Clapped out on a grime sound, mans killing em'
Pussyole sounding oh so innocent
Old school flows, man are bap-bap- drilling em'
Your EP's, man are black bag binning em'
My EP's coming one in a million
DJ's pulling up decks and spinning em'
Skippy flow man I come like double Dutch
24/7 I'm first in the race and I ain't ever heard of a thing called runners-
up
Man I just double clutch, light up the track
Then glide round the back, see gang in the shubs with the guys in the black,
that's facts
And them man chat about backs and straps
But wagwarn when you get napped, it's daft
Bars come dutty, gyaldem wanna try giver man ucky
Light up the mice cah' I'm spitting out flames
I've got bars for days and the flows too mucky
Man do nuttin' but duppy
Bark like a big dog, them man are puppy
One man said that I'm overrated
But my mans lyric books looking all dusty

Yeah-yeah-yeah
Bap-bap drill it, I'm back to basics
Yeah-yeah-yeah
Far from finished, I could bar for ages
Yeah-yeah-yeah
Spin man in a minute, get parred with the phrases
Yeah-yeah-yeah
I've got lyrics, put man in their places

What, man can't chat about Aitch ain't cold
Is he daft? I've got flows that are sickening
Watch next time I jump on a set
I might drink too much and start ripping him
And if I send lyrical shots at a man
Then I swear to god I'm not missing him
You can catch L's on L's cause' when I touch mic
No messing, I'll be straight up blitzing him
Like fuck off, quick armbar, mans elbow bruck off
A-I-T-C-H on the mic, at the top of this ting and I won't get took off
Man best know if we're talking flows then dun' know I got the coldest one
Don't get me wrong, I've got bare new lyrics
But I still get a pull up on the oldest one
Cause I'm going on stone cold, lyrical Steve Austin
Don't give a fuck about a shank, you'll get boxed in
My man couldn't stand up when I rocked him
I go hard on the mic but all these other man are on some flop ting
I could make grimey bangers for time
Then switch it up and go mad on a pop ting
Intelligent rhymes, I'm leathering guys
Last year man said I'd get better in time, now I'm heavy on grime

Not saying I'm the best but in Manny's Top 5
Put me on the relevant side, get peppered on mic
Man come like Tekken on site
In a clash my opponent better think twice
And if he's thinking straight
Then he should know that I'm gonna rinse him mate
Touch mic and leave him in a victim state
Bare man like "Rah you just ripped him Aitch"
But I don't give a shit, I'm a prick on stage
I just think of a lyric and spray one
Hold tight my g's dem' Arbee and Al
How can man even talk to the feds
I won't snitch on my bros [?]

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