

Fire in the Booth

Ghetts

Me, Jermaine, Tayo, Justin
Too many levels above these, just in
Eight years ago when I touched in
Two bags a video, a nigga's been hustling
"Summertime" as a ringtone around the country
I'm like, you're like, trust me
So many gyal at the time wanted to fuck me
Done some of them, got brain from one, was a bad choice
I was mad 'nnoyed, uh
But they say there's light at the end of the tunnel
Come out the end of the tunnel, '09
Murked in a black beamer, no licence
Car full of smelly like I couldn't hear the sirens
When they stopped me, I was dazed, I had to lie to em
He never had a criminal record
Neither should've I have done that shit, for the record
You already know what I do on the record
Tell em again, tell em again, tell em again
I'm one of the coldest, you don't know this?
I'm part timer, let me know where the show is
Never had a deal but you wouldn't even know it
Shouting like I've had ten of them, Barack a
Real president, 8 years later
Fuck around, still relevant
Never war but I swing like a pendulum
Or a pinata
It's been in my blood, I'm like a dreadlock ragga
D'ya know, the flow's sick but I'm badder
I'm on the telly, [?]
D'ya know, I've got 45 bruddas
But, d'ya know, I've got 45 runners
It's never a question if I kill it after summer
Summer before the summer before the summer
I'm never on a hype though
Might see me in a manor with a white girl
I don't touch that, I really mean a white girl
White, white, white
When I move, whole yard's gonna be white
Come in, chill, my Roley's on the side
The Movement's back, are you glad that we're alive?
Uh, yeah, uh, let me kill em with the peace sign
I can have the peace vibes
When you see me, I'd rather keep the beast rhyme
[?] but you see Friday?
I be on the E round here, top boy
They can't kill off Komali
I'm with my two niggas and the bud in the Marley
You know the swag's dumb, gotta keep it retarded
I tell a pussy boy that I don't wanna talk him
[?] make a likkle young boy bark him
Bruv, they're like, middle of the market
Five years later, same old [?]
Them boy can't hustle, don't know why they're farcing
Started ten before me but I passed em
Now when I drive, I beep when I pass em
So yeah, still out, dark skin

M.O.V.E.M.E.N.T

You don't know? Then let me spill it out for ya
They want the beast back, then let me get him out for ya
There's no doubt in my head, I'm letting off around and a
And anybody getting mad for ya
We say dead, all dem fraudsters for dead
Riko said it from day, blood
How you mean?
Dear grime, I know we had something special
And I ain't been around lately
But I swear down, I miss you, how you been?
You've been abandoned so many times
So many guys have used you and abused you
And I'm one of them, but if I come again
Together for ten years, give me another ten
Oi Risky, I know you remember
It was me, you, her, Nocturnal and Sullivan
Blue jacket, chipped tooth
I was the best then, I'm the best now
I know exactly how to convince you
Facts only, everyting real in my pad only
Think about all the historical moments in grime
And count how many I'm a part of, man know me
Listen, I'm speaking, how can a guy win a war with me
If his war with me is his biggest achievement?
Oi, don't piss me off, I'm going on wicked this evening
Listen, I'm peaking, I'll kill a man
D'ya know, some bars go over your head
Fast flow, setting on fire the charcoal
I'm a G, you're an asshole
I'm a ki, you're an half [?]
You're a fiend and I'm [?]
I fell asleep in a dark hole
And I woke up on the wrong side of the bed
With your girlfriend walking around in my bathrobe
Niggas say they're living the life, you're living a lie
You're an adult, living in your bredrin's shadow
Now you wanna try living in mine
It's my name keeping your lyrics alive
Armed and dangerous, 8s
16s, 24s, 32s, 48s
64 bars in my cranium
If them man are hard then I be titanium
My name should've been Damien
I'll drain out every vein in em
I kill a pagan when I rain on em
Then take back the flows that I gave to them
Cuh they ain't gonna be around
Much longer
Me a gon' live long like Abraham
You wanna rap? Box? I can do both
My nigga, I'm Adrien
Half Jamaican, half Grenadian
They might see me in a dance with a man like Farz
Who's that? You know my bredrin
The one that looks Saudi Arabian
I'll be the man that
Jumps in a weapon tank to 140 Grime Street on the satnav
Macbook Pro and some 9s is in my backpack
Man should know when I arrive, its a wrap that's
Never gonna be unfolded
I've got a fully loaded clip and a motive
Bullets over fists, you know this

Boydem are pulling over whips
I noticed you're gonna hold a stick for Moses
Oh shit, man, I can't wait till I'm back home
I'm homesick and I'm that close to vomiting
I've been away too long, so long
There's so many places that man don't recognise
But the second I'm home, them bruddas are getting terrorised
If anybody asks who the enemy
GHE double T S, PS
Ain't no other MC on the level I'm on
Everybody wanna know where the hell am I from
Cause it sure ain't Earth
I stand out like a sore thumb
One man stampede, they don't wanna rumble
I bet I'm the last man standing when the war's done
I'll be going like the brudda in Saw I
What's the 4-1? When I'm on a raw one
I'm home now and I can see squatters in my yard
Three man stretched out on the floor one
I'm home now and it's 12 on the dot
Boy Better Know man better be gone before 1
Suck you, fuck what, suck your mum
Heart in my chest, pure one
Anybody starting with Ghetts, more guns
Got an apartment in West where I store some

My whole life is an outing
Call me Wretch 32000
I can hit everybody with my single
Or just drop everybody with my album
Uh, would you still stay humble
If you could get 10 bags for a run-through?
And every girl that you touch want to touch you
And still get no aggro in your jungle?
Ayy, they ain't killing my vibe
I spent 30 on a watch, just killing some time
Living in the limelight so I'm sipping on lime
You wanna bet? I can kill you with dice
You ain't a threat, I could kill you with lines
I rewrote history like a million times
Yeah, and you know that I'm fly
But grounded cuh I done it with grime
But it's the M.O.V.E.M.E.N.T
Please tell me what you're telling to me
Swear down, a bag's like a tenner to me
You don't wanna see my regular fee
They say they got dough like it's growing on trees
But they ain't got a lemon to squeeze
Uh, they ain't ready for me
See, I'm unorthodox like my second release
It goes vroom vroom when I pull off, automatic
It's just the G-wagon
It goes boom boom when I'm on stage, it's erratic
It's just me rapping
See, I'm one of the best, I ain't one of the rest
That's why I'm a G like the one after F
Even 32 will be the one after Wretch
So the ting's set, hold up
I used to have shit clothes
I used to bag six Os
But now I've got six hoes
And I can't keep my zip closed
See, I might drop a chick out

But I won't drop a chick home
That's if she got a big mouth
But she ain't got a big throat
Ayy, I'm nasty by nature
They say me face flavour
Ayy, I smartly come tapered
With Cartier fragrance
Yeah and you're saying you're cakkers
But I'm tryna buy the bakers
Yeah, without making a statement
I still make a statement