

Watch A G Shoot, This Is A Celebrity Deathmatch

Dot Rotten

One-two, one-two
Wagwan everyone
Like, I've been working so hard I didn't even realize I hadn't slept for three days
I've fallen asleep, woken up expecting a dub online
And I'm getting a video
(Idiot, Rotten, Zeph Ellis) wow, yes, that's my name Wiley
Now listen, really and truly, a man said he don't care about what I'm doing but you was ringing me on Christmas day like, "bruh, you're giving them too much smoke, grime bruv"
Now you're online doing all of this
You have waited 10 years to talk about I've got a daughter and all of this s tuff just because you're burning that I called your daughter a fat woman bruv, allow it
Real talk
This is not what I wanted from the Godfather of grime
But, I understand
You drew for my old work and tried to discredit my old work, I understand
But, my old work made you and Boy Better Know one of your biggest hits, I see what you're doing
Then, you're trying to bring up old war dubs and say my shit's old but in actuality, bruv you haven't said nothing yet
I'm still waiting for your shit to drop
What?
And you wanna talk about my daughter and my mum and these things but you really know it's smokey for your whole family
So bruh, well done
Well done
(About my mum, where's your mum?)
Stockwell, home, happy
Ellis family, stand up
You know wagwan
I don't know about Richard Coward
I hear you're so grown, told you to bars up
You still can't man up to it
So bruv, say nothing

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Shoot at them kids
Shoot at your aunt
Shoot at your uncle
All I wanna do is get you in trouble
That's when I start setting up man up with some brand new girls he don't even know yet
Fuck all them albums and old sets you try sing
But flat notes how your tone gets

I ain't done giving you all the smoke yet
For that [?]
Them white boys put a knife to your face
I'll wrap my samurai sword around your whole neck
You ain't trill, you're known as a coke head
That chapter's a lot, you should close it
Silly look in my eyes, yeah I'm evil
Wiley's a party guy and he knows it
This shit right here, you'll forever remember
I'ma put my anointment in the kitchen

Next to the appliances and with a hostage I might enter
Start hacking off all that limbs and that human off the skin
Remove it, and stuck in a blender
That's a Wiley daughter smoothie
It's straight sacrifice for, I gotta holler man agenda
Vicious in grime, put your fake traits on the chalkboard
Point them out while you're letting [?]
If your mum's in a room full of broken glass at gunpoint
I make her Azonto a million times
Cuban neckties for your family at your funeral
I mob shit like Sicilian guys
Stick your daughter's head in a toilet full of [?]
And tell her, her dad tells brilliant lies
Be more disrespectful, William, try

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Where are the kings of grime?
Missing and too busy sucking on pussy or twit vid'ing
Raping the scene, the fans wanna feed me to the lions
But they can't because they're only big kitten
Got Wiley's mum in a brothel, she dick sipping
All pussy given out, nobody's been sipping
Out-calls and in-calls she been living
And at Christmas, it was penis she din-dinning
10 years from now, your daughter will be just like your mum
On crack and penis lipsyncing
Your sister's a slut and whore
The last time I saw one of your family members in real life
They had a shit spliff in their hand
And was scanning for cigarette buds on the road
See them type of behaviour isn't in South
That must be something you learnt growing up in the Bow
As bad as it seems, I'm happy you dissed me when I was young
Because if I came around, yo, I would've had to dabble with fiends
And you [?]
So I'm happy I stayed around savageous Gs
I'd rather have a whole team around me that are loyal
Than go and live lavish, a fiend
I don't know about Wiley in 2020
Where's Wiley from 2006 when he that guy back in the scene?
I'ma lyrical, physical, spiritual smoke
Astral project and collapse guys in their dreams
Wiley, I know you eat pork
If I cooked it in your house, you'd probably say "it's okay bro"
You don't mind the smell of burning flesh

I'll grab your daughter and dash her into a volcano
Saw the tweets, you read where my head's at
Family are having a walk, and then draw for the acid
And flipping by flicking your wet neck backs
You'll see your daughter fly in the air when I pump the shotgun
You'd think she has a jet pack
I'll turn around the corner brother
Arnold Schwarzenegger, there's no way you'll get back
I woke up to your mum while she's dying
Slap her five times, pull out my dick, and get neck ack
Fuck all of your cousins, I'll bun 'em
I'll shoot at your youngers and make you regret chat
And if you're the Eskimo
Then I'll put your kids in a freezer
And tell 'em "shut up and respect that"
I walked up into the nursing home like
"Godfather, it's time to dead, do you get that?"
I win this celebrity deathmatch

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Well done
You took too long
I got a very big announcement to make
London, you don't deserve me
England, you don't deserve me
2020
365 album, everyday I'm releasing a song, everyday
But
You lot don't deserve me, so I'm out
Love
Big decade, man
It's mine