

3 Wheel-ups

Kano

3 wheel-ups in a row
That means I'm a direct rudeboy
2 2 yats of my own
That means I'm a direct rudeboy
Man can't call up my phone
Then gwan like a direct rudeboy
One side bag and a stoney
Don't make you a direct rudeboy

Some MCs come with the wickedest talk
But really, dem man chat crap
Acting like a donny but they're gonna backtrack
When real niggas step on the riddim and chat facts
I don't put myself in places
If I weren't there then I weren't, let's face it
If you weren't there then you weren't, that's basic
I kill 'em with the realest shit and they hate it
I'm a diffuser, can't act tougher than you are round me
I've got youts dem tougher than you are round me
I nearly died for the game, that's right
But some spitters ain't nuttin' around me
I was getting 'em hyper, you was touching your lighter
I was king of the mic and I'm a motherfucking G
None of you are bad round me, it's not only about me though
Let me give a shoutout to my scene

Pussy and rum, that's a rider for real MCs
Me and Wiley had a clash, that's a real MC
Hold tight D Double E, that's a real OG
I said hold tight D Double E, that's a real OG
Mad, reload ting
Pop, pop, pop, that's a reload ting
And when I say "it's Kano in the house"
Everybody knows that's a reload ting
If you've been shotting in the manor from way back when
And you ain't on a kilo ting
I don't wanna hear about crunch and food and tings
Man don't do those tings
On-sight, thought he was onside, init
Saw them guys, no shots fired, init
If you ain't real then don't ride, init
That postcode, that's offside, init
Badman from which part? Dem man do witchcraft
Dem man do obeah, us man are kosher
I've been that nigga since Kickers and loafers
In bits where kids don't give a shit about olders
Where man don't care 'bout fathers
Man just care 'bout figures
Man don't care 'bout yards
Man just care 'bout Bimmers
Man don't care whose arm
Man just care if it's blinging
Man don't care 'bout masks
Man'll do it bare-face, init
We don't do none of that bare-face fibbing
The realest shit on your airwaves, init

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Can't tell me nuttin'
Cook down mutton then pass through the gutter
Link Jus D red cups out the cupboard
In the jungle, I move with original nuttahs
And the same madman fly out for the summer
Lick two blocks? Who are you? Runners
Shut down dance, who am I? Shottas
Couple wheel-ups at Butterz, that's nuttin'
Boiling point, I keep it 100

Yeah, G goes in
Bag three-pointer, free throw ting (swish)
Niggas looking at me on a keyhole ting
I'm a gangster and a gentlemen, G hosting
I'm a skinny nigga, nigga, me so slim
Put the jimmy on, that's when the D goes in
Man are getting money, type the keycodes in
Please can I have my money? What's the keycode pin?
Fuck that, niggas in the act, we back 'em up
Knife game-giving if it's backs, I axe them up (switch it)
I'm man of the match, I matched it up
And I'm with the bats, I patched it up
Sitting in the trap with crack to cut
I'm sitting in the caff and cracked a cup
I'm silly with the MAC, man mashed 'em up
I hit him with the blap, then backed the truck
Gully, we so slim
K, Hollow, we both pimps
Can't look inside the window, nigga, peep those tints
Better tell the waiter, better leave those drinks
Add a little bass, you better leave those synths
I'm silly with the clip, I'm gonna teach those chimps
Man a put it on him when we see those wimps
I'm finished with the little nigga, he's so rinsed
He's sold drinks, I'm king
And he's no prince
I let it bap, bap, bap, ping ping
And then leave no prints
I said that, that, that, that's me
And yes, he's so skint
I'm in the matte black 350
With Clarke, let beef go mince

If you don't look after your own yout, boy
You're not a direct rudeboy
And you're in DSTRKT popping that Goose, boy
You're not a direct rudeboy
Bow Street, just bought brand new goods, bwoy
And you man can't get a new toy
That's why a man's BM just preed
Then sent me a direct, rudeboy
16 bars in effect
Might just upset a man's lyrics
Take this pen to your neck

And just Joe Pesci man with it
Cash rules everything around me
That's word to a Method Man lyric
Yeah, I roll deep in the East
But I still might Mega Man with it
Yeah, I said it, yeah, yeah, I said it
Cheques, we get it, cash and collec' it
That likkle pellet, that nah gon' mek it
Rest his head in that man's spaghetti
Yout dem are menace, nuttin' like Dennis
Man got straps, ain't even got credit
Kids push prams to Westfield to lick it
And run from pigs, don't even watch Peppa
Real go-getter, geezers know better
But geezers need excitement, says Skinner
Don't resort to violence, no, never
Man just start with violence, go figure
Eat man's food before man eat dinner
Buss that booze, I roll and drink liquor
Left that Giggsy gat for my nigga

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Sweet, geez!