

# 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 stuff 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 drawed 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