

Big Steppin

Bugzy Malone

Yo here we go
Ah shit, yeah man
Bugzy Malone
You know, watch this

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I've come a long way from my Audi A3 days
I used to have the crop gaff full of green like I was CJ

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They let you freestyle on the showroom when they've been paid

Everybody's fallen off, me I like to maintain
I guess that makes me a big dog, call me the great Dane
Them man blew their money on their side chicks and their champagne
I wanted the latest mobile for my Batcave
I broke up with my ex of ten years, that was a deep pain
Now I'm single all these sluts are gassed like I'm methane
Fuck them and their OnlyFans, tell that bitch to behave
Me I want a ten-ten I can spoil on her B-Day
Me I want a ten-ten with some morals and a clean slate
I was still in school back when Shelly had the twelve gauge
I was on the block back when Gaz was still a mad man
I was outside Jays when the nina went bang-bang

And they think I'm not from gang life
I 'member watching man get stabbed to bits one night outside the party and y a man died
Heard the doctors brought him back to life, it mustn't of been time
They wonder why I always had my knife, why do you think I'm
Big steppin' 24, no messing
He wants to be the king of the north, God bless him
Now they're calling me the great British dream
I used to think that I was tricky like Ronaldo but I think I'm more Messi
I don't think my lyrics could get any more tekky
And I used to have water with my porridge for my brekky
I banged down my jail cell door when I got aggy
Now I have a little drop of Guinness in my Maggy

This is big steppin', I'm in deep, no rest
I hear he want's be like me, God bless
And now they're calling me an entrepreneur
I used to think that I was good at playing checkers but I think it's more ch ess
I don't think my haters could get any more vexed
Enemies? I'm not sure that I've got any more left
I just murdered 23 and I'll do 24 next

I heard my old bredrin tried to shoot his cousin, caught a bird
And by caught a bird I don't mean a pheasant
It's funny cah' that same cousin smacked me in my mouth
But when I got out of jail, I stuck it on his toes with no weapons
Suddenly it looked like he got hit with bad depression
He said 'Why'd you wanna fight?' Told him stop asking me questions
And why? It's 'cause I had to learn my lesson

It's ironic when they're calling you a king but you came up from a peasant

My south-side nigga caught life and I could see it coming
He told me that he could see demons in his dreams
He was in and out of jail, always knocking on my mums
I'd be standing at my window with my flicky in my jeans
He'd be like 'Wagwarn bro, come we get this P'
I just hear P and hit the roads and I was on repeat
It's ironic when you're tryna get this money to live free
But you'll risk getting incarcerated for couple Gs

Family ain't your family when you catch your family stealing
I'm a man now, that means I'm never in my feelings
Shout-out hammer season, I just smashed the glass ceiling
PTSD's really got my heart bleeding
P is for the problems that the money couldn't pay for
T is for the trauma and the psychotic behaviour
S is for the stress that's got you praying to your saviour
D is because drug dealing puts you in danger

Forget about the dough, me I'm only just healing
I look at the Sterrato and I get a mad feeling
That's a 270 grand car, I'm only at the top because I really work hard
I done my due diligence, I really read books
I read The Art Of War and it taught me how to develop a strategy
They wonder why there's not a rapper in my category
Don't need the university, I learned to play Monopoly
I'm employing staff now, salaries and that
I go shopping on Knightsbridge, galleries and that
I spent a hundred on statues to decorate my gaff
I call it the house of vision cause' I seen it in the past

That's what I call the fragrance, I'm a hustler from the pavement
I went Gucci for a double-breasted suit, got it in grey
If you're hating then you're hating, there's no success without patience
I don't watch all the smiling 'cause most of it is fake

I don't know if they're ready for the message, is it time yet?
I said our sky is the limit, be inspired is the mindset
And it's the year of the great British dream
When an independent rappers on your cinema screen
You wanna see the trainers I just put in JD
And the albums like the great British blueprint on how to succeed
I've got a message for the rich, I'm like Robin Hood and I'm coming up quick
In my school there was tough guys and boisterous kids
In my jail there was tough guys and lunatics
I was locked up with a brudda that just lost his shit
Chilled with his little brother on the block and shit
He said one night his stepdad manhandled his mother
So he must have went home and backed out his stick
He must've wiggled him with the axe, wiggled him with the axe
I'm talking blood up the walls, I came up with some maniacs
I said he wiggled him with the axe, wiggled him with the axe
I hope that they release him soon, my brother I relate to that

Bugzy Malone the great British dream
Yeah, yeah