

I Ain't Gonna Fold

Wiley

Send anybody, I ain't gonna fold
All your little dead tactics, them are old
I can see through you, you're a fake mold
And I can't chat shit with you, I'm too cold

If anybody try and stop my sound
I will turn London upside down
If I showed you where I came from
You would know surviving here, man can't be a clown

I am so clued up I might appear mad
That's the balance of my mum and my dad
You can't touch me blud I'm not an iPad
No more laptop inna my bag

Drop-top, Range Rover or the Jag
Don't try talk yourself into me, it's a blag
And I know
Cos I'm Wiley, star of the show, let's go

All you man who preach love can't clash to save your own life
Wanna give talk, but you can't take talk
If grime was a sport I'd be Johan Cruyff

When I'm switched on active, manna pro, I can tell when I do my practice
I was spraying riddims before when it was rap this
I see your bars in the litter with the cat piss

Blud, if I take seven months out better know when I come back playtime done
London city is the place I run
I got the real loud-pack it's not a daytime one

Gotta rate my one, but they hate my one, then they take my one
Mandem ain't written all the 16s and the 24s in the little grime eights I've
done

I'm a killer MC, killer MC
I ain't in any friendship with a MC
I ain't in any friendship with a MP
I'm at [?] getting food, belly empty

Waiting for the money the people have gotta send me
I'm a savage here, they could never end me
I kill 'em softly, I kill 'em gently
I'm winning it cos see they wanna get me

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When I took four years out of the grime scene, everybody said I'm done
They rate my one, then they take my one
But before me these MCs they were my sons

I was outside doing late night runs
Four and a half [?] do you know them ones?
Lord of the Mics do you know them ones?

Lewisham High Street cheese and bun
All this trap talk, but he still owes me funds

I was doing [?] and kickback ones
I was doing road and ridgeback ones
I was on the rooftop, I was tryna pinch man's son
By I ain't tryna be that one

King of Grime, yeah we already know that one
Quick 24, no I ain't done

You know what I'm sayin'
Quick war dub to your door, no I ain't playin'
Take ya back to deja-vu when I'm sprayin'
Money up front, there ain't no delayin'

I don't wanna hear what my man's sold
All I know I don't bend I don't fold
Thirty, I don't war for postcodes
Truth is, I've already been cold struggling with an O
No

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