

You said so what if I recorded and mixed down P Money Is Power  
I made your music sound legit so you're sour  
Nobody could rush me  
Had a shank on me more time it was tucked G  
Yeah, N.E gave me a PC and buss me  
He gave me that PC because he loved me  
You could never have shown me road, never that G  
You were gaming, playing PlayStation at mumzy's  
I was selling food up in country, with olders in ends  
How could you say I never had buss P?  
You beat up your own girlfriend til she's ugly  
Truth is, you are the man that's worthless  
I ain't been caught on cam stealing from no one  
Your talk's cheap, let's get this cash converted  
He thinks I'm stupid, believe me he's clever  
No one believes I was stealing from Mela

Said he's never been moist but he's definitely a liar  
Now he's got a hot head, it was definitely the fire  
When I come around Stockwell, my block's hell  
Glock shells be ringing in your car, trying to pressure me to retire  
I ain't on what? You don't know me  
Suck your mum, you still owe me  
Cah I put you in the crew that you are in  
Gave you a path to win in this ting  
So, suck your mum you still owe me  
You wanna talk about punchline verses?  
I knew you love to lie but sometimes swerve it  
You ain't taught me a thing so I'm feeding you beef  
Like your teacher did back at your lunchtime service  
You said Littles taught me to multi-syllab  
How phoney is that?  
I ain't used MasterWriter in 10 years  
Ever since you knew me, saying things like you know me  
What I say is only the facts

Diss my ability but you ain't holding me back, so  
Yeah how dare they compare you and I  
When I embody the truth, this is proof, do or die  
You've made money from grime?  
I've put time and money in grime  
Made rap sounding beats more gully than grime  
Mixed your CD, put P Money in grime  
You've been talking to trainers, I'm talking to papers  
I see that this currency's lying  
So I don't believe what I'm told or hearing  
Hold up, wait, who stole from Kieran?  
You had studio time, didn't pay me to pay them  
And that's the same room we brought your career in  
I had D Row in my ear, like an earring  
Telling me make sure you give me the change for electric at least and you we  
ren't even caring  
So I laugh when you said sob stories  
The points you're trying to vouch for are what's faulty

Wait, I never wifey'd Lady Shivs  
I was with Bratt for four years, we nearly had baby kids

I was young, what can I say? I've lived  
Bruv don't hate on chicks  
So what if I'm with Lusardi Rose?  
You're a pussy and are what you eat  
So you must be feenin to taste the clit  
You know them man that just hate that your bae looks piff?  
So don't be taking in them crazy fibs  
All that MySpace shit, you just lost me completely  
What got to me is you chatting shit at the end  
Like your hench with your friends but gossiping's easy  
You said that I stole from Mela  
What's mine is his, I just got off the phone to Mela  
We're righteous black men on a higher frequency  
We know about life so we roll together  
Fabricating the facts, I suppose he's clever  
Your approach is pathetic, stop giving girls black eyes  
Raise your son, act right  
You're meant to be a role model for the black guys  
Did you notice he didn't deny he don't slap wives?  
And Littles didn't teach me about multis  
I learnt that from Shimmer, so bro, get your facts right  
RIP Leon, I got the spirit of N.E with me taking shots at this fat guy  
You're attacking me and I'm a part of your foundation  
So your building's bound to capsize

I'm making a point  
I came to your community, made a mark, I got brought in by [?]  
It's bait you're annoyed  
He took me to Dennis's first  
I got left in the studio on Melanin's word  
I recorded the ends, my development worked  
I recorded for Blacks, I recorded for Despa  
I recorded for you, I recorded for Remer  
I recorded for Doctor, recorded for Lady Fury  
Recorded for KDot, recorded for Pharoah  
Recorded for Skepta, recorded for Littles  
Recorded for Mega Montana, recorded for Castro  
Recorded for Fugl, recorded for Craze 24  
And recorded for Tommy Bones, and recorded for Jack Jones  
I recorded for Dogzilla, I recorded for Tinie Tempah  
Recorded for Slaughter, recorded for Kid Bookie  
Recorded for Scrufizzer, recorded for Big Shizz  
Recorded for Ice Kid plus many more I brought over cliff  
Contributing my skills, they threw stones and sticks  
You rushed me, it was weak, I had no swollen lips  
About smoke, you ain't ghosting shit  
He be looking like a bloated fish when he holds his fists  
Cause his girl ain't been putting his salt on chips  
You're a woman beater  
I can imagine you don't do the cooking neither  
You're a gangster, you're not a cook and cleaner  
And fuck a reload, I ain't looking wheel ups  
I'm just getting started  
The half way mark, I just passed it you bastard

Before I knew it, I had a line in Reading  
And I never been run out my ends, not once  
I still go Taste More all the time my breddrin  
Long nose like Pinocchio, lies extended  
I saved D Row's life but you're nice inside Lewisham hospital  
On the same night I got nicked with Mela sitting in the cage, high  
Me and Row's are family tied, where'd you gather these lies?  
I'm the grime detective, back down [?] inspected

But I'm getting to the bottom of the case  
You said I love skets, that's garbage  
You said I went pop, I went dubstep  
You rapped on dubstep, I sang on dubstep and charted  
I'm back in my essence  
I was the one who said you should be in OGz  
When you were standardly repping for Hazardous Sessions

Let me state this quick  
You can't poke no holes in my relationships  
Every girl that I've been with  
I've taught them a thing about life without fighting or raising fists  
At least tell the fans the truth, don't lie to them  
Paris, come up with an honest reply to them  
We are not a part of the drill generation  
Don't put on a badman mask and try hide from them  
Nothing you say on the mic would enlighten them  
I'm ten toe-ing from Notre Dame to Eiffel Tower  
So basically right now I'm walking through Paris  
You said I went pop, you ain't hit the national charts yet  
So shut the fuck up, I brought you a classic  
When thinking bout times that I spent with N.E  
It just brings tears to my eyes  
He helped me so much  
He was rearing to ride and showed me about South East  
I remember them OG meetings when they first started  
You hadn't joined and wasn't about P  
How could they doubt me?  
Go look at the OG Season track list  
Who's the first voice you hear when you press play on the CD? Check it out p  
lease  
The only puss you can smell was yourself  
So buy all a deodorant they sell on the shelf  
This smell is a girl, you've been breastfeeding Blacks  
So, rock him to sleep and tell him a tale

You ain't diabolical nah you're stuck in a cycle  
You lie a lot, you'd rather stuff substance inside you  
The biological father, I fuck with the title  
I fire off like a farmer clutching a rifle  
So what Rinse signed you? We still don't like you  
That's why you come from afar, give up, you should try to  
And you said I blocked you from shows but it can't be that  
So it must have been Arch and Jack  
That was five years ago, your reason's late  
The fans said there's beef arranged, they see P's a fake  
Stop with all of these diva traits  
I'll eat P and his mic like a piece of cake  
Cah I'll put P in his place with a mash like peas on plates  
You're about to receive the pain  
I brought the spirit of Dot  
And I'm resurrecting him like God did with Jesus on Easter break

They had this creature caged, I can't be contained  
You wanna fight round the corner? Lead the way  
We don't trust in a word that you say, you're Theresa May  
Your OGz got their leader slayed  
Break your shield with these shots we could reach your grave  
This ain't GTA  
You can't R1-R2, spin around and try to cheat the game  
You can't retreat the day I delete your fame  
Make him get down, get down, g-d get down  
TECs out, next round, make your head pound

Lead sounds, get found in the next town  
Spin around like James Browns, dead now  
Let down, step proud you'll get swept out  
Bed bound, it gets foul like a sket's mouth  
Send out, my 10 pals, your friends down  
Looking round like Ray Charles, get blow'd  
Pray because you're fucked  
My pen's like a blade  
When I'm waving it I plan to bathe in your blood  
This is dangerous stuff  
It feels like the scene's juj'ed me but I move like a shaman on crud  
I roll with real ones, you ain't paganing us  
Chat shit, get your cranium crushed  
I'm abducting your fans for an experiment like an alien does  
And you don't shine like a chain when it's tucked

Act bad, you ain't killing nobody and that's facts  
You ain't realer, I'm sorry your stacks lack  
We know you chat crap  
You wouldn't aim a gauge or use a razor blade to try attack man  
Because you're a fat prat looking like puss, take a cat nap  
I spin him around like a snapback  
He can't relax fam  
Because when I spit a bar for a MC I make him  
Go (Go)  
Go (Go)  
Go (Go)  
Go (Go)  
(Mad about bars)  
Make MC's get (Mad about bars)  
Heard that I dissed you  
You came to the studio and made it an issue  
You're (Mad about bars)  
Yo bro don't get (Mad about bars)  
Scientist in the booth I'm (Mad about bars)  
And don't get pissed when I say what it is  
When I spit I make fans go (Mad about bars)

You just bought a house, congratulations  
Now I'm burning it down, no procrastination  
I feel no way to say didn't slash Blacks you pagan  
You have a transvestite infatuation, madting  
You never been a someone but still you're a has-been  
I don't even wanna touch man when I catch him  
Why? It's a sadting  
Somebody go ask Blacks about Jasmine  
Oh no, you've been gropsing a man  
Claiming you're an OG, now how bogus is that?  
Getting yourself exposed  
Now I know you hope that I won't focus on that  
You wear hoodies and hats and act like a badman  
But you've been poked from the back  
I don't trust when he says he's been rolling with man  
He might just mean that he's been rolling my man  
I'll find out from Jasmine, we know he's a fan

Before death, it's agony  
How are you bringing business from home, telling media, P?  
Don't you have manners? Respect the family  
If N.E was still on this earth  
All the talk that you got would be void due to technicalities  
I never once blocked you from shows  
You've been gigging for years, come on now bro

Forget the fantasies, protect your sanity  
You're feeling yourself too much, neglect the vanity  
Wait  
(Did you notice?)  
He made up a lie and said that I stole from my own friend  
I can't rate that shit  
(Did you notice?)  
He didn't deny beating up women  
As a black man I really can't take that shit  
(Did you notice?)  
He lied and said I wifey'd Lady Shivs  
I don't know how because I hate that bitch  
(Did you notice?)  
You said I got ran out my ends  
How comes nobody didn't take that pic?  
(Did you notice?)  
He put on weight, drinking  
He's looking like an old Rick Ross from a Maybach clip  
(Did you notice?)  
All this ra-ta-ta talk, you ain't buss no gun  
You ain't sprayed that stick  
(Did you notice?)  
Said I blocked your show, Money  
But you just bought a new house, we can't make that fit  
(Did you notice?)  
You lied to make that sick and I noticed

Paris, where are you conjuring all of these lies from?  
You say when you're on ends you can't be G checked but when real niggas G check you, you say you're on music  
I've been mashing work on road longer than you before I came New Cross  
When you was just a Playstation, COD playing little shit  
I never wifey'd Lady Shivs, so stop with these lies  
I've never been run out my ends, stop with these lies  
I never got run out of Hoodstars, stop with these lies  
You said you showed me road, music and girls and buss me  
Stop with these lies  
Littles never taught me how to multi-syllab rhyme  
Stop with these lies  
And let me just get this off my chest  
I saw N.E three days before he died, we had some real conversations  
You can never diss me about N.E, N.E was my boy, I lived with him  
Day in, day out, daily  
You didn't  
Shut the fuck up you prick  
If it weren't for me you would have died with Hazardous sessions, you wouldn't be in OGz  
I remember the meeting I said you should be in the team, bruv  
I'm Alex Ferguson for you  
Every reward you've gained from music I deserve a percentage  
I'm from that era where when you rush people, they're meant to be hospitalised, but, both of you didn't do nothing  
I'm still standing  
It reminds me of Nando's  
Nine man tried to attack me and not one man touched me  
And I still didn't run then so, stop all the lies  
You told me to make up my mind on this road ting but  
You don't know what I'm on in this road ting so  
Shut your mouth  
And you spoke about Stormer  
N.E put Stormer in OGz, who gave you the authority to kick him out?  
When that was N.E's choice and he's not here to do it  
You ain't had this much views in ages on any bullshit you've dropped so, tha

nk me

When Termz said he wanted me back in OGz, you said if I come back you're leaving, so

You've obviously got a problem with me

You came to the studio and rushed me over bars

That's to be all and end all

I had to get to the bottom of it

Then I realised rah, you don't want me to spit

I'm giving you all of these bars

All up in your head-top you pussy

Don't question me about road because when I see you I'm doing my ting