

## Step 2

Wiley

It's all fun and games, till!  
Hail up the East London massive, South London, North London, West London  
Fire!

This ain't your place  
This ain't your race  
You're not a G on the mic, yeah that's waste  
I've been alive in the game for the last great hype  
But nobody knows your face in these times  
Are you serious?  
These times are treacherous  
You ain't hearing us  
Never seen the last spitter who stopped for too long  
Hop on the mic and step near to us  
I'm steady on them it's a'ight  
Would you really want the mic is  
Course you got a hype for the nisai  
I'm not a prick I will out your lizai  
Turn the chains, spitters ain't getting no strizaips  
I'm like water, flowing through your prizaips  
Supplying the homes, and you need these lizaits  
Been here before  
Been here for sure  
I been here for beef  
I been here for dope  
And if a war I connect all four  
Like cities on a tour  
Not a shit spitter, witty but I'm raw  
I never see another spitter kick another door  
They be sleeping on the floor when I rip another door  
Suck your mum cause, that's what I want to say  
So what do you want to do blood? What do you want to say?  
Like "What did he say?"  
That's what I said  
You know I never pet to get a sound boy dead  
Gimme a plus one I roll with the  
Sklakum!  
I got money and a brain  
I pack 'em!  
I asked D double E if I'm bad on the mic  
If he ever said no I will clap him!  
I ain't lying  
Everybody want to kill me off, I ain't dying  
Stop trying  
Stop running your mouth, and stop lying  
I ransack everybody's house, walk out and tell my hood dons  
"It's your time to fly in"

Look how my life's been  
You ain't gotta see the life I seen but you dream  
I believe and I just can't leave  
And you're just a distant memory MC  
I be like, "please"  
God knows we ain't the same pedigree or degree  
So I say "Why me?"  
Yeah cause it's me  
Plus at no time at all will I ever be a fool

If me and you ain't cool back your tool  
Cause I don't want to see anybody act the fool  
Don't need anybody to come and clap the tool  
Oh God I'm like "Oh gosh"  
Come a long way from the old shops  
I just want to flow off  
I think I hate but I known of  
When it gets down to spitting I don't prolong  
I don't brag but I'm badder than them  
I might seem sane but I'm madder than them  
Hail up my people sat in the pen  
It's an E3 kid and I'm back in the ends  
When I'm up and my band's back in the Benz  
On the way to West London, catching the Thames  
I catch a vibe when I'm back at my friends  
I do a bit of this a bit of that in the end  
I say "It's all fun and games, you're nothing on earth"  
Half of these people are bluffing on earth  
I didn't know how to handle praise, well that's why I started puffing on ear  
th  
I know Skunky the Monkey  
And high-grade bless  
Not registering tire  
I mean Highgate sess  
High-grade sess, cause  
My name's Wiley, I'm the best  
Yes!

I kick your head and curve it like Beckham  
And I control the mic fight like Tekken  
Bet you thought you were winning for a second  
'Till I ran and put it better than a spitter in a second  
I'm a teacher, I teach you a lesson  
Murk them at my own discretion  
And I tell everybody  
I'm not the only one whose life on Earth got messing  
Your flow's borrowed  
I get a lot of things, but mainly get followed  
We can be grown men about this  
Or we can be children, you will get hollowed  
Your flow's borrowed  
I get a lot of things in life, but get followed  
We can be grown men about this  
Or we can be children about this, you will get hollowed!

Yeah!  
Its all fun and games  
Tell!  
Volume 1