

Step 20

Wiley

(I'm tellin' you!)

Eskiboy
Step 20
Hold tight Rude Kid
You dun know
It's all fun and games 'til
Volume 3
Yo

Step 20 - the last of many
The last one you saw who came from a penny
The last one to kill the game with a hit
The first one to spray the mic when I'm ready
If it ain't about right, I gotta turn left
You're the king of what? I'm the last one left
Even if it went another 20 years
The legacy I've left may as well have put an S on my chest

I'm rollin' around like a spirit that's free
20 years on, still a lyrical G
Refuse to work for the minimal P
'Cause I know the path to the wickedest P
Step up actin' uncivil and see
If I don't show you the uncivil in me
But I got a future - clear blue sea

You got your face in your book
I got my book in your face
I got a place for the eighths and the hooks
And the sixteenths thirty-two, sixty-four
Spray 60 and I spray 60 more

I'm in MySpace chillin' on UStream vloggin'
Man are on Twitter chattin' shit about robbin'
Click Google Chrome - YouTube
Now I'm noddin' to fresh R&B and Hip-Hop like Robin

Gal be like "Oh gosh, William's cool"
Dons are like "I went to William's school"
In life had a million falls
But I came back sprayin' at a million fools

No luck in the land of the lazy
They should know I am not silly I'm cool
If you learned in a Grime School of Excellence
You went to a brilliant school

Lost in the midst of the fame but I know I'm gonna make more hits in the game though
Friends tell me to chill 'cause I'm good - hear 'em
But I take a bullet for the hood see I do mean well even if I done wrong
You wanna know me I put my life in a song
Bein' on the main stage is the vibe that I'm on
I gotta take care of family and don
So let's move on

Thank all the DJs

For all the radio airplay
We're on the airwaves
Gettin' played on a regular basis
We set the pace, leave regular traces of greatness
We inspired a whole nation
Now we're takin' 'em back to basics
You wanna know who I rep for?
That's Roll Deep, Boy Better Know and the A-List

It's why I live life to the fullest
Me and my three teams are the coldest
Passport rinse ever since what'd you call it?
Simple - that's what you call it
Opinions - they can have a back seat
I'll be glad to leave 'em in a taxi
I work hard - that's why I ball out
Bikes and chains, the lot, I'll bring 'em all out

You see the smiling, that explains yappin'
Hand in the air 'cause a jaw keeps clappin'
I'm in a dance and that's what keeps happenin'
Man are tryna chew off my ear, caption
One tune got me ready for the hype though
When I skank out gal are sayin' I'm a psycho
One foot skank like a Rastaman
I eat well, I'm a chicken and pasta man

I like rice, Basmati
I live life, I'm quite happy
I got kids that don't need nappies
Want the new Focal SM9, sell the Mackys
I got too many black Nike trackies
Won't let it out 'til it's done like Dappy
Born to be a perfectionist
I was born, I was raised, I was meant for this

I'm gone, I'm faded
I feel better in life 'cause I've made it
I got a GTV and I'm pacin'
'Bout 50 ladies I'm chasin'
I'm gone, I'm wasted
Peach Ciroc got my heart racin'
She's askin' me who I'm datin'
I'm just lookin' around and I'm takin'

Got 10s, they special
Much hotter than water from a kettle
I'm boilin' out and that's natural
Anybody hatin' they can all settle

I'm flyin', I'm floatin'
Got money for life I'm not jokin'

Got money for life I'm not jokin'
Yeah

Eskiboy
Step 1 - 20 complete
Hold tight my fam-o
Roll Deep, Boy Better Know, A-List
(I'm tellin' you)