

Evolve Or Be Extinct

Wiley

Evolving, how many days will it take to reach another level?
I'm a short term wrangler there ain't another rapper I won't take on
If you lose then get off
Winners stays on, winner plays on, winner like the Malmaison
I'm a winner, my 5 like a break for 20 thousand and people don't never put h
ate on
I don't wanna hear a thing that you wanna say
Pipe down on twitter trying to put a face on
Silly choice, silly move, idiot things
Silly me, silly you, delete your thing
I'm bigger than this, I'll defeat your king
God knows I try calm but he goes in
He's just an mc but but goes in
There style is whack like its a repo thing
I'm going in, I ain't coming out
I got a style and it ain't running out
But my life's running out, we don't live forever
However my music can live forever, whatever
Tell them [?] and you can't fool me but you act quite clever
Sun, sea and sand but that's my weather
Whether or not you like me silly whatever
I count money, I'm a troll this cheddar
I don't care if the your the rawest brother
On my own I'm running this estate no fair like blam I'm a tourist fella
What know then? you must have thought I was a climb like calvin
I dont take care of chipmunks My name ain't alvin
I got a space where I'm living its out of town housing
Suck your mother I might say that
If you wanna hear it again, play it back
[?]
Like a dad without the laid back
(Boodoodagadaga)
Its wiley again
None of them better not try me again
Your forgetting I'm a giant like A stack
Battle anybody for an 8 stack
Put it my greysack put it on my back then I move on asap
I am music but I am not a rap
My name eski
Im sitting on the clouds where the best be
Take that shut your mouth though take that
Cause I'm a don
Don't get me wrong when I'm singing this song
I got back to the war stop bringing it on
You play ball and you think you lebron
You might spend 5 days picking a song
By then I'm on a racetrack winning along
I'm doing it right while you're doing it wrong
Like what type of mic are you doing it on
You know half good MC's ruin a song
Im like why are they doing it wrong thats long
I'm evolving, in the free zone
Like major colvin, everybodys [?] and
I stack that money till i'm blue in the face
I go fast like I flew in a race
Im in the title I'm killing rivals
Nobody's spitting on the beat

Nobody's really liable
Think your bad but you can't do a 5 0
My kind of style ain't viable
You gotta earn it, you gotta learn it
Your kind of style ain't buyable
When its a grime thing
Im on the track fighting
Saying stuff I ain't just rhyming
Better listen up clear when I'm hyping
On the road, laying up the white lightning
If a soundboys dead and he calls my name
I roll up and its like I revive him
Par. I should have let him fade out lightly
Them ever getting everywhere werent likely
Yeah I'm Wiley, you say don't like me so what
I'm not a show off
But when I'm about it's a road block
Stop thinking of old songs
Move on go and change your old top
Them spitters are good but their flows not
As tight as mine I'm like an old knot
They got bullied in school like an Allcot
God I'm in control I'm not a robot
Heres how I evolve I can't hold on
So many chatting on the cliff but they roll off
Climb back up but by then I float off
In souls confront until it goes off
My future's brightest
Orange kush I smoke weed
Not brown in a souring
I go joking my fam might ask of me
My mum says she ain't seen nothing of him