

I'm too excited when I land on Earth  
In a place that ain't mine, but I'm still flexin'  
Not concerned with what anyone's doing  
I just hit the parties, I ain't in here textin'  
I'm drawing down on the video vixens  
Mix tings knowing we shouldn't mix 'em  
We've all got problems, but not all of us wanna go ahead and fix 'em  
I'm rolling deep and I'm a dan when I flow  
I make a sound boy know  
If you wanna do the war back to back, then let's go  
Been a warlord, everybody knows  
BBK, yeah, I got a team, we slay  
'cause we do this ting everyday  
Manna like, "rah-rah-rah-rah" Earth or Rebecca  
Tryna see what a man got paid, ayy  
Me and my aliens, we're a bit different  
Me and my aliens, we're so persistent  
Me and my aliens, we've been gifted  
I put gelato in a ticket and lift it  
Bud sweet like a biscotti biscuit, hello  
My style, you can't resist it, hi, don't bother try  
I'll be in my house like "why?"  
No sound's gonna test me before I die  
That's crazy thinking  
From them over there, that's lazy thinking  
I'm a star in this ting, I'm the heart of this ting  
Ever since me and everybody started this ting  
It's so many years late, but I'm still inspired by  
R1 when I'm flying by  
Had a vision in my head doing music  
Since grandad had me in the park flying kites  
I've had sleepless nights and days, 20 years straight, wait  
My name bangs so bait  
If I go away for a day, I can step back up, still running the place, ayy  
I ain't gonna do it if there ain't a bar that I can raise  
When I roll through, roll through, low top skin-fade  
When I MC, yo, I ain't spitting to get paid  
I just step to the mic and yeah, riddim fi get sprayed  
Like, no rest for the wicked, I was spitting with the sickest  
I take a next route, if it's the quickest  
I don't do this 'cause I wanna be small time, rudeboy  
Man wanna be the biggest, done with the small talk  
Let's talk business, if you can't do that, you should be chillin'  
I'm gonna get where I'm going, God willin'  
I'm still winnin', but now I'm flippin'  
Pounds for the sound that I pioneered  
All of that scene that's why I'm here  
I know this ting, so I breeze by  
Don't test, you'll lose your wings in a deep fryer  
If I got a work, I'll work, if I got a murk, I'll murk  
From the hood to the seaside  
Swear to God, the one thing I can always do  
Is pick up the mic at any set time  
MCs say they're ready, they're not ready yet  
We set examples, but this ain't Elliot  
So many spitters, but none of them rock steady yet  
Don't ask me if I'm hungry, I've already ate

We got the vibes and flows some man will never get  
Run up in your house like, "Where is it? Better fetch"  
How you gonna pressure ketch, pressure king  
Done a whole lotta tings, now I'm doing better tings like  
Check me out, nah, but check me out  
It's been 20 years, I've become a veteran  
Came in the game with a plan to win games  
You see the paces, we're setting them, I'm like  
Check me out, nah, but check me out  
It's been 20 years, I've become a veteran  
Came in the game with a plan to win games, but  
You see the paces, we're setting them  
Don't bother my skills, I'm sure of them  
Got a wide range of flows, not four of them  
When I go to war, shield and sword again  
I'm gonna make the whole crowd roar again  
I know it feels awkward when you force the pen  
To write bars, but we hear it coz you're forcing them  
Said beef on the packet but there's sauce in them  
Crispy pancakes, I ain't gonna talk to them  
I'm like a hawk to you, I'm like a hawk to them  
You see me do it before, and I just done it again  
Used to run it before, and I can run it again  
'Cause I let the ink flow, no mud in my pen  
I got a monster's vibe, I can bring it to life  
Always ready with the lyrics like I live in the mic  
I know you want me to be wrong and you to be right  
But I'm the one here doing it right, alright