

Real Smooth

Ocean Wisdom

Uh, give me something real smooth and real icy
Like the Chaos and the 9-3 with the Owls and the Wizzy

Real smooth, real icy
I was in the booth with Dike, you was in a nightie
I was selling out a show, you was in a onesie
Ketamine you sniffing got you clumsy
Swear the bredda hate the way I move
Real smooth, real icy
You was watching Hollyoaks and I was in the library
Now I'm getting gwola loads, them mandem wan' despise me
Swear down, booking Wiz is getting pricey (so pricey)

I hear 'em talking, hear 'em talking
Love the way they want to wheel up Walkin'
Love the way they see the way I kill it
See the way I bring the chalk in
See the outline of the body when I draw it
Everyone adore it, awe its
Fuck off with your one liners
Everybody co-sign us, I don't do no consigning
I've got all this rent to pay, so I don't need no odd fivers
I'm the boss brudda, you are not Simon
You're not vibrant, you're not funny
Got no money, ripped trackies
You're so bummy, I'm so aggy
She's so touchy, she's so grabby
I'm so lucky, she's so sucky
That yatty, she's so ucky
With no manners, she's so ragers
I've got Bills, like Bo Baggins, she's just catting
Like "fuck where's the old fashion"
Tight madams, they ain't shagging
First date cause they like rapping

(Still I'm) Real smooth, real icy
Feeling like I'm kali on the hyphy
Never been the type to say I wouldn't if I might be
Cause you know it's Wizzy and the Chaos, that's the 9-3
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Burning California wax, still ignore him when he raps
My lyrics like the echo through time, forever calling back
Fed up with the crap, we can do this in time
Suckers saying I'm dumb, must be them chalking my outline
Stroke my only oyster, you're still trying to find the moisture
My last album sounds like your whole career spoiler
Mad pointers like a piston caught with no lawyers
In the stitch up, the details in the lines like embroiders

It's diabolic, trying to be higher like hydraulics
Even with a ghost writing team you ain't where I'm on it
Sign off it, ignite topics to fire logic
Drop a needle from so high you would think a giant's got it
Performing for your line with piff from a caravan
Every word I say spells 'FUCK YOU' as an anagram
Never planned, too stoned to speak or shake hands
In 2020 the new president of Amsterdam

I swoop in and high five you for the ice breaker
It's Big Owl, mad high like a skyscraper
My motto's 'Live now and die later'
Grinding 9 to 9 son, fuck a hiatus
But I hit the bong today, never on a long delay
Shouting at these motherfuckers "Andale! Andale!"
Why you gotta make away still, with the hand of Satan
He try shake mine, son I'm going to amputate his
Dropping bangers that are amping up the fanbases
Having ganders cause they're scandalous and outrageous
Paparazzi got us snapping when we smash stages
Do this for the love and always get cash payments
You're sat stagnating, no balls, castrating
Pre-meditated greatness, no rash statements
Phone getting tapped daily like ash when blazing
So high right now, it's like I'm astral planing

It's Verb T, I'm in the club
I don't like it much
But I tear the crowd down once you line 'em up
Winding up your mind like a toy, soldier
Pouncing on the beat like a poised, cobra
Uh, we get to grips like it's judo
But show respect where it's due though
Since I was a kid trying to build without the Duplos
Still I carve jewels though
Drop 'em on your head like a tombstone
Two O's, one for Owls, one for Ocean
New flows, some profound some ferocious
Overdid it with the lotion, I'm too smooth
New trends, probably got them fools wearing Tu-tu's
You should do you, and not what they say
I laugh while you try and talk shit with a straight face
Mug, maintain, fucking with a gateway drug
In another world feeling that space age buzz

Mad laid-back, style's 'play that'
The great sack reacting with the goon, now I spray raps
Hungry dog, or a stray cat, strange chat
See me doing art on the side, just like a train track
So shouts to Wizzy, the beaver getting digy on the ready
Smoking lettuce with Luigi from the city
Puff puff, but never Diddy
I might pass out, but never passed it like silly
Yo
No doping scandal, what drugs we're dope enough to handle
So much moisture, spit flames where the river ran through
Four Owls and the Wisdom, you know it ran through
Take control of your life, don't need no beads and bangles
That's why we're strictly rhyming on this shit
Fuck statistics, can't follow with no witch shit
No bitches, what is this?
Course evidence existed, but never do you wrong, so no snitches

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