

## 16 Bar Rally

Wiley

Yo  
Why do you think that you're hyper?  
My flow's hench like Hyper  
Eskiboy, R6 bike rider  
I'm on the roads, I'm the east-side rider  
In the dance, your girl, I'm behind her  
And I'll give you a grand if you find her  
It's all good brother, she ain't a minor  
I won't get hurt, I'm a ten-timer  
I'm the prince of one-liners  
And I push my body in vaginas  
E3 kids, we're the finders  
Original tree climbers  
Young fighters, autograph signers  
You can say I'm one of the hardest grinders  
I run rings around old timers  
I ain't sleeping, can't you see I'm peaking?  
Wiley's one of the greatest rhymers

See I'm not on a joke ting  
Nowadays it's a cut your throat ting  
Think I'm joking? Run your boat here  
Everybody in the ocean floating  
Rage on a long ting? Keep on dreaming  
Other MCs try provide the style like I  
But they know they're losing  
Chat shit, then you're gonna hold a bruising  
Body keep moving  
Stop that screaming  
Thugged-out, no place for a weakling  
My crew just keep on beefing  
Dun know, big mans we're eating  
[?] your wife to my house in a G-string  
[?] that we weren't just sleeping  
As you grind all night, she was riding  
Did you know that your girl was shining bright like a diamond?

He's not the guy, I'll show you why  
I'll jack man and push keys like Lewi White  
.33 in the fist believe me I wouldn't lie  
I'm gonna merk this quick as a beat I kinda like  
Level is the east postcode that man a ride  
Leytonstone but I rep for certain Leyton guys cause  
If you knew half wagwan you wouldn't hide  
Cause you know I wouldn't take your line  
Can't you see this? East is where the greaze is  
Ducking police and bucking heaters  
I got teams that'll run up on your dealers  
For boxes and headlocks and three or four eediats  
Not a big cheese prick, you don't see shit  
I tug lines and block half [?]  
With some full tints so you don't see in  
Back in the game and I'm raising

All that badman talk, that's air man  
What you really think that's gonna scare man?  
Every morning I say a prayer man

So if you wanna shoot me I'm here man  
I don't care man  
I just go to the rave with bare man  
I done the tune of the year man  
Even though you don't wanna hear man  
Don't ever try chat shit when I'm 'ere man  
I'm tryna make it clear like glass  
Don't come around here and play the arse  
Cock back the ting and blast  
And your whole body will be covered in casts  
Can't eat no food, you have to fast  
Now your rudeboy career's in the past  
Some fake badboy what's wearing a mask  
You failed the badboy task

You flip which bit? Which box? Which half?  
You think you shot, stop making me laugh  
I ain't wearing a badboy mask  
Try it with me you will see who's the badboy last  
You're a popstar  
Don't sit around like a rockstar  
Fronting like you let the shotty blast  
On stage with a hundred bodyguards  
I roll solo, holding something that will slip through body parts  
Don't push me, we ain't cushty, I'm like shh please  
Fronting like you live the road life  
You ain't stabbed, clapped or [?] up in your whole life  
If I heard you was shotting no mash I'd just run up on man with the cold pipe  
e  
You got a badboy mask but it's so tight  
Act rough cause you got a little road hype

Nuff man a rate me, but nuff wanna hate me  
True their girlfriends wanna date me  
Truly they hate me  
When you see me just say it to me  
Don't see me and say "safe" to me  
But you're afraid of me  
'Cause what you say to your girlfriend  
When you see me you don't say it to me  
She wants to lay me  
So I will find out what you said cause I'll hear it through the grape tree  
I heard something lately, I heard man wanna blaze me  
I heard man really wanna grave me, but it's all gravy  
Cause nothing don't phase me, I roll with the baby daily  
It's right where my waist be, and it stays off safety  
And I only aim where your face be  
So don't get feisty  
'Cause you'll D-I-E, no ifs, no buts, no maybe