

I know that system so I ain't pissed  
That's why I accept the game for what it is  
And I'm looking for my own success, not his  
I've been setting pace since man had a [?]  
If I ain't got skill then what are these bars?  
A reflection of all of my pain and scars  
I can talk about more than money, drugs and cars  
And I like to talk to women who party in the clubs and the bars  
Told them already, Wiley's a boss  
I roll up looking like a tramp, no I don't wanna floss  
I'm the oldest blast from the past  
See me at face value, I ain't gotta wear no mask  
I rep Team Humble for life  
For the work I do, I'm taking a slice  
I share bread and water like Jesus Christ  
I know myself well like Three Blind Mice  
It's like once ain't enough, MCs wanna hype up twice  
You think you know cold, well check this rain, it's ice  
Smoking that loudest green part of my vice  
I've got dons in my hood are cool but some who ain't nice  
Might roll through and put an end to a good night  
Like I know this, they know that, that's their life  
But some dons ain't gonna do shit, stop saying you might  
You've been on the dark side hating, [?] for the whole of your life  
Nearly put your soul on the line  
Saying you've got grime classics, but they ain't older than mine  
Some do 9 to 5, but I'm rolling over the time  
If you're wanting me to hear you then show me your vibe  
I've got a vibe for sale, I know man doing life in jail  
I know a man who has got a wife in jail, spoke to her, she said it's a hype  
in jail  
She told me to stay away from there, I told her I won't take it there  
You see the platform where you can influence kids, I'm a make it there  
Wanna start the fire, not chase the flares  
No bullshit, keep it basic here  
When I'm in the studio, Tre is here, I might to the Raptors, Drake is there  
If a royalty comes through, I ring my sister like "take a share"  
Two-twelve is a good one, had an amazing year  
Don't write me off too soon, I'm staying here  
Don't book me for them, cause I ain't playing there  
Hear me on Rinse.fm, I'm spraying there  
See me at the rose club Kendrick and Dre are there  
Hold tight Damon Dash  
Cause he motivated me to earn cash  
Hold tight Ramsey and Fen  
And MC Creed, d-d-d-d-doin' it again  
When the sun's out fam I'm gonna be Rling to the studio  
When I say R1, some man still don't got a clue though  
Everybody's bad, I don't care who you know  
Hit a man in the head with a rolling judo  
All of my dons been killing it  
Some talk beef and burgers, they're grilling it  
All of my dons been killing it  
Some talk beef and burgers they're - all my dons that are gone, fresh liquor  
I pour  
It's snowing outside, spill it on a white floor  
Dogs are built up it's what I give 'em tripe for

I've got apples in my house like I run an iStore  
Never had the I3, came in on the I4  
Big up [?]  
Spitting or producing, dunno what I like more  
Been killing it since one-double-nine-four  
[?] I saw, the uphill struggle that lead to my door  
It's outrageous, what you think I'm on a hype for?  
Fucking with the music, it's what I live my life for  
Let me do what I'm doing, cause I do it like I done it  
Dons in music, understand we run it  
I told you before, even in war  
Been killing it since one-double-nine-four