

Extra Extra (Wiley Diss)

Devlin

Yeah, It's D-E-V-Z, big up William
William William, yeah...
Like every couple of years you have to send for someone new
Cause your careers dying out or something?
I didn't even wanna do the tune cause I know...
It's exactly what you want me to do
Now it's gone too far, too far
Big up Will, droll init
(Wiley) Big up Out-Takers
Don't try me, I'm grimey
Yeah, William

William, you're a tit fake like silicone
Sniffs got to your brain cells and it's killing em
You bang girls that are 15?
I'm only 17 and I still wouldn't do that
Your careers dead like Biggie and 2Pac
I'm dirty, my careers flying
You're nearly 30, and you're still trying
Now thats two albums that nobody's buying
You used to say '38, 38'
Nowadays you're about 38, 38
I can't knock your work rate
But I'm ten years younger and you'll still get murked mate
She's 10 and you raped on the first date?
You're a nonce! And no you don't make p's you're a ponce
And your careers dead so you send for 'The Movement' to see the response
And your dead so you had to send for us
Cause you know 'The Movements' in the limelight
Best know that your career depends on us
You could never try ending us
You asked to be in 'The Movement', tryna beg friends with us
We couldn't let a snake in the clique
Thats why William hates like a bitch
And he'll feel the blade of my chiv
Fuck it, ten years younger, Richard I'll bun ya
I'll leave you out in the rain and the thunder
Kids watch your back cause Wiley will bum you
I said Wiley'll bum you!
With his eyes bright red and his nose in powder
Thats a circle you just ain't getting out of
Your bodys rotten by the time that they found you
I've got lines to astound you
And yet you chat shit like you're up with the Gods
Nahh you're in Romford sucking on cocks
When ten O.T man come with the Glocks
What you gonna do when it pops you cock?
You chat shit bout you're still in the biz
How'd you think William got his A3?
Sucking on dicks!
It was like prostitution was the last solution so he tried it
Will tries to hide it
But if he see's a cock then he'll ride it
Get down and shine it and I don't advise it
But still William denies it!
He see's an arse and he jumps inside it
I don't know what his game is, fascinated with an anus

Come through me and get strapped with the flamers
We'll shoot you ten times, then you'll be famous
And fuck Mark, keep him, O.T aren't about the weaklings
Sire, it's you I'm exceeding
It's the truth that I'm speaking
I heard you and Trims got a beef thing?
It's not a beefing
Cause Trim speaks one time you're left bleeding
Mark stop dreaming
You wanna come to Dagenham, get left on London this evening (Mug)
How can a pussy, make a tune called 'Gangsters?'
Talking bout you move p's like bankers
Let me say this slow and clear
Say one word about my Mum and I'll shank yous
And William, nahh I'm not stupid, I knew you'd want me to do this
But now it's gone too far
If I didn't write this I woulda gone mad and put a bomb in your car
You ain't blown but you think you're a star
You're just mediocre, you ain't on par
Acting like we can't find where you are
Come through with your lads with a strap and a car
And William, call it a day
Every day, your chance to blow is falling away
You bunned it, we'll catch a tool in the face
We don't care about who's got a tool in their waist
And no you won't blow like Dylan, you counterfeit villian
If he's not illing, he's sniffing up lines of crushed pennicilin
Still William doesn't care what he's sniffing
So you got 50 g's and spent it, are you demented?
Will's so old he's been around since radar was invented
I said he's shit and I seriously meant it!
I remember that time in Ministry, pulled me away and told me fuck Dobbsy
What do you think, that I'm just like Blake?
I'm real not fake O.T to the grave
It was O.T that gave me my name
Paved me the way so thats where I'll remain
If it weren't for Reece, I'd be our in the rain
Hibby took me from the streets to the stage

To the stage...

Bye Bye Will...

It's The Movement 2006

Out-Takers

See you later William