

Thought they had flows but they didn't  
Man like to run up their mouth on the riddim  
There's always someone giving it the biggun  
Sayin' that it is that when I know it isn't

No, it isn't, that's why the game's open, I ain't loafing  
Got it in motion, thought I was over it  
But I was ghostin', in my own bubble  
But I never stray away from bars, I stay floating  
I just stroll in, still rolling  
Deep waters, catch him and hold him  
I'm a librarian like Logan  
And if I ain't got it, I can phone him  
It won't work if it ain't real, I know the deal  
People talk trash and the trash looks real  
If you don't read in between the lines  
You get lost out here in the field  
Sorry, that's real, unnu fi jus' sekkle and chill  
I was real back then and today I'm still Will  
I still will  
I still spray 'cause I love it  
And I won't regret it 'cause I've done it

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It ain't never been that (Never)  
Them man are talking rubbish  
Not one of us has ever been trash  
Better than okay, man have been putting in the O.T  
Just like Devlin's camp  
But the level them man there ain't levelling fam  
And they think that they're sick  
Ralph Hardy-ha, them man ain't never been nang (Wow)  
Pushed up the bar bare times  
You could think that manaman's wham (Wow)  
When I roll deep, roll deep with the crew  
And the Wing and fam (Wow)  
I'm one of the best ones  
Who go on a next block just like spam  
Straight from the desktop  
Right through your headtop, just like flan

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Think they've got style, think they've got flows  
None of them can't test my bros (Can't test)  
Ain't dun a boy's dance for a while  
Ain't no skin off my nose  
My flow's sick, my flow's vile  
Spit dark like I'm bringing up bile  
Skinning up teeth but I still don't smile

When I'm spinning through beats, I'm foul  
And I had a little time off (Time off)  
They're still ringing my line off (Line off)  
I'm a boss like Bison, not Guile (Sonic Boom)  
You can't take my shine off  
Seems you're a mile off  
So I'm ringing the 9 off (Brr)  
Taking them out of the game  
Better still, sign off

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You ain't no saint, stop saying it is that when it ain't  
It's written in biro, it's written in paint  
Everyday's like training day  
So you gotta concentrate  
It's bait  
Real talk, you're moving fake  
Training with the best trainers  
16 take off your head clean like fresh trainers  
Choke man out like Nate  
It's a 16, not an 8  
You're the type to see someone famous and faint  
The type to go jail and hang yourself with your own lace  
Them man are jokers, turn two faced  
I got something that will put you in your place  
It ain't the same  
When you're living with anger, living with pain

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