

One Take

Ocean Wisdom

Look, you gave me the beat, I gave you the writtens
You're either, rollin' with Gs or you're rollin' with kittens
That's just the, way that it goes
I'm known as a spitter
I got the, gravy-est flow
My motion is sicker
I'm sick of the, game I told you I'm known as a winner
I beat the, tune
I told you I show a beginner
I'm rappin' a fat stack of cash
I'm naturally bigger
I'm grabbin' a pad and
I'm lyrically stabbin' the pad with immaculate writtens
I tell 'em, leave it alone
Like a dog with a bone
Give me a reason to show you and open you raw
I mean, half the mandem on the road, they chat shit
And half the other man dem wanna stroll and moan
I'm like, mhm none of that
Now give me the space and give me the room
In fact, now give me the bass and give me the tune
Whether you're plucking or you're strumming
Try your luck and have a couple 'til you're chucking up
I love it when the love is up
I'm buzzing when the party bangin'
Bangin' off the ceiling
Bangin' bangers, even in the basement
Jamming with a spliff
And yammin' Maccy D's in dungarees
I run the beat so wonderfully
So I could give a fuck whether you're chuckin' me or duckin' me
But, on the beat
I give it some, I rip it quickly
When I hit the town I'm big up in the inner city
Pissed 'cause I was acting civil when that killer hit me
Still I kept it flowing like that river up in Mississippi
Diss me, that's the actions of a silly billy
I be chillin' while I'm kickin' writtens with my missus, silly
Diss me, that's the actions of a silly billy
I be killing lyrics 'til I finish spitting, evidently
You think you're all that, in fact you're an arrogant chatter
I got a wolfpack, it's fat like Zach Galifianakis
I tell man fall back with wack raps and hazardous grammar
Don't record that, fuck that
You're wacker than hammer
You hear the bells bump
I bump a shot of bells
I'm buzzin'
I see the world as mine, I'm Montana
I feed my cousins
I'm in the middle like Malcolm
I got my city clubbin'
Shitty clubbin' scene
It's a pity there ain't no different suttin'
There ain't no different suttin', ain't no different nuttin'
We don't care about repercussions
Fuck it we're the younguns

Greasy teens, merking mums and husbands
You're beneath this rapper like you're lurking under dustbins
But, man are acting barmy
Getting on greedy
Filling up their tummy
Me I make CDs
Gonna make the moneys
I don't do wars like
Muhammed Ali
I'd rather hold a Benz like a Nazi's car key
Home cooked chicken dinner, mummy never charged me
Back then I partied
Sippin' on Bacardi
Ragamuffin chattin' something, couldn't try and par me
So what?
Haha, you're big in the game?
I know a hundred rappers feeling the same
I know a thousand rappers looking for fame
We should all collab, that'd be lyrics for days (it would be)
But some of these mandem are obviously living that lyrical lie
Cause if they properly listened to my
Hottest syllables fly
They'd clock the visual audible justification
They're lyrically winning
Again and again and again and again
Then ring the kid and tell him I get it in
Ca' the weirdest things they happen
The audience bood man off stage whilst cheering and clapping
All the coolest brethrens wear the geekiest of fashions
And a Chinaman got vexed because a duck was Peking at him
I don't even try and make sense of my thoughts
I just vent 'em in course
Aggy ways, I got the temperament of a horse
But just 'cause I abide the law
No longer provide the draw
I'm still as raw to spawn a thorn fuckin' a dinosaur
Fuckin' a dinosaur
Fuckin' a dinosaur
But I'm inclined to set aside my sword
Box you in the lips
You got a lisp
Talkin' like Kanye in 2004
I'm getting lean, I got a pound of draw
So, my straw
I worked out
I'm paying like, a pound a draw