

Scars Remix

Wiley

Bare wasteman wanna diss my tune
Same wasteman wanna spit on my tune
Wasteman bars can't fit on my tune
Try hard, still sound shit on my tune
Producers wanna bootleg my tune
Clash me and end up dead on my tune
Just a little reminder of my tune
There was gunshots at Sidewinder for my tune

Bang! I couldn't be a stupid man
Bang! You better know I'm a money man
Bang! You can't chat shit to me man
Bang! Cah man ah real big mic man
Bang! Wiley is a London man
Bang! Gyal dem know I'm the man
Bang! Know that I'm old school man
Bang! Yeah who's hot on microphone stand

What you mean, what you mean, what you mean you fool
Go on then, go on then, draw for the tool
Think that you're hard but you're soft like wool
Lick a man in the jaw side with a stool
Gully skengman but I still look cool
White gold chains and a I start drool
But they can't jack me, I'm not Ja Rule
Nah, rude boy what you mean, what you mean

What you mean, I'm a bad boy not a goody-goody man
I face the Boogieman, black Nike hoodie man
Might come across bully man
Watch me I play with my life, I'm a street kid fully man
I'm a bad boy not a goody-goody man
I face the Boogieman, black Nike hoodie man
Might come across bully man
Watch me I play with my life, I'm a street kid fully

Go on then, go on then, draw for the 'chete
Bullets start dropping down like confetti
Won't bring a strap if the beef is petty
Nah family, I just draw for the 'chete
Make you belly look like a bowl a spaghetti
Leave your head bust and your forehead sweaty
I'll make you wish you never drawed the machete
Go on then, you think you're ready

Tiger, see me affi creep on the riddim like a spider
'Nuff of them are my youth, 'Nuff of them are minor
I'm a cold rider, gyal finder
Now we gotta kill em with the 16 liner
Draw for the niner
You thought I was a first timer, I am the roll deep rhymer
Watch, when I come I'm gonna be a chart climber
Now we gonna kill em with the tiger

Know yourself if you're not in the booth
When I touch mic I only speak truth
Run when you hear the dogs go woof woof

Don't care if you're a 12 year old youth
Go on then, go on then, jump on the roof
When you come down your head will get hoof
Blud, you'll be missing more than one tooth
Skepta live in the flesh I'm proof

It's Wiley and I'm gettin 'em hyper
Get 'em dirty like a baby diaper
Who's on the riddim, the lyrical sniper
All bad boy dem fi flash your lighters
It's gun season, millimeter
Who want fi test them get defeater
We bun fire upon all informer
And we bun them with the red heat seeker

I got love for the fam when I'm 'ere
Drive on a two year ban when I'm 'ere
Skepta's a fully grown man when I'm 'ere
No baby buggy or pram when I'm 'ere
Fifty pound for a gram when I'm 'ere
Smoker poke a hole in a can when I'm 'ere
You can't diss Bossman when I'm 'ere
Represent Roll Deep clan when I'm 'ere