

Wiley Flow

Stormzy

Bruv, I didn't look at it this way before
But as I approach my birthday
All you man are my youngers
You man are my youngers, bruv

If you can't do 10K first week
Then I don't wanna hear no chat about numbers
You man are my youngers
All blacked out like grungers
Tens and twenties and hundreds
Tens and twenties and thousands
I can't never just 'llow dem (No)
On Mount Everest shoutin' (I)
Soon go back to the mountains
Third album, nigga I bless the beat with smoke
And my day one bros they kept me close
Then I sip my Tetley, take a toke
They're tryna get me on the ropes
Ay, bro got the speshy in his coat
So please man, let's just be adults
And don't be flexin' in my boat
Nigga, you can't test me, I'm the G.O.A.T
Rolex collection's lookin' dope
I got the Pepsi and the Hulk
And I ain't flexin' on you niggas
Cah I'll still be sexy if I'm broke

Wait there and I was made to win like I'm designed to blow
We're doin' major things, but it's a minor though
I used to pay for things but that was time ago
And now I hit you niggas with the Wiley flow, it's like

Bad 'em up, bad 'em up, bad 'em up once
Never could you take me for a dunce
Been on the scene for a hundred months
All I met is bare cunts
Take man for lunch
Eeditot youts get punched
Pick one boy from your bunch
Tell man "Jump"
Oh what, you didn't wanna jump? Well
Oh, well look now you're slumped
Lil' nigga I swerve (Lil' nigga I swerve)
Get out my lane (Get out my lane)
North and East and West are hot but the South's on flames
This year I'ma be a household name
I grew up in a house of pain
I don't do it for the clout or fame
All the real niggas gonna' vouch on my name
All the real niggas gonna' vouch on my (Vouch on my, woo, vouch on my, vouch on my)

Yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah (Yeah, yeah)

If you ain't got more than five top 10s
Then I don't wanna hear no chat about chartin'

You man are just startin'
Comin' like a young Chris Martin
Start swingin' with my arms like Carlton
Start swingin' with my arms like Anthony
All my niggas been charged, don't amp me
Have your Mrs. in her bra and panty
If you see me in the dance, I'm anti, quite frankly
Heavyweight champion of the world
They wanna war me for my belt
If you ever hear Stormzy caught an L
Know I stood tall before I fell
There's a couple birthdays comin' up
So I took like a quarter from the shelf
Spent like a 100 on my mum then about 140 on myself
The Mille, I sport it like Pharrell
But I got the Nautilus as well
All of the stories that I've lived, my nigga
These are the stories that I tell

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I used to pay for things but that was time ago
And now I hit you niggas with the Wiley flow, it's like

Run up on them man laughing, fuck it
You got a chain but you tuck it, fuck it
Man throw dirt on my name, blud, fuck it
Slew anybody in the family, fuck it
Run up on them man laughing, fuck it
You got a chain but you tuck it, fuck it
Man throw dirt on my name, blud, fuck it
Slew anybody in the family, iyt, iyt

Last three tunes kinda prove that I did this
Mind what you say, I put a yout on my shit list
Must be the same old yout in the dinner hall
Primary, sippin' on my juice with my biscuits
I'm from a place where we move to da witness
Stare in your face, tell 'em "Business is business"
Came for the fame but she stayed for the litness
Ask your new girl, she loves Mr. Skeng

You'll never ever see me with guys known for verbals
My bruddas pull up and sky no rehearsals
Don't switch sides, there's no role reversals
How's the best spitter in Grime so commercial?
Wait, nobody said you're good, dun your chat
Your girl take the wood, lumberjack
Hit 'em with a lighter flex, humble brag
I can't drop the bag, I'm the bag

Yeah
Yeah

If you ain't got no platinum plaques
Then I don't wanna hear no chat about
Nah I'm jokin' man