

Double Dragon

Wiley

Hey
Hey
Hey
Hey
Hey
Hey
Ey

Them man there look funny on the mic
Them mans money look funny in the light
Them man there are some fraudulent fixtures (Hey)
Tek man's ting and take all of the hype
Got foresight, man I've seen all of the sights
Predict the weather light all of the time
Man can't tell me about grafting, I've done all of the grafting
I've been through all of the grind
My mother ain't seen no sleep since I was 6 when I said I ain't working for nobody
Since then I grown up into a old body (Hey)
And all now I ain't answered to nobody
30 plus years on the planet
Still put a likkle man there in a panic
So why you still wondering, I can't manage
I just swiped a whole household on a Amex (Hey)
That's major paper (Hey)
The line's more busy than Major Lazer
Busy signals baby, maybe later (Hey)
I'm shaving off cheese with major graters (Hey)
Maintain and obtain some acres (Hey)
Consider to offset some papers (Hey)
The only black boy on my block and I'm sure I keep upsetting the neighbours

Turn up, shatter the glass
They didn't want none of this, back in the past
Man I got them real grime classic bars (Hey)
Some slow ones, some of them attacking it fast
I wrote bare sick ones at the back of the class
In the back of the book
I was cracking the code, to be king of the craft
Now I deliver the vibe
I get the phone call, so they can deliver the ride
I'm riding dirty (Hey), Wiley's certy I know
Ain't nobody doing it better with my flow
Manna slick with the phone, but better with biros (Hey)
Where was you when I was spinning up Ice Pole?
I'm grimey like dirt
Even when I'm sleeping, I'm still at work, and my brains on search
What we selling? Master WAV's
And everybody wanna sell all kinda merch

He said, all typa, all typa (Hey)
All tings when I enter
All kinda (Hey)
All works I'm involved, with all nighters (Hey)
Cah when my ting buss, they all line-up (Hey)
Facts, they all tried it, all minor (Hey)
They all buyed it, all buy 'nuff (Hey)

Send links (Hey), they all sign up
I sell food, they all dine up
I make all of my own luck, check

My own luck, my own buck
Alley-oop myself for my own dunk
Might play a 1-2 still, take a pass from Will
Then rass it over the hill (Hey)
Nuttin' don't change like the bills
Everyone drills
Everyone's teeths got grills (Hey)
But my ting comes with a seal when it's fresh out the pack
When you seen man back in the field

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