

1, 2, 3... Let's go!

Yo, the last time I told 'em I showed 'em
Rolled through the cold in an old black Corolla
Holding a grudge against olders
We can go bar for bar, sober
I ain't looking over shoulders
I'm standing firm, no [?]
No bars allowed that are swag in a folder
Say they're on another level but I'm having them over

1, 2, 3... Let's go!

Two against two
Check the outcome and it's done
Man I swear Wil's gonna wanna do a next tune
When I write and I spot man are doing excuse
I'll be writing them off no comebacks due
G-H I be the reason there's a heatwave
Suntan
It's about to heat up like a gun cannon

1, 2, 3... Let's go!

They wanna lyrical war so I'm on it
Them man are shit homegrown, I'm chronic
Them man are coming like tails, I'm Sonic
Them man are bad bellyache, I'm vomit
In front of them there car boots and bonnet
They're not real at all, they're far from it
You ain't a gun man you wish you was on it
You hate 2pac like Christoper Wallace

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Don't be mad at me, I'll put you into casualty
Quicker than an MP snatches up their salary
Devlin's in the gallery, rapidly savaging these savages happily
Calmly and callously
Break down your strategy with pinpoint accuracy
When I set you alight like a candles wick
You'll get burnt like a spliff or a calorie
Your mind is adrift from reality

1, 2, 3... Let's go!

Who's after? Better come harder
I helped Wil' become faster
Skippy with the flow that's nothing but talent, credibility
I locked it like a governed prison facility
And ever since all my activity
Man are like G G G but I done a man similarly
Work with the spirits I done spiritually

1, 2, 3... Let's go!

Silly choice, silly move, silly again

Silly with him, you're silly with them
Who's got lyrics, I ain't gotta tell them again
If I never had any of them, we'd be singing again
When I'm not around man will start living again
You wanna live in a two, I wanna live in a ten
Go and ask PPL fam I did it again

1, 2, 3... Let's go!

Yeah lager and spliffs
You silly MC's sound dry like your mouth after you spit
Now pass me a spliff, biro, a pen and a pad and let me show you what arsenic
is
I make the ravers shake like a Parkinsons fit
I going on dark in this shit
MC's wanna act up but their shoes just don't fit
So they can't take part in this script

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I fry mic with hype, my mind's too frightening
So try bite I might decide to strike him
I'm like Iron Mike my rights too frightening
My minds high like I've been trying the white shit
But I like the dust been writing at night shit
I rise high like heights, this guy's too firing
So like bright lights this guys crew's shining

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Magic, magic, magic effect
Panic, panic, flow like a strally
Except I throw a little rap in there
And if you want it I'll be catching up
Can't see me yet like a present that needs wrapping up
Had enough nar I've been killing lyrics
When I'm in the yard chilling watching Madagascar
I see starch like a pan of pasta
I am a rasta

1, 2, 3... Let's go!

Had it, had it, gave it to another MC
I washed my whole style vanish
Can't get it out cause it's not his flow
Give him twenty goes and he still won't have it
MC's get spun over see
A number one ain't one over me
I'm erratic to a cabbage
I'm the best on the planet
So if niggas want beef then they'll see the matic

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Wait, I'm not one for fussing a fighting
But if it goes off I will but him and bite him
Hook him like Tyson, I will uppercut him and strike him
Treat him like butter, knife him
Who's on the floor I can look at him frightened
Fuck all this running and hiding
Cause every bodies doubting that Shifty's running this grime ting
Come on firing

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Fucking deep like life in the Mayans
Look into my mind and you're likely to find
A microchip of the tiniest size, telling me to paralyse guys
Just like Iron Mike in his prime
But you ain't got the IQ to even decipher my rhymes
And now you're pushing your look
Like sleeping with sluts and bussing inside them twice

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Brain freeze got a trick up my sleeve
Believe the hype, if not if it's written in green
I mean your G's deceased, couldn't flow with a team
We beamed on, R8T 40 g's
Please, 40 fees when I go on an earner
All 40 p's when I go on a burner
White square with a red L cause you're a learner
You're talking top three when it don't concern ya

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A few of them hate on the team that a rep
That could be seen as a threat
Them man think their big dogs
Til I put dogs down like I work on the machine in a vet
Don't care if you think that your team is the best
I'm a big bird don't dare put your beak in my nest
I'm waiting
And I created a bigger buzz than a million bees in a nest

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I liked it so I tried it
And when I tried it I realised it was my thing
No accent but rhymes that I'm writing are inspiring
And driving all the up and coming dons in this grime ting
Started with lightening back in '04
Who said the top three don't concern me
But I don't think my mercy's 4th [?]

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I'm a danger with a pen in my palm like Joe Pesci
Keep your backs to the wall like a flat screen tele
I'm actually thin but with lyrics I'm naturally heavy
So how many can match me not many
I'm picking any adversary in a second what do you reckon
Cause I'm on the ball like Lionel Messi
Have your clientele ready
I'm hotter than the fucking Serengeti