

Pure grime in the making
Where I stand, stuff don't work if you're faking
Everyday outchea, phones up for the taking
I'm on the market, went back to the basics
I got the blueprint, your man ah can't trace it
Step in the booth, put on a riddim and I lace it
You man had a vibe but then we came and replaced it
Give them the history, they can't erase it
Sounds fresh, other man are outdated
My brudda, I know where the dough's at
Looking for the Cali weed? I know where the cro's at
Donnies tried taking the flows, I've got the flows back
Man ah gave them bangers before, that was the old crack
You wanna see the dance hype and we know that
The closest you'll get to an Eskimo throwback
Hold that, I told 'em I'm gettin' 'em hyper
Now it's phones in the air, we ain't flashing no lighter
Man are merkers
On the riddim, man are searchers
Man really do the work like migrant workers
On the riddim, man are merkers
And anywhere I go, I clock silent lurkers
On the riddim, man are searchers
Man really do the work like migrant workers
On the riddim, man are merkers
On the riddim, man are merkers, yeah