

#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
Birmingham to Manchester!