

If it wasn't for the music, who knows  
I could have been a baker, who knows  
I'd be making money and when you close  
Do 24 hours then new clothes  
Can't moan it's a life that you chose  
Back a Lucozade just for the glucose  
Trying to make a year of money between two shows  
Trying to make the team six points with two throws  
SJM made an offer for a show will we do it though, who knows  
I was in a Taco-Bell or the Churros  
Told John I'm ringing JME for true dough  
Money's gotta be so nice, so right  
Just for me and them two though  
You know  
Gotta pay up for this crew though  
No getting three of us for the price of two, yo

Outstanding, so we stand out  
Still living this mad life we planned out  
Hear the grime on radio getting played though  
I'm swear I'm happy the ways things have panned out  
We're a brand out here what you mean cuz?  
Spray fire for the street get the street buzz  
Who decides you're a don? The street does  
They give you energy like Shredded Wheat does

If it wasn't for the music then what?  
Would I still bring a man in and make a ends hot?  
Probably would start a life from Barking to Brent Cross  
Never had a job coz I ain't like them dons  
If I roll three man deep that's ten strong  
If I roll ten man deep that's thirty  
Would I still be this god damn head strong?  
Would I still ride like do man dirty?  
You can't say I'm back you just weren't listening then  
Me I want bikes and things not lifers ring  
I don't wanna be living in pen so...  
Why do they wanna test me  
I get kill streaks and I lay down sentries  
And I paid for the old tracksuit but the new one came in Complementary

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If it wasn't for the music, what then?  
I could have kept on shotting but what then?  
I'm a roadman, grew with the roadman  
But i know cold roadman we are not them  
You ain't got beef when you're in the top ten  
But if anybody tries it, stop them  
I see dons putting tunes out ain't getting a buzz

You know why? Coz they were hot then  
I'm hot now  
Skeps said I can't stop now  
So i'm bringing back my old block sound  
Remebering how manaman got down  
Squares, sines, drums, laptop  
Anywhere I go now, got the know-how  
Got the fire in my belly I ain't gotta slow down  
Every MCs got a front when they're talking  
That's why you gotta stand up in a showdown

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