

# He's Too Much

Wiley

Yo  
Eskiboy  
Tunnel Vision Volume 2  
Boy Better Know  
Man's running this game  
Big up all the Roll Deep massive  
The other day I was on road like  
Someone said to me: "Wiley, you must be one of them legends like Pelé by now  
You must be like  
You're too much blud"  
They're saying like "on road he's too much"

Eskiboy  
Tunnel Vision  
Listen  
Big up Scratcha  
Hol' tight A Plus  
Big up Mega  
Hol' tight Black Rain  
We doing this (Eskiboy)  
E3 all day

I'm back with a bang  
Me and Skepta and Javan  
Where's Wiley, I heard that he went to Japan  
But now he's with Jam in Milan  
At the [?] magazine party  
Cash in hand  
Do it so the sound expands  
And I've got new plans  
Had a few driving bans  
When it hits September  
Gonna buy a badboy car  
Blacked out, I'm a fully grown man when I'm 'ere  
But I still wanna act like a boy  
Go straight to [?] and I will start blazing man  
I've got this game in my hand  
I was a street yout, street kid, street boy  
Now I am a street man  
We can have war as a man  
I can only say one thing  
Ask me a badman, mic man, bust champs man like J Money  
He's North-West, but me, I'm a East man  
I play games, your girl she's flames  
She was on my case, but now she's on Kane's  
Bopping her head to the beat, singing along with, Jay and [?]  
She knows bagga worries and shame  
And my events  
They've gotta be the main events in the game then flames  
Everybody who came from the drain like me, but some have got a different aim

If there's one thing that I know, I know he's too much  
Right foot on the gas, left foot on the clutch  
If there's one thing that I know, I know he's too much  
Right foot on the gas, left foot (Eski) on the clutch (Yo, yo)  
He's too much

I ate lamb, curry and roti

I'm a war MC, they can all quote me (Yeah)  
And I might punch you in the [?]  
When you wake up, everything seems floaty  
I guess you wanna find me, but I'm with Lowkey  
In your house with Lowkey  
Climb through your window, you know me  
My name's Wiley, yeah I'm that breh with the gold teeth  
You and your boys came 'round and thought you could fold me  
I'm from a city not Holby  
Who's this chubby looking breh, he looks like Jan Mølby  
He sounds like he's talking in [?]  
Telling me he's going to leave my t-shirt holey  
Waste money can't test Wiley Coyote  
This the last thing I do  
I revenge anybody that tried to stop me or hold me

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If there's one thing that I know, I know he's too much  
Right foot on the gas, left foot on the clutch  
He's too much  
If there's one thing that I know, I know he's too much  
Right foot on the gas, left foot on the clutch  
If there's one thing that I know, I know he's too much  
Right foot on the gas, left foot on the clutch  
He's too much