

## Freeze

## Ocean Wisdom

These man want test my gang  
Want test my creeeeeeeeeew  
Freeeeeeeeeeze  
These man can't stop my gang  
Can't stop my moves, my crew collect them  
Feeeeeeees

Look, I don't pick coins off the roadside  
I'm worldwide  
I don't know nothing about no likes  
In fact I don't know nothing about ghostwrites  
But I know a little something 'bout wrote mine  
Oh my, they're so Mayan  
They're predicting shit but they're so lying  
Looking at man like I'm no Simon  
Like they're bossing me I get so Simon  
Get so violent, start clotheslining  
O in here like blowdrying  
Got hoes on the pole, I ain't no fireman  
Got bear on the pole like cold climates  
Oh my, they're so admiring  
How the O rolls through like a known giant  
Looking at man like I'm no Simon  
Like they're bossing me I get so Simon  
It gets tragic, I swear man is embarrassed  
Just like how the fuck did they manage?  
Just like how the fuck did they cope?  
If that was me I swear I wouldn't have it  
Man's got all the flows that you got  
But you can't hack the flows that mans chatting  
Hancock called and said "d'you know what  
That's too much might to match when O's rapping"  
So what do you reckon? Do you be willing  
Like you'll probably be following second  
Everybody in my city got a hobby for heckling  
Til I roll up and they realise the prodigy step in  
And then they shush  
Quiet, big man might throw you in a bush  
Quiet, big man you can't tell me about push  
Might push, push, push 'til I can't push  
Can't tell me 'bout woos  
Old school like actual soccer  
I catch a couple mandem claiming that they're casually blotting  
I afa roll up on em tell em all to pack up and stop it  
And a couple mandem on the wing, and regretting their shottin  
And everybody love it when I tell em bigady-bobady  
Yeah they love it when Wizzy tell em bigady-bobady  
Got a couple mandem chatting to me shit at philosophy  
I ain't really tryna hear it, I ain't listening properly  
But blud, you would get pounded and ate  
On the high street or your mum's or your mate's  
Man's got a sick flow  
Your flow sounds like my flow did in 2008  
Scrap that, got thousands of drawers  
And I press best  
Leave galdem a sore  
Cause man's got a big [woo]

Your [woo] looks like my [woo] looked in 2004  
How's that for a pause?  
Niggas don't rap anymore  
No panache anymore  
Its all acme and wore  
Them man saying same stuff that a man said before  
She want at me and talk  
Like her photos hiding her acne and warts  
Like I won't notice that's she's naturally raw  
Blud you pressed that and it's actually awks  
So while you're pressing these  
Heterosexual, bisexuals and lesbian tings  
I be fuckin intense at festivals  
But I ain't fuckin' in tents, that's grim!  
She be clucking for sumtin  
She be sucking on sumtin  
She loving the way that we link  
I swear these man they want test my gang and a brudda don't know what to thi  
nk!

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Yo  
Wake up  
Get a job  
Shit your pants  
End your life  
Move house  
Kill a pig  
Stab a dog  
Mend your mind  
Chase a dream  
Make some cream  
Fuck a tramp  
Jump a ramp  
Make a steak  
Wake and bake  
Blend a rap  
Get a grand in debt on crack  
Get a slap  
Have a tea  
Get down on your fucking knees  
Fuck the police  
Rape a rubber duck and leave  
Walk away  
Talk to Frank  
Walk the plank  
Buy a coat  
Slice your throat  
Get a driving license quote  
Live your thoughts  
Jigs and saws  
Sprinkle bits of piss and board  
Close your mouth  
Open it  
No regrets  
Close your legs  
Stroke a dog

Feed the puss  
Eat your dins  
Do the dirt  
Keep it fake  
Ring your mum  
Speak to me  
Burn a bridge  
Eat your cake  
Play the game  
Bend the rules  
Grab it by the head and balls  
Ride a bike  
Kill a fish  
Make a soup  
Hoover up  
Meet the king  
Touch the queen  
Say a line  
Save the graf  
Paint your face  
Fry an egg  
Work it out  
Wave goodbye

Wake up  
Inside  
Four walls  
One life  
Last night  
Fiendish  
Decent  
Sunlight  
I can't  
Shake these  
Dog days  
Sometimes  
Exchange  
Brain cells  
It works  
Sometimes  
Untie  
Love life  
Before  
Heartache  
Music  
Fades out

Red sky  
Feverish  
These days  
Dead weight  
What's your  
Name love  
How that  
Flesh taste  
Fuck that  
I wake  
Migraine  
Pounding  
Half baked  
Heartache  
Bars  
Outstanding

Some days  
Hell stays  
Round like a  
Foul stench  
Other days  
Heaven stays  
Out on a  
Parkbench  
Twin peaks  
Watch that  
Climb every  
Mountain  
Sport Nikes  
Snort white  
Lines in the  
Fountain  
That's us  
Who are you  
I've made my mind up  
You best put my name at the top of the line-up

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