

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