

O Kiddi K

Ocean Wisdom

Three bruddas in that one whip
See them two bruddas they don't fuck with
You got one brudda with you on stuff
You got one brudda who ain't on shit
So you hop out with that oddjob brudda
One pokey-pokey
One long-stick
But that same brudda who don't get involved
With that same brudda -

Its about eleven o'clock
Pigs about - Federal watch
Scoring a jacket and telling us off
Couple of kiddies are peddling rock
I'm in no position to tell 'em it's wrong
Taught as a young'un to never be soft
Little did I know that we was just nothing but cattle
We're fighting a war that can never be won
Fuck all you starters the end is begun
Lord, pray for miracle
Pray that I never drop any subliminal
Pray that my dreams could never be literal
Fuck the bread, just give me the dough
Then I can make that shit on my own
Empty space I fill it with smoke
I lay awake and listen to ghosts
It's better than music
It's better than you pricks
You really should think of a better solution
Developing rumours
Can never be true shit, oh
The level improvement
I wow the crowd with excellence
However much you question this
There's more to die and less to live
There's more to life than all these cars and clothes and diamond necklaces
Too busy focusing on the outside
To see the viruses within
See many fell like Icarus
No flaws, I rise like estrogen
These rappers feminine
The Lords all draw swords from Pegasus
No forgetting it
Junkyard battlecat
You remember me
Everybody talk a lot of fucking breeze
I don't see the point
Fuck what I want
Give me what I need
Don't try pretend that it's rainbows
When the shit's deep
Couple bruddas in the slammer
If it ain't that then are deceased
There's something in the madness
Beneath the darkest shadows
Where the black hole isn't active
Consume you from the inside

This internal parasite's implosion
Feathers of the culprit
Flowing through this ever-dying ocean
Evidence of vultures
I see 'em flocking to the hopeless
Bow before your idols and your sculptures 'til this shit is over
Blame it on the soldier now
Blame the preacher at the pulpit
Blame me, blame the world
Anybody but yourself, you hypocrite
Fucking with some warlords from Middle-earth
Whispers of a hidden curse
It's been a while
I'll still emerge like "what's popping?"
If man wanna block me
I'ma drop a bomb like hobgoblin
High beard, try see it
You're just a man
You can not stop me
I'll soar in from the mist
I'm so detailed that my chorus have a chorus
With a bridge
So analyse this, analyst
I been flowed on way before three-thousand and Marilyn
See everybody's tryna be the baddest
I don't see a baddie written in the script
This is for my mandem on the fucking wing
Free my brudda got 'em locked down
Shits hostile
If you can't hack
Better opt out
Compounds get run up in
They run wild
With blank face
Like mannequins
Stack a brick in hope that it might add an inch
I don't wanna bear bad news
But I'm afraid you man are shit
I don't wanna sound cliché
But for Pete's sake what the fuck is this
Man I come in like Drew Hill
Just tighter jeans and less money
Name one tune you wrote
Look 'round, not one head nodding
This scene got me fucked up
Fucked up like ten mollies
Can't try these, sparks fly
Like misused electronics
Tell Charlie to drop bombs
Tell Lethal put dench on it
Fake shit weren't meant for me
This shit sound like destiny
I wake up with a smile
Thank Lord for another day
Pray that I don't fall off again
Ain't nothing safe in the wild
I saw this from a child
Them youths better stop fucking with me
I rain down on the city
Come in through your ceiling
Hitting through your Achilles
How the fuck you feeling, wot?

Three bruddas in that one whip
See them two bruddas they don't fuck with
You got one brudda with you on stuff
You got one brudda who ain't on shit
So you hop out with that oddjob brudda
One pokey-pokey
One long-stick
But that same brudda who don't get involved
With that same brudda -

Look, Wizzy killing with the flow
O Kiddi K
Back in the day
I chiddy-chilled with the breddas on the road
I said back in the day
I said O Kiddi K
Well you heard what I say
Ca' you listen to the O
Yeah I came with the lyrics
And a different sicker flow
You ain't came with the nothing
When you spittin its a -
You ain't came with the nothing
When you spittin it's a joke
But, but let me rewind that and relax
Let me rewind that and relax
I said let me rewind that ca that's facts
You got stacks, hot tracks?
Rude boy, I don't rewind that
Ca that's trash
Listen, basically I rule
And again basically I ball
And again basically I spit bars 'til my face tickly and warm
Grave-diggidy guys try
Grave-diggidy guys fall
Brave slippery guys fight
Don't fuck with the bass little bredda not cool
Yeah I be amazing emotional ocean
I roll with the focus to choke an opponent
Or open a nose with a vocal explosion
I'm overly cold, so the ocean is frozen
Yeah I be the greatest so nobody's coping
Yeah I be the greatest so nobody's going
Going where?
To the cave let me lace this flow
Back in the day
I was on that like I ate King Cole
So give me them lyrics, let me flow
See, like I was Ong-Bak with the eight inch poke
You blank slate, you zombie
You do handshakes
And sip coffee, cross the landscape
I get cross ca we all tryna be Rick Ross-y
See me though I'm over that
Yeah me and my dons got loads of raps
I got tall ones, short ones
I never flow thin ca the flow is fat
Said of course, you like that
You like monotonic raps on a hype track
They just bop their head to the hi-hat
I don't like that, where's the mic at
I'm in charge
Now bro I need now dough, like Ronaldo

I don't follow fashion, I set trends
Cause I'm too sick, I need calpol!
It goes:
I be writing down everything that I see
Went from my flat at the seaside to chillin' with Chani in Battersea
Got couple zoots in my bag so I'm jamming and chatting all happily
Everyone knows that I come with the dank ting
You manna pissed cause you come with the wacker weed
Rollin with Bo to the club meaning everyone's acting all shook at me
Me I be looking all happy but none of them mandem will look at me
So then speak when you tryna be humble and everyone's acting all booky
Said it's peak when you tryna be humble dem man they want take a pic of me
I said I'm holding a glass full of lemonade
Serenading my lady as we celebrate, yeah
Walk in the party we never late ca when I dress I don't hesitate
Smoking a spliff at the back
With the mandem I blink as I meditate
Everyone knows that I come with the heavy ting
You man are are pissed cause you're moving all featherweight
Moving all featherweight
Everyone knows that you're moving all slyly
I got the talented niggas behind me, spitting it grimy
Most of these man going on like they're bad ca' they're wicked at Tai-Chi
Everyone knows that I doubletime when I rap
That's when the man say I be spittin' it Siamese
Sitting in town on a cold day in the cold rain doing cocaine
Na are you mad in the face or the nosebone
You got no brain, you like Cobain
You can come with your high tops or your low fade
When I spit its a close shave
Said, you could come with your eyedrops or your lipstick
When I spit I watch no face
Rollin with black ink in the club meaning I be getting in freebie
Rollin with True Fizzy, Wizzy and Jhars, Busy and TC
Most of my mandem be spitting it sick though you need to believe me
Everyone knows Wizzy come with the big team
Your team pissed ca you're spitting it teeny