

## 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)