

Step 11

Wiley

Yo, this is Wiley, aka Eskiboy
Right now we're back, volume 2
It's all fun and games till
Till
Hold tight filthy beats, yeah
You know how we do it, live and direct
Hold tight all the producers, all the MCs, fammo

Time flies when you're in Dubai
I'm seeing star ships were never meant to fly
I'm like Romeo was never meant to die
I'm killin all spitters who never meant to try
When I said I was a king you was never meant to cry
You was meant to hail me, I was never meant to rise
But I see it clear blud you were never meant for grime
Rolex watches were never meant for time
It's all for showboating
Money on the wrist you're promoting
Fuck that niggas on a joke ting
I'd rather be a dome with the straps stick a mash to your adam's apple you s
tart choking
Quick to with the coat in super with the [?]
You know I'm a don and I made it that way instead of hoping
I hope you drop to the bottom of the sea like a anchor
Freezing cold ting

Beats are filthy
Your mum's a milfy
I bang the milfs from Lewisham to Tilbury
And there was a deal in the air you couldn't [?]
I leave the deal open that's the real me
Any major around this city know I done their work on my own do you feel me?
Tell the ex girlfriend chill b I'm gonna get where I'm going if it kills me
I'm too good on mics you ain't good on
Man said overload but that's put on
And I'm still a grime kid
I put my hood on and then blaze a whole set
Like Wiley good on, good on ya
Don't let a shotter ever put buj on ya
Ain't worth the hassle
I don't rock them sharp shoes with the tassles
Cos I ain't that kind [?]

I'm livin in the South East, flyin in the [?]
Still might take a sledgehammer to your Audi
That's four grand damage to your Audi
First lesson you learn- don't chat about me
Brother, we ain't got the same mother
I might love mine but put gyal above her
And you love yours I see the way you hug her
Never gonna be darker than this brother
Sister, I can't roll with your mister
Cos I don't like him, please don't invite him
This is the truth that I'm speakin, no hypin
Without the weed I'm ready to start wilin
Don't doubt me in the power that I possess
Colder I'm older I put a couple shells in your shoulder

Then I put a shell in your bowler hat
You're a TV character Roland Rat
I'm been to hell and home and back
But I still got time for the fans dem
Nobody's fuckin with the plans dem
Any MCs I will lyrically hang them, hang them high
Cah mandem try
It all goes wrong then the mandem lie
I didn't want beef
Blad you're a chief
Mum's name Carol, dad's name Keith

And that's my belief, here to cause grief
Knife in the sheath
I'm black but I don't live on the heath
And I wear boxers don't wear brief
You're uncles a thief
I don't wanna sleep wi your girl
Cos she wipes her batty with a leaf
All your best MCs deceased
Can't take no years out I'm a beast
I got the buff gal chewin on my [?]
Nobody up ere
Other kings don't bring nobody up ere
Cos them likkle tramps don't deserve the love ere
If I could I'd put music above here
But then I couldn't breathe
There nobody up ere
Other kings don't bring nobody up ere
Cos them likkle tramps don't deserve the love ere
If I could I'd put music above ere
But then I couldn't breathe
I couldn't breathe

It's all fun and games
Volume 2
Step 11
I'm tellin yooooou
Ababababay, ababababay
Ababababay, ababababay, bay