

# Who's Got

## Ghetts

Who's got lyrics, who's got bars  
Who can stay up in the sky like stars  
Who keeps spitting the bars and don't run out  
We're the last of the old school stars

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Who's got lyrics? Me not Wiley  
Who's got bars? Me not Skepta  
Who's got lyrics? Me not Jamie  
Who's got bars? Me not Frisc

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Eight, sixteen, twenty four, thirty two  
Sixty four's are my fees for the bars  
Ask anyone who's really advanced  
You dunno what the answer is  
It's freedom of speech, I speak freely  
Let 'em know I'm not easy, I'm hard  
I'm as hard (bricks) but extremely suave  
I run the game, you ain't ever seen me depart  
Make way I'm in great shape  
Me and them boy ain't the same weight  
So it's unfair when it come clear  
Let me know what you think is unclear  
I leave niggas speechless, mouth open but it's no tongue there  
Fake hate, nobody ain't safe  
But man wanna act like they won't run scared  
Some dare but they would never near  
When they run out I got some spare

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I'm Shakespeare with a pen  
Da Vinci with the paint brush  
Tiger with the golf club  
The writer with the most stuff  
Babe Ruth with the bat  
Take two it's a wrap  
It's my time for real  
Lewis Hamilton behind the wheel  
I make moves and I flash  
So I can't be stalled  
Jordan with the basketball  
On form like Arsenal  
So I can't be stopped  
Have I made my point, uh  
Do what I'm best at  
I be the best at what I do so I get cash  
I write bars when the rest relax  
It's quite hard but it pays off  
365 I won't take days off  
Picture me with a regular day job  
No I'll make history  
It won't happen instantly  
But I bet I get what it ain't got

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Whose got lyrics? Me!  
Who's got bars? Me!  
Who's got gimmicks? Them!  
Who's not hard? Them!  
Who's not spitters? Them!  
Who's not stars? Them!  
Who's not winners? Them!  
Who's not last? Me  
The way you battle thought I was in a Iraq  
The way you battle you battle like a beginner star  
Made sinner but not one bit sinister  
We ain't similar  
I'm the star of the show you're just front row of the cinema

In about five years time I won't even recognise you  
And I won't think he looks familiar  
I'm gonna buss, trust and I don't need to snitch or get money or pay for a solicitor  
Make no mistake I'm so on track  
Only mistake I've made, huh, Is dressing like Riddler

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