

Merkle Freestyle

Wiley

Brownie, Hi
Yo, this is Eskiboy
Tunnel Vision Volume 3
Caramel Brownie (What?)
Eskiboy freestyle (Get me)
Hold tight the merkle man ([?], oi London)
It's Eskiboy, wicked man (Oi, shut ya mout' star)
Man made the time of the year, are you mad?
Shut ya mout'
I make the tune of the year man
I make the tune of the year man
I make the tunes of the year
I made the tune of the year
I make the tunes of the year
Oi listen, oi you know who I am, shut ya mout'

It's gettin' cold out here so mind you don't slip up
Ain't none of you ever pushed a gun-clip up
Mind you don't trip up, things get rip up
Spit so much fire make a whole crew give up
You ain't been on a roof, you didn't rig up
Rinse got me bigger, so you must get a big up
And now I got dreams that I wanna live out
Straight to the top, I'm hot, I won't give up
Hot I won't give up, no I can't give up
You can't get rid of the champion killer
Me and Jerome we know the gun driller
Wait, 'cause we gotta bus a shot at Tilla
Me and Will run deep like a river
And now I've got power, like, watch me deliver
What, you didn't hear when I murked up a sinner?
Champion killer, all out for the skrilla
Get wile up, rudeboy, don't try smiler
You don't wanna come round here and get wile up
Came with a crew, that's alright then, line up
Which soundboy wants to rail up, line up
Pass the mic 'round, spit bars, so your time's up
I wouldn't fire a sixteen with a fire cah, buying til my time's up
Top boys when you sign up, if you come through blasting
Two nines up, I'm a lemon boy
I will rise up to the occasion
Truth is I got mine up
You know it's just my luck
Wanna be all cool
Come across a little prick who says my time's up
Rise up, like a Phoenix, Sun 6AM
Come through spraying, about my time's up
Get your punchlines up, 'cause fun time's up
I can see you all already when you're comin' unstuck
You wanna murk who? I won't avoid you
Let's see if you murk me and my whole crew
I'm waitin, I'm sittin' here waitin'
You wanna murk who? I won't avoid you
Let's see if you murk me and my whole crew
I'm waitin, I'm sittin' here waitin'
Get a letter, make a word, then I string along sentences
And one more thin hoodie was meant for this

Sent from a place where, there's no apprentices
Harry put a kid straight through where the trenches are
Certain cliques, they weren't meant for this
Hear me, I can spit bars with emphasis
The way I'm flowin' now, I can't see an end to this
Come to my trench town, see the ends a bit
Another letter, another word
Then I string along another sentence, keyword: emphasis
When I start lettin' off, I don't tend to miss
You should know by now I was meant for this
You sound unsure, that's cause you're unraw
Listen to me, analyse, can't find one flaw
Nigga's wanna run draws like they weigh a tonne four
I see 'em wetting, oi blud, what'cha run for?
Eskiboy, Tunnel Vision, shut ya mout' (Shut ya mout')