

You don't really want smoke
You're just looking for the clout (Run weh)
I couldn't say a word to a man if he didn't run up his mouth (Haha)
Yeah I came back from the dead, Die Hard 1, 2, 3 (That's me)
Rarl up the bloodclart system, rarl up the bloodclart scene
Oh yes
When I done BMO Field, nobody cared one bit (Pricks)
I realised something, somebody's hearing me when I spit (They're listening)
I'm sick of everybody, wanna take sick energy and claim they made it
Man said they're king, gyal said they're Godmother
But the Grime cup final none of them have played it
I've stepped up on a man's set, we sprayed it
I'm advanced everybody not basic
I'm one of them famous faces
But I can't see my face I feel faceless
It's a London ting, it's Wiley and I run this ting
Don't ever get it twisted, I'd die for my sisters
That's why my goals help win all the fixtures
Brap, top bins, top bins
Why celebrate? Your team did not win
Why celebrate? Your fans did not sing
My fans step in the place and top bins
When I was a kid I used to shot things
Natural born hustler that's why I've got things
They wish I took an L, but I took a block win
Nuclear bomb 'cause they had me blocked in

You don't really want fame, you're not ready for the hype (Hey)
I couldn't say a word to a don, who didn't want to work all night (That's yo
ur choice)
Yeah I clashed 2-2 dons but none of them test my ting (No)
They don't wanna see me run up on a set when I'm on a mic ting
When it's risk time bro, I've got to put my life in (Ayy)
Revvin' all day then I put my bike in (Ayy)
Merk anybody on a hitchhike ting
When it comes to me they're on a dislike ting (Brap)
Can't touch me in any bits I'm in
I've got a brain in my head it's on a fits man ting (Fits)
All of you man are on a kickback ting
Manna traveller that's why I'm on a big mac ting (Ayy)
You don't wanna walk through the fire with me (Me)
Don't be scared talk to the fire with me (Yeah, yeah)
Throw your money in the air
Heads come back, them coins
They're coming with me
Back to the village, come radio if you wanna get a spillage (Yes)
I be the first to admit if I did it (I did it)
Spin a MC no Ls, man go for the winnage (For the winnage)
I'm outside, it's chapping (Chapping), yeah I'm outside it's freezing (Freez
ing)
All the styles I bust, them man lease 'em (Ayy)
They've been living off of barefaced treason (Treason)
I bet I'm gonna win the prem this season (Yeah)
'Cause I've got the logic I win for no reason (Whoa)
Drop top F-type season, say they don't like me
Yep I believe 'em

We got the city on lock
Told them we ain't gonna stop
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Told them we ain't gonna stop
For the work I do I'm taking a slice
Share bread and water like Jesus Christ
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