

# Ain't Gonna Fold

Wiley

Send anybody, I ain't gonna fold  
All your little dead tactics, them are old  
I can see through you, you're a fake mould  
And I can't chat shit with you, I'm too cold  
If anybody try and stop my sound  
I will turn London upside down  
If I showed you where I came from  
You would know surviving here, man can't be a clown  
I am so clued up I might appear mad  
That's the balance of my mum and my dad  
You can't touch me blud I'm not an iPad  
No more laptop inna my bag  
Drop-top, Range Rover or the Jag  
Don't try talk yourself into me, it's a blag  
And I know  
Cos I'm Wiley, star of the show, let's go

All you man who preach love can't clash to save your own life  
Wanna give talk, but you can't take talk  
If grime was a sport I'd be Johan Cruyff  
When I'm switched on active, manna pro, I can tell when I do my practice  
I was spraying riddims before when it was rap this  
I see your bars in the litter with the cat piss  
Blud, if I take seven months out better know when I come back playtime done  
London city is the place I run  
I got the real loud-pack it's not a daytime one  
Vibe too sick, you gotta rate my one  
But they hate my one, then they take my one  
Mandem ain't written all the 16s and the 24s and the likkle grime 8s I've done  
I'm a killer MC, killer MC  
I ain't in any friendship with a MC  
I ain't in any friendship with a MP  
I'm at Wentys getting food, belly empty  
Waiting for the money the people have gotta send me  
I'm a savage here, they could never end me  
I kill 'em softly, I kill 'em gently  
I'm winning it cos see they wanna get me

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When I took four years out of the grime scene, everybody said I'm done

They rate my one, then they take my one  
But before me these MCs they were my sons

I was outside doing late night runs  
Four and a half [?] do you know them ones?  
Lord of the Mics do you know them ones?

Lewisham High Street cheese and bun  
All this trap talk, but he still owes me funds

I was doing [?] and kickback ones  
I was doing road and ridgeback ones  
I was on the rooftop, I was tryna pinch man's son  
By I ain't tryna be that one

King of Grime, yeah we already know that one  
Quick 24, no I ain't done

You know what I'm sayin'  
Quick war dub to your door, no I ain't playin'  
Take ya back to deja-vu when I'm sprayin'  
Money up front, there ain't no delayin'

I don't wanna hear what my man's sold  
All I know I don't bend I don't fold  
Thirty, I don't war for postcodes  
Truth is, I've already been cold struggling with an O  
No

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