

# Eskimo Dance

Wiley

Yo  
Central Line!  
Man try a ting, Central Line!  
Boy try a ting, Central Line!  
No long ting on the Central!  
Fucked in the head-a-leng  
If I'm bored-a-leng  
I might walk down the road-a-leng  
Eat anyone-a-leng, pon dem [?] a-leng  
And then duckle

Nine! Manna lick two inna your chest  
Put two inna your spine  
Fuck round with K, your life is on the line  
Well, you don't wanna war with K9  
Nine! Manna lick two inna your chest  
Put two inna your spine  
Fuck round with K, your life is on the line  
Well, you don't wanna war with K9-9

Yo, one of dem, one of dem  
C-A-P-O, yeah, one of dem, one of dem  
Come out the way, yeah, one of dem, one of dem  
Manna get liff, yeah, one of dem, one of dem  
Bun down rave, yeah, one of dem, one of dem  
Pricks in the grime scene, yeah, one of dem, one of dem  
Can't take Capo for one of dem, one of dem  
Mandem load at one of dem, yo

Ey, yo, love grime (Hey!)  
Run man a riddim, I'll torch it (Hey!)  
Dark like we're living in sunshine (Hey!)  
Slap 'way another exclusive (Hey!)  
One line, make ya head lumpy  
I give dem eight bar, gyaldem haffi start moving  
Wah dem ah deal wid? (Level)  
Cah you know my ting already

I'm like, "Wow! Who's that rass!"  
Fuck up the rave like CS gas  
Murkle man, kill off a fass  
Worship me like Sunday mass  
And again, "Wow! Who's that rass!"  
Fuck up the rave like CS gas  
Murkle man gonna kill off a fass  
And man worship me like Sunday mass

Bang! Couldn't be a stupid man  
Bang! Better know I'm a money man  
Bang! Can't chat shit to me, man  
Bang! Cah man are real big mic man so  
Bang! Wiley's a London man  
Bang! Gyaldem know I'm the man  
Bang! Know that I'm old school man  
Yes, who's hot on microphone stand?

Manna said lie dem a tell, lie dem a tell

Man are gonna shell dem as well, shell dem as well  
Put your food on the scale, food on the scale  
Ayy, it's not everyday trap on Snap  
Manna said lie dem a tell, lie dem a tell  
Man are gonna shell dem as well, shell dem as well  
Put your food on the scale, food on the scale  
Ayy, it's not everyday trap on Snap

You wanna test? It's fine by me  
New era, hit 'em with the new stylie  
Ear'um scare 'em, wear and tear 'em  
I got the flows that are too grimey  
You wanna test? It's fine, fine  
Hit 'em with the new era line, line  
I'm cheeky like a rear end  
Soon gonna explode like a mine

Young Raiden's got a new ting called  
No-no, remorse-morse  
You got a new one but they won't sing, that's  
No-no, remorse-morse (Wait)  
I tell man straight up I'm the best, that's  
No-no, remorse-morse (Wait)  
I say, "Wait" and they still say, "Yes", that's  
No-no, remorse-morse

Freeze, don't make me squeeze  
No it's not Babylon, it's Mr. Breeze  
Breathe and you'll catch my disease  
If you don't own a gas mask, better leave  
Say please and I might be nice  
Cold as ice, I drop bodies at a nice price  
Say the word, spray these nerds  
With verbs till their eyes are blurred

I don't care, I don't care  
Take your shit, get out of here  
Leave the seat, fuck it take the chair  
Say you done this but who was there?  
Who was near? Temper's short so watch your talk  
My strikers shoot and when I pop the ball  
From Roman Road down to Stroudley Walk  
Drive big cars, man I hardly walk

Start mooting 'em up  
What you doing there? Start fucking them up  
That boy there, start banging him  
Chaps, chain, start jacking him  
Draw for the gat, start gun bucking 'em up  
Torture path leave some shattering  
All his mandem come off the block  
Jump fences, climb over walls  
Start scattering

Grips! Bang him!  
You're on the floor!  
No movement, you're on the floor!  
Catch him at the back of the flats!  
Grips! Bang him!  
You're on the floor!  
No movement, you're on the floor!