

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 Kellogg'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