

I've had enough rest already
Sittin' in the studio vibin' with Teddy
All of the bullshit I don't want any
'Cos the mind feels clear and my heart ain't heavy
Ask what I feel I might tell you semi
'Cos you don't wanna hear it in full you ain't ready
Friends in the world I ain't got that many
TV licence what damn telly?
I don't wanna contribute to your belly
'Cos I'm always on the go I don't sit on the settee
Booth to the stage and the place gets messy
I'm edgy, I got the best weed, no Reggie
This year I ain't gonna hurn like Eddie
Jump out and say 'boo' with that betty
Don't try fuckin' about it gets tekkie
I've already won so drop the confetti

I went away but I came back harder
I ain't gonna lie to the fans yo I got a sick barber
I'm ready for the real war, every day it's another saga
You might know my name is Wiley or The Godfather
It's the Godfather
We go
Offline, off the grid, off ends, off the vids
Fire starter, box of tricks
Bass make your belly run you got the shits
Lookin' through the plugin yes we got the [?]
Please ring Janaya 'cos she got the she got the money and the [?]
I ain't in anyone's mix
'Cos I got my own life that I gotta fix

I know one day it's gonna happen
I go round the whole scene passing the baton
Shout out to my bros them 'cos you know how we're gonna pattern
Treat these verses like trappin'
I don't really mind if you're singin' or rappin'
As long as you can break the bread and start stackin'
If I go back to the day that I started and fast forward to now-
Real passion
Started from nothin'
I ran through jewelry and fashion
I realised it was them mashin'
Draw for the [?] and dashin'
Any time I come around get shit crackin'
I don't wanna contemplate cos I'm a don
I can do a freestyle, I can do a song
I can make a hit record and that's cool
But all I wanna do is drop a big grime bomb

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I went away but I came back firin'
Not retirin', but I'm hirin'
See the big ting lookin' like a violin
Mind your business when I'm inspirin'
Mind out when I'm online engagin'
I check my algorithms and they're amazin'
All the numbers I had still blazin'
A man works hard and it's hard to erase him
Full time spitter, I'm the greatest of all time
I got a phase of Eski and it's all mine
I got a belly of songs and they are all mine
I wanna fire a verse and then I call nine
I talk champ shit- why? 'Cos I can
I'm like Zidane I play with the plan
I been a don since man wrote Bang
I spent so many hours with the mic in my hand

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