

Little Dee Freestyle

Wiley

It's Little Dee (Yeah)
And it's Little Dee (And you know this)
It's Little Dee (Yeah)
And it's Little Dee (Yeah, yeah)
It's Little Dee (Yeah)
Alright then (Yeah, yeah)
And it's Little Dee (Woo)
Hold tight Wiley on this one (Oi hold tight Wiley)
And it's Little Dee, far from a little G
Get to know (Yeah)
Ay, I ain't sneaking in
I'm barging through (Barging)
Get to know, Little Dee
FA

Yo, who's next to blow?
What, now I'm gonna talk up?
Alright f*ck it, I'll go next
By the moment I [?]
Come and collect the P's in til there ain't no dough left
Alright then, where to show next
150, catch no cheques
More money, more problems
In that case, I hate it when I got no stress
And them guys know I'm a road vet
Grinding, but can't be seen in [?]
They say time is money, and I agree with that
And that's what I am 'cause you're rolex
And I ain't got love for no feds
And I ain't had a chop yet, I'm so vexed
But it's gonna be nuff when I bust
Like I be in jail and I ain't had no sex

The doors ain't open
But I'm not sneaking in, I'm barging through
And I'm gonna carve my name in the game
If not, I'm carving you
The doors ain't open
But I'm not sneaking in, I'm barging through
And I'm gonna carve my name in the game
If not, I'm carving you

Yeah, I'm soon gonna blow
I think that I'm ready now
Just watch the way that I take off
I gotta show the game what I'm made of
And you'll know that I'm there like [?]
Shotting business, we got the ends locked
So don't try and come, I make my ends hot
With a strap, heat you up
But my blood's still cold like Scorcher and them lot
Merk me, ain't no one I could name
I'm, young and white with a good aim
Oi tuck in your shit please bruv, 'cause my hands get itchy when I see a good chain
And don't think that I won't pop shine
I'm broke, but at this rate I'm not signed

You better be ready to squeeze 'cause even the queen knows I'm ready to pop mine

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Yeah, yeah
The doors ain't open
But you know me, I don't give a shit I'll barge through
I ain't got time to argue
I gotta get to the top of the pad like R2
I need to get paid too
But I'm pissed that the underground scene don't pay you
So I stay in my grind, and do my music
And slowly but surely make my way through
But not everybody likes me
'Cause my uncle causes trouble like pikey's
Up there, so don't take me lightly
Me and the lads, we pop chains like bike fees
I'm moving see, you wanna fight me? I guess you don't know how my olders like G
You wanna fight me? I'm up there flagging around in my Nike's

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