

Extra Mile

Example

(Ayy, ayy, ayy)
Got out the wrong side of my bed this morning
Na, na, na
(Ayy, ayy, ayy)
Ayy, ayy, ayy

Got out the wrong side of my bed this morning
Wish I never ever left my bed (My bed)
Right these issues and the bits need sorting
Meet the demons in my head (Yeah)
How long's the road you're prepared to walk down? (Yeah)
Walk down (Fekky)
'Cause I'll go that extra mile that you just can't do (The extra mile, bruv)
You can't do (Trust me)

I've been going hard for a minute (Ayy), hashtag winning (Let's go)
I coulda done it before but my heart weren't in it (Fekky)
Someone told me before, bro, I might have done it different (Ayy)
But I'm cool in this Bentley, I could have been in prison
Imprisoned by a council (Council)
I told Example, we gotta make an example (Ayy)
They say we don't know how to act
How they actin' like it's our fault?
Bunch of arseholes
We were chippin' in for petrol
Now we pull up, it's a car show
I see the haters, I just sidestep
Step over, over your head
We call it nutmeg when your girl opens her legs
That's a red card, I don't talk, talk to the ref (Trust me)
I'm a striker, you'll never catch me, me on the bench (Ayy)
Woke up from the bed this morning
[?], I'll have a tea with two sugars (Fekky) (Ayy)
You wish you could (Yeah) (Ayy)
Watch it [?]
We're all tryna make it out so what you trappin' for?
Man, you got boxed in your mouth, what you chattin' for?
The smile on my face when I got mummy a whip
But you wouldn't know shit 'cause I ain't post it (F)

Got out the wrong side of my bed this morning
Wish I never ever left my bed (My bed)
Right these issues and the bits need sorting
Meet the demons in my head (My head)
How long's the road you're prepared to walk down?
Walk down
'Cause I'll go that extra mile that you just can't do (Ayy)
You can't do

Always wanted to be accepted
Pass the test, suspected brainiac
Not a calculated maniac
My calculator game was mad
And you can blame my dad, my numbers game was strong
Not a random one who wants to be a millionaire with all the grands I've won
Despite the grams for fun, proud of the man I've become
But if you stepped on my family's doorstep, I'll knee your Mr Anderson

Hand it to you son, you left The Matrix, real shit, not fake tricks
Not close to Dynamo, you flashed your cards you bait prick
I'm a pro-life Stephen Manderson, I've gotta hand it to him
He's nearly died so many times [?] plans are done
Just stating big facts and now I got Big Feks
You're getting bitch slapped, you'll feel a bit less
So deep that, I digress
I put the "Ex" in "Extra mile" and "Ex" into "Example"
Like that time after my arena show when I gave your ex a sample
Hope you've got the minerals, son, 'cause this will test your arsehole
We'll shoot and hit the crossbar, broken metatarsal
I'm just a desperado, giving it bare bravado
I'll do anything I need, protect my precious cargo
It's an embargo, like Margot, I'm a Robbie
Take your festival fee, it was a hobby
Now you're getting the best off of me, fuck off

Got out the wrong side of my bed this morning
Wish I never ever left my bed (My bed)
Right these issues and the bits need sorting
Meet the demons in my head (My head)
How long's the road you're prepared to walk down?
(Hmm, I used to play with the demons under my bed)
Walk down (Hmm)
'Cause I'll go that extra mile that you just can't do (You can't)
You can't do (Listen)

Of course I'm on course, I know where I'm heading now
Where I lay my head's my home but I don't feel like bedding down (Mm-mm)
You ain't a king if you were never crowned
Right side, wrong side, what side? My bed is round (Ha)
Spin under the bed, money on the bed (Ching, ching)
What makes you think I won't put money on your head? (Ching, ching)
Drake shit, half a milli just to sleep well
Hallways in depth, the devil's in the details
Retail, up and awake whenever my line pops (Brrt)
I'll recline when I'm dead and my mind stops ticking
But until then, all my rhymes pop like a.9 pops
There's bullet holes in the chips off of my block
When the lies stop, the day that my heart ain't in here
Way before you hear a verse and the bars ain't wicked
Picture me putting out something that's mediocre
Mediocre, I might sleep with her but she ain't sleeping over
Tea drinker, deep thinker, weed smoker
Dancing along, my Via Dolorosa

Hold up (Hold up)
Yeah (Wanna make this right)
Tea drinker, deep thinker, weed smoker
Dancing along, my Via Dolorosa
Ain't getting closer, if it's it then it's-
One more time
I'm a ea drinker, deep thinker, weed smoker
Dancing along, my Via Dolorosa
Ain't getting closer, if it's it then it's then it's it
My eyes are redder than the cherry at the end of my spliff
Done