

Spitting with the hats
Spitting the kicks and the claps
Send man a transfer BACS
My name's staying on the map
Yeah, spitting with the hats
Spitting the kicks and the claps
Send man a transfer BACS
My name's staying on the map

Stand back, let me launch an attack
Bumbahole, I got bars on tap
Everybody's got a wap until the wap jams up
Look now, ain't nobody got a wap
No cap, I was in a room trapped
The trap stinks like vomit and cats
The trap stinks like garbage bags
Real trap man know it's real talk when I chat
570S it's all black
Being here, you coulda never called back
'Cause you wish that I woulda quit
But I can't fall back
You will never get the passport back
Done all the half talk chat
'Cause, I run all the forecourt inna these flats
I came to let all the people know
I only come with the facts
Stand back when I chat, let me ransack
I plan forward, I never plan back
Me number one, they could never stand back
But I got the juice to sell so let me can that
Anything they can't control, they ban that
Then they tax the shit like 'take some of that'
Everybody looking wanna make some of that
Hm, bread, let's break some of that
Yo, gyal ah want thrills
Catch me in the club with a Zeze Mills
Yeah, gyal ah wan' flex
It's okay gyal, flex on your ex
'Cause you heard that your man was with a gyal inna Straford Rex
And he didn't answer your text
Your friend told you, now you're vexed
She was like, "what'd you expect?"
Me and my gyal are fine
I don't want yours, I only want mine
Buy a house, hers and mine
Buy a land, hers and mine
Buy a car, hers and mine
For the one bag of gyal, I ain't got no time
'Cause some gyal wanna be cruel to be kind
Mind your business, I will mind mine
William, get a million
I beg unnu fi listen the style I'm giving 'em
Put your hands in the air, haha
Give me some years, I'll be a millionaire, haha
I told them like
William, get a million
I beg unnu fi listen the style I'm giving 'em

Put your hands in the air, haha
Give me a year, I'll be a millionaire, haha
I told them like it's Wiley and I'm getting 'em hyper
I get 'em dirty like a baby diaper
Who's on the riddim? The lyrical sniper
All bad bwoy dem fi flash your lighter
Wiley and I'm getting 'em hyper
I get 'em dirty like a baby diaper
Who's on the riddim? The lyrical sniper
All bad bwoy dem fi flash your lighter
See me just ah creep pon di riddim like a spider
Nuff ah dem are my yout, nuff ah dem are minor
I'm a cold rider, gyal finder
Now we're gonna kill it with a 16 liner
Draw for the niner
You thought I was a first timer
I'm the Roll Deep rhymmer
Watch when I come, I'ma be a chart climber
Now we gotta kill it with the-
Oi, stupid
You don't wanna come here and be stupid
The last soundboy that tried to be stupid
Left in a bodybag, stupid
That's what he got for being stupid
Oi, stupid
You don't wanna come here and be stupid
The last soundboy that tried to be stupid
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My name's staying on the map
Yeah
Spitting with the hats
Spitting the kicks and the claps
Send man a transfer bats
My name's staying on the map, like