

Step 16

Wiley

Eski boy
It's all fun and games tilll
Volume 2, step 16
Hold on tight my yout, everyting cool, everyting nice, seen!

Lyrics
Yo!
Yo

Still steppin'
Pound notes I'm gettin'
Said I don't rep but I'm always reppin'
Last 10 years man I put that work in
And that's what some of them are forgettin'
You can remind a man I've been there trekkin'
Looking for the ways to get my next cheque in
All worked out in the end though
Now it's all business class when I check in

You're so surprised that I ain't in a band yet
Got drums on my iPhone handset
I got artists, they ain't got friends in the game
Nobody ain't givin them a hand yet
Imma rise up like yeah I can't stand it
I'm going on my own like a one man bandit
Wait, for who, are you mad, I would have sold these tunes on vinyl while before transit
Oh what I tink I'm cruising again
You was herr mendes, losin' again
Everybody thinks they're bigger than a mic
Check the top 5 like who is it again
Like Skepta I'm doing it again
I walked in the dance bought 2 in it again
Yesterday I got drunk on champagne, and tonight I'm doing it again
In the astra listening to saxon
Puttin' 'em away like Marco van Basten
I'm like musical youth but I come from Bow and them man are all from Edgbast on
F you're favourite spitters, 'cause I've already clashed 'em
Doesn't really matter which accent they got
Go to war, no attachments, straight after I'm going in a bashment

We got lyrics, we all got bars, so what, you're a slow flop
If I go pop I got a lot of grime songs that I can show dons
And the level ain't low don, I'm a pro don
I'm like hold on, hold on, let's get with it
Ain't master p but I got no limit
Big shows are on, ain't got no ticket
Then I hit the wicket, like I'm playing cricket
Then we switch it, I'm Richard
I got lemon and blues in the kitchen
I remain calm why the hell am I switchin'
I been stabbed so I know about stitchin'
Big shift but I don't know about snitchin'
Head of the story went missing
You're all fisherman bishing [?]
If you're shit on the mic don't chat about this ting

It's a long distance, you ain't gona make it to the end of the mission
Some don't think when they make a decision
I be like head on, I made a collision
Listen, I made it in fashion
Came through the flow, but I came with a passion
If you wanna see people stir up beef, then you wanna stay for the action

Don't be a wally, you feel rough now but you're gona feel sorry
Hype mad but you're gona feel normal when you're watching eastenders or corrie

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Flag in the sand, toast to my achievement
I'm churning out the music, frequent
So far, so good with the numbers and actions, Looking at the figures: decent
We done a 114 K in a week
That's the kind of form I was seeking
Bare love from the songs I was deeking
Now when I eat tell 'em all I want peking
Done the underground, battling, beefing
Murk raves then get paid, that's a free ting
Though a couple dons on the road still keefing
So I gotta thank God that I'm peaking
I ain't giving up work til I get there
On the beach all chilled in a deck chair
Came back made a hater sit down
I'm still Wiley but I got hits now

My flows are illegal
My sounds resident evil
See dem flows are illegal
Marked for Death, Steven Seagal
You wanna chase my stein, steeple
Told em I do dis ting for the people
For the people
Let them know that we're evil
Told them my sound's resident evil
Told them I do this thing for the, for the, for the
Do this thing for the, du du du, do this thing for the people