

# Fire In The Booth

Bugzy Malone

Drove past my mum's old house on Bury New Road  
The one she got evicted from  
Went to McDonald's  
Ordered a cheeseburger and chips on an addicted one  
Then I heard: "Can I get a picture?"  
Stood there and I took fifteen pictures, don  
With fifteen different kids  
I was there on the phone but I left tongue twisted, don  
I know I paint pictures with words  
But I didn't know I was the gifted one  
And now they say I put Manny on the map  
So I hashtag 0161  
Drove back past my mums house  
Looked through the window on a reminiscent one  
Shouldn't have done that  
Cus now I'm having flashbacks of the days when I had hectic fun  
On Super Mario, Donkey Kong  
And I was on my Nintendo all day long  
I could hear loud shouting downstairs  
Back and forth like ping pong  
The gift came with a curse  
Ever since ten years old my head's been gone  
Now I wanna climb to the top of the Empire State Building  
Just like King Kong  
Had problems with the DVLA so I was on the bus arriving late  
But now the S-Line floats like a butterfly  
I'm feeling like Cassius Clay  
But I'm not a heavyweight  
The only thing heavy is the weight of the world on my shoulder  
I used to be afraid of an older until I put five bullets in a revolver  
I was cold then, now I'm colder  
I was voice note lyrics you write in a folder  
I'll build up your lyrics into a rizzla  
And blaze them like I was a stoner  
If you see me and I'm sober  
Thinkin', know that I'm an imploder  
That means I hold it in but if I explode  
I'll be like Vinegar and Baking Soda  
Jesus  
I've got them thinking 'is this guy from Manchester?'  
The wordplays heavy just like Sylvester  
And I'm takin' over like I'm on a Vespa  
And when I say I've got boxes of cheese  
I'm not talking about Red Leicester  
And why do I laugh at MC's?  
A king will always laugh at a Jester  
A Porsche will always pass a Fiesta  
You're lookin' at Manchester's best  
I'm from a place where nobody's impressed  
And don't wanna see nobody progress  
So they take shots at my ego  
But I got a built-in stab-proof vest  
I've been stabbed in the back so much  
I'm like Jesus in the Passion of Christ  
I was sat countin' about twenty-five grand  
I got delusional  
The Queen started talking

I was like: "Queen, why is everyone warring?"  
She said: "Politics are boring"  
Cause it's all propaganda  
And comes down to the fact that money's more important  
Than poverty and feeding the poor  
The rich get rich, we get ignored  
Middle-class people  
That have done everything that the Government told 'em  
Struggle to pay bills  
Cause when they go to the bank they say their accounts been frozen  
So damn right I'm taking doors off hinges  
I'm running in through the hallway  
Holding a big boy sword like a Viking  
But I never been from Norway  
Anybody comes at me  
I stick it right in  
Cus I don't do foreplay  
I make a man bleed sick  
So he looks like Tomato Puree  
You're lookin' at Bugzy Malone  
Every video is a new part of my story  
And I was born back in 1990  
So were on about episode forty  
I say look when I'm spittin'  
Cause I spit bars in high definition  
It's like watching a widescreen television  
And this one here's like 007, why?  
Cause I'm on a one-man mission  
To put my town on the map I'm reppin'  
But I'm worse than a Nuclear weapon  
Cause I'll make your whole town go missing  
I know when I've said suttin' sick  
When I see a man's head start tiltin  
I'm like Wolverine from the X-Men  
Cus the metal is built in  
I've not set fire to the booth  
I've set fire to the whole building  
Charlie was gonna jump out the window  
Cause the smoke in the room could've killed him  
Drove past my mum's old house on Bury New Road  
The one I got evicted from  
Drove straight past  
Onto the motorway and straight into the distance don  
Looked in the rear view mirror  
Thinking about the past, on a majestic one  
Cause if I didn't go through what I went through  
Then I probably woulda never wrote this song

There's a lot to be said  
Lot to be told, lot to be confessed  
I'm holdin' doe  
So I'm overly stressed  
I wear my hat low  
Cah' I'm known to the Feds  
Tryna be cool  
But I'm losin' my head  
Plus I heard a couple man wanted me dead  
Tell them, man, we got the machine  
And I see them when they get out the pen  
Fuck music I see them when they hit road  
I be on your TV, in your stereo  
I be in your Blackberry, in your iPhone  
Everybody knows about Bugzy Malone

But I gotta confess  
In '010 I fell off  
Made ten quid  
Made bare man jealous  
Spent every penny in about six weeks  
But I don't care  
Now that I'm back well off  
Fuck bitches I just do big bits  
I'm just tryna get rid of boxes like Kellog's  
So I can get the Kawasaki Ninja  
Matte Black  
I'm a rider, and they forgot  
Me a Machine, Ninja  
Red hot  
Tell my man I'll take his head off  
I'd die for my family  
And that's on my mum's life  
'Did they forget Dee's my Brudda'  
Did they forget I come from the gutter  
And I spent '07 in the slammer  
Never seen the summer  
They let me out  
And a ate man like I never had a dinner  
Pray to the Lord like I never been a sinner  
Take off a front door like I'm onto a winner  
Gamble my freedom  
Every day I wake up  
You would've thought I was a Roulette spinner  
I go inner they just go in  
I'm Bugzy Malone the wickedest 'ting  
Since Lucifer dropped with a broken wing  
They spill the beans like a open tin  
But I'm ODT, so I'm on dis 'ting  
Tell them Gunchester run this 'ting  
I fuck them up with the 'ting in their mouth  
I make their legs shake, bondage 'ting, yo'  
I'm the general, front-line soldier  
Run this grime 'ting ten times over  
Go tell Chipmunk not to be cheeky'  
Grime is a road 'ting, my man's hopeless  
Go make a pop tune, fuck your A's and B's  
You went from Chip Diddy Chip to The Streets  
Oopsy Daisy, I'm not in your league  
Well I've been on the road playing Hide and Seek  
Hide from the Feds, seek my enemies  
It's like I got some freaky disease  
Cause when I say: "Turn into the Devil"  
It's like bare bitches drop to their knees  
I've been dissecting boxes of cheese  
Since I was eighteen, I had five workers  
That's five phones, five days in, we made five g's  
That's two grand profit  
Have you gone mad?  
I made ten grand in about five weeks  
That's no secret, man know me  
Bugzy Malone's not just an MC  
I got locked up aged sixteen  
So fuck Chipmunk 'n' his A's n B's  
I rep this grime 'ting properly, 0161  
Watch how they walk with me, trust me  
Watch how they walk with me  
And fuck that dough cause I spent that fast  
No money management, fucking with cash

These days man just say fuck the past  
Nowadays days my whips better than your dads  
My old headmaster used to have a Jag  
Now that I'm buying and selling old whips  
I got one of them parked up on the path  
Tell the headmaster my S-Lines faster  
And I'm still going on wicked and bad  
Expel me are you having a laugh?  
Everyone knows the recession is bad  
You might as well go re-mortgage your gaff  
Or downgrade, now that I'm paid  
I'll put the mortgage dipper on that  
I'll pay the mortgage  
Yo', fuck the headmaster and the everyone I beat up  
Cause it's your fault that I'm on this path  
It's your fault that I seen man get stabbed  
It's your fault I nearly got shot in the back  
It's also your fault that I'm on a track  
And I made way more money in the trap  
I'm Bugzy Malone, going on cold  
Now they say I put Manny on the map  
I put Manny on the map