

## Intro

Wiley

Ayy  
Ayy  
Eskiboy  
Ayy  
G-3, yo

I see it for what it is  
And I don't want none of it  
It's my hobby and I'ma do it for the fun of it  
I'll be the father, bro, you can be the son of it  
It's always been me and mine runnin' it  
The loudest pack, I'm here bunnin' it  
Did a couple years, think you done a bit  
Got a couple hunnids in  
I ain't a hater here 'cause I be bubblin'  
Who brought the trouble in? I'm money doublin'  
Doublin' up, I come around in my i8  
I ain't complainin' 'bout nothin', 'cause I hate  
Some of the paigon's ways, make a man irate  
I know you follow couple patterns that I made  
I made patterns  
Been in every jeweler's shop from Bethnal Green to Hatton  
The mandem don't play in my culture  
They'll pull up to the junction, jump out and clap 'em

G-3, my bro, it's G-3  
Dem man there couldn't ever G me  
I've been a don since man had a Punto GT  
The DJ, MC from Bow E3  
I'm like, G-3, my bro, it's G-3  
Dem man there couldn't ever G me  
I've been a don since man had a Punto GT  
The DJ, MC from Bow E3

Too many MC's not enough mics  
Lookin' for the smoke, I ain't lookin' for the likes  
Don't chat to man about lyrics and mics  
Everyday I look a vibe when I create a style  
Dem man gravitate towards the style that I buss  
And for sure that's fine  
Just remember, that's mine  
Man step out the yard and go work  
Man step on the set, and man murk  
Manna pioneer like Kool Herc  
Raised the east like my brother Bossturk  
Mash up the dance just like Dirty Flirts  
I make a riddim, and I search for the perks  
Man can't tell me a thing 'cause man works  
I'm sorry, my G, the truth hurts