

Come Home

Wiley

Yo, man's fully on music
But still I've been sitting with crooks
I've never been shook
Apologise if I turn up, and I see man giving man looks
I'm following foots
When I say that I'm dishing out hooks for minor offences
I don't care bout your cases
Man's never had one, if I did, then mine are attempted
One of the last ones left that's trill
Back to the grind, gotta get that mill'
I was at yard, got a call from Will
Want a quick verse? I'ma do that still
If you're talking sauce, I'ma let that spill
Man's real icey without the jewels
Feeling real nice, I'ma get some grills
Usually grime but I might do drill

Ayy, ayy
Heard a voice in my head
It was telling me to come home
I been outside too long, in the unknown
Gotta get back to my one zone
I'm not a kid anymore, now I'm grown
No backtracking, I move forward
Still backpacking, still awkward
Got my hustle on the side
Put the hustle in the side
Still give them a gem when I'm talking grown
You know why I'm home?
Gotta see the next generation grow
Wanna see the next gen go make dough
Got my vibe from the tower blocks in Bow
You know like
Without here bro, I wouldn't be me
If I wasn't on radio, you wouldn't have seen me
It's Wiley, I'm from Bow E3
Get it crackin', I'm a real OG

I'm a real OG like D
Came into the scene OP
From T straight down to the EN3
Never been lowkey (I was outchea)
Police, it was in those streets (I'm allowed here)
I've done my share with the grief (Never doubt here)
Spin it like [?]
I make money off sounds because I pree those keys
(In the dungeons)
Something like Cee Lo Green (I'm about it)
Frontline, man locked the 'me' when it's crunch time
Man locked the 'u' when it's lunch time (Dead weight)
Grime is a land of the brave, not a segway
I bad riddims, get money, so when I do play fam
All of my G's got leg space, comfy
Independent and stable, lovely
Don't deserve 'cause I'll spray like dumpy
Too much style for them, Blay don't touch me