

Suck your mum and your idiot status
You're not Eminem, fuck all the abolishing chambers
And your daughter, she wanna see her dad today
Anytime you wanna hype, see the sad in her face
And fix up with the story blud, this ain't Maury
Banglez ditched you, now you're 'round Corey's
All you ever do is put yourself about
Bring two out, and take all your regiment out
Pussy, you're swinging swords at OAPs
You couldn't test in twenty-twenty or o-eighteen
You're a fantasy MC dreaming about winning
But everybody hates your guts when you're grinning
You're Incrediboy
But with the bars, I can wipe out, swipe out
MCs, I dead a boy
I'm a step ahead of boy
Rinse out mics and get better boy, take MCs out in stretchers
I don't want any friends in this ting blud
You man are all full of shit when I'm in stuff
No Rotten man can rain on my parade
When I aim at this brother and his mumzy its straight in the face
Sit at your mum's table and I'll never say grace
Even if she said grace, because of you I'll spit in her face
Brother, I'll wipe dog shit in her face

You're not really rude, you act for this
I don't act, brother, I've died and trapped for this
I can't make fantasy bars about nails in eyelids, atom bombs
Because that's gimmicks
None of you are Eminem
You gotta know when I'm here, you're dead again
Back in the start, go be a beg again
You beg studio time and beg friends then
You complain when the money get spent
Fibs, all you wanna do is tell fibs
Your baby mum, she needs help with the kids
First man to breach and diss my daughter
That man don't deserve to have kids
Said you won't like it when I open the lid
Small smoke anytime I come, I come big
I'll split your wig blud, what do you think?
Two weeks more and your ship's gonna sink

Man wanna bring up youts until I say something about your yout
And it's beef
If you wanna be here, chatting about family
I don't mind, brother, I got all week
Anytime I hear you spitting a bar
You remind me of something, talk is cheap
You ain't gonna do anything or slew anything
I heard all your dubs, you're past your peak
So, you wanna get disrespectful?
Joseph, check out the plan
If that's your BMs and that's your daughter?
20 years time, blam
Yo, you're fucking with the one man band
You got a hand full of fans

But all the food that you're feeding your fans is bland

Yo, can't trick me into thinking it's substance
When it's all lies and abundance
Man can't ever trick me into thinking he's a top guy
This brother's probably thinking he can rock climb
Your problems are yours and not mine
You think if you're pissed off you can stop time
Nobody's waiting around here
I'ma win this, no debating around here
Yo, I don't take disrespect lightly it's likely
I'm gonna send back with 'nuff flame
Likely gonna send back in one day
Yeah, it's Wiley, I war on a Easter Sunday
No chill with it, you don't like it? Deal with it
When I'm in the room, I don't care how you feel in it
No matter how many deals I did
All that matters is I'm still here with it
Sitting in the chair with it, clear with it
Got no fear with it, man don't care in it
Catch me scaring it

I throw spears in it
Step in the office and throw chairs in it
Man better know I've gone clear with it
I bet you thought you was the heir to it
Heir to it, my brother you ain't near to it
And you've been having nightmares at Christmas
And I'm here for it
I got my drink and my weed and a chair for it
Yo
It's Wiley again
Don't try me again if you're not on these levels
Don't size up because you're not a new rebel
Nobody cares you copped a new kettle
You're an idiot, man can't back out the war
Gotta send a red shell for your jaw in a war
I'm sure, I'm kicking off doors
Don't laugh too soon, I'll be kicking off yours