

## #HOTBOX S02 E01

Bugzy Malone

I used to play Spyro, on the PS1  
Way before I ever wanted to be a don  
Way before I ever seen a man with a gun  
I used to fall asleep with the comedy on  
It was live-o, I would chill on the block  
Play football yeah I was fucking it up  
FIFA Street, listening to Roll Deep  
Way before I'd ever put a man to sleep  
The Nintendo, Street Fighter, had me thinking I had a big rep  
Thought I was ready for my very first fight, little did I know I was way too  
light  
So I got beat up, stabbed in my leg  
Came home crying for the very last night  
Cause I swore down on my very own life  
That when I'm older I will bury those guys  
Jumped out of my window, one Saturday night  
All in black holding a raggedy knife  
[?] on some family vibe  
And I'm like Oliver Twist and my family died  
I was loco, plus I'm creeping  
I seen them niggas that I didn't like  
These times riding a stolen bike  
I'm about to show the roads its time

Sit back after work and light your cheese  
I got far in life ca' I believe  
I speak the truth can't lie to me  
Last year I was signed to next man  
By next year I'll have next man signed to me  
Don't fuck up the bass when I'm trying to eat  
I'll put stuff on your plate if you're nice to me  
Started with a mic and a grimey beat  
Now promoters are paying for my flights to Greece  
Malibu on the beach with a slice of peach  
I get the cake, go back to the estate  
And check Jaykae and like yo would you like a piece?  
Free the mandem I don't like the police  
Got sponsors sending me everything except socks that's irony  
Yo Bugzy ride the beat

Different town, different planet, different realm  
Me and Scorpion don't compare, cause I make Scorpion get over here  
I'll make Sub-  
Zero disappear cause I'll freeze him 'til he goes crystal clear  
Let me get one thing crystal clear, I am the wickedest ting round here  
But you know, I'll catch man when they're home alone  
I'm in the atmosphere like cologne  
Nobody does this ting like Malone  
I make jet black boy turn yellow  
Them man are liars, Pinocchio  
I'm in first gear and I'm on one wheel  
Let me hit second, I spit a sixteen from my lethal weapon  
And that's real, I'm like Angelina Jolie in Wanted  
I bend a shot like Beckham  
How can a human fight with a lion?  
I'm coming like King from Tekken  
I've been gone for time

And I said into the devil I turn  
That was like a split second  
I make the sky turn red  
And everybody in the building goes missing

I said Dr. Robotnik, I'm the boss  
Mind your business, yeah my whole life's a job  
Got bitches that I fuck like a dog  
My own instincts told me to write a song  
Light a bong ca' I ain't touched mic for long  
I wanna beat but it's gotta be a grimey one  
You should know about me, you should know about me  
I'm grimey John, man already know what I'm on  
Everybody knows where I'm from  
Big inna the manor from when  
Big inna the manor from long  
But where have all these lot gone  
I don't fear an MC not one  
I've got a fan base these lot want  
Oh what a damn shame he's not Sox  
Ding dong, holler at Hitman  
He'll hit man with a stick like a gong  
Have man thinking he's in Hong Kong  
You think you're sick but you're wrong  
You think you're big and you're strong  
Man have already done shit you wish you was on  
Don't chat shit to me don  
Scrap that bar that you writ for me don

I'm Bugzy Malone again  
And I'm home again so I'm zoning in  
I didn't think I'd see microphone again  
The booth phoned me out, lost in meanwhile city zoning out  
But I was lonely then, I'm not lonely now  
I got friends again, who wanna know me now  
But the voice in my head said don't trust anybody, are you insane?  
Who said that? I'm in your brain, brain!  
Some say I've got personal problems, devilish thoughts  
Like run in and rob them but I don't wanna rob them this time  
Have you gone out of your mind? No!  
Stop wasting time, why?  
Somebody must die, hurry up and run up in side, side, side  
Jesus, this voice in my head is contagious and he's loco and he's dangerous  
We're on totally different pages it's like  
I don't wanna kill nobody, taking the arms and legs off a body  
I don't remember this JD bag, blacked out gloves, sawn off  
Shotty

You won't find no better man, no better MC, no better plan  
No better technique, no better bang  
I hate gal dat move thirsty, go get a can  
If you want me to take all my things then leave bitch go get a van  
I take a piss cause I know that I can, nationwide so I get a grant  
That gal's better looks overly wham bet she ain't living at home with her na  
n  
See things clearer, man have got shows in Ibiza I'll leave here and go get a  
tan  
Big boy zoot pre-  
rolled in my hand like MK I can't get higher than I already am  
Like Slick don said yeah you know who I am  
So many gal wanna roll with my gang  
Hotbox business, bigging up Bugzy Malone