

Step 8

Wiley

I don't know why
But I'm on the ball like 24/7 and my old feel's tight
Got the vocals right
Make a phone call like, right, after the freestyle
Home call like
Don't question me
All I been doing for the last ten years is investing P
Can't live without an interesting P
Well that's you, but that's not me
I got mouths to feed, and I'ma feed them well
Even if I gotta starve, they're eating well
That's real, been a winner since Speak & Spell
K, Y, Speaking well
Not hate for a tryer
My name's on fire
Can't sell shit if you ain't got a buyer
Brand ain't hot, don't ever say it was
'Cus more time everybody sees for a liar
I'm 8 steps, I'm a staircase, like, structured
Rudeboy, my style's potent like mustard
I don't want treacle, sponge, without custard
Some spitters ain't spat in so long their bones are rusted
Came from the hood where nobody's trusted
I leave your main girl flustered
Diamond-encrusted; ran up and I crushed it
This game's never been ready and so I hushed it
Sh
Sailing along on a dinghy boat
See sun in the sky, but it's windy though
Can't make it today, better ring me though
Gonna be by the O2, Indigo
I never wore chains and rings for show
But when I load up on a new load of jewellery
I'm gonna wear chains and rings, fo sho
Look at me; I'm all iced out
Want a G? I draw nine out
See the team ain't playin' too well so
Right now, I gotta call a Time Out
I'm from the lot that will grime out
You don't wanna get hacked? Then you better sign out
Rhymin' em out, rhymin' em out
Don't pigeon-hole us, 'cus we climb out
Wanna put time in, not take time out; graftin'
One bag of wattless MCs, I pass it
Don't holler me, I don't care, I'm a bastard
It's our craft, but I got it mastered
Look how long I'm lasting
See me in the roads, I'm passing
Or I might post up; lemon or cheese, I spark it
And I can't half it, I want a whole one when I roll one, mask it
Hold tight Target
Down when you're still around from age eleven
When you been around causing a slur
How I tensed up a spitter that caused up a blur
Your flow's got fleas and it's all in a flur
Don't care who you are, don't care who you were
Don't bred me, 'cus I won't spare you a verse

I'm 1Xtra dargy, I run the party
Nobody else compares, that's the word
I'm wordy, ringtone was Hurdy Gurdy
3310 from early
When I go to a JD and the people serve me
Wish I could say that it weren't me
But I'm like bait on a hook, piranhas wanna bite
I'm good food, don't go off early
I'm a grime MC first here so they wanna curse me
Used to link Jade but now I link Kirsty
Roll to your manor for the gyal, I'm thirsty
Any funny business, can you alert me?
Bouncer, you ain't gotta search me
When I'm in the dance I'm grounded, earthly
Over the long call, cheap two zeds for the percy
If I was a bubble you still couldn't burst me
I'm K.O., when you gonna learn, G?
Aliens kidnap me and return me
I'm quite fair, on the other hand, I'm an nightmare
I'm in the South East, wanna see sights here
Yellow and blue sign, just like eyecare
Flash on all polo tops that I wear
Them dons ain't had a buzz in a lightyear
Everybody want a piece of the pie here
When it's my year they'll be right here
Singing my songs while I spit on the mic clear
I'm a right here
Imagine a life without
Me spitting on the mic and willing out
Some milk that style 'til the style is out
I create that style, put the styley out
You can hear what it is when the style is in
If Grime was a plane, I designed the wings
I woke up like, 'I didn't get signed to sing'
I got signed 'cus I'm Wiley, I ride riddim
If I didn't go look on the road type of vibes
I couldn't keep up with the co-sign for style
Some of them keep their old style for time
That's not bad 'cus old times are fly
But old times are gone; we gotta move on
Do another ten of fresh bars and songs
About some stuff, I was wrong
But turned it all round and got my groove on
Press reset button, foot on the pedal
160 out of the car, I'm a rebel
I'm mastermind, good things without the devil
Told him he ain't on my level
Well he didn't like that
Tried to fight back
I believe in God, but despite that
I stand for the cause; equality; equal rights
Part One's called, 'Gotta Get The Sequel Right'

Eskiboy

Step 8

Hold tight Danny Yen, producer

It's all fun and games, til

Yeah

Fire

Uh huh

Rhymin' 'em out, rhymin' 'em out

Rymin' 'em out, rhymin' 'em

Rhymin' 'em out, rhymin' 'em out

Yo
I bring two out
Take your whole crew out
You ain't got a crew out here now that's new