

Bring Them All / Holy Grime

Wiley

Ayy, listen

Drink 'nough beers before the game, what d'ya call that? Georgie Best MC
Listen, I don't rest MC
You man sleep, that's why you're not the best MC
You man are part time, never had beef
Now you're on the mic like a bulletproof vest MC
I'm a double, precious Tek MC
Separate heads from necks
I was in the shadows, I came to the light with a path
Us spitters who wanna be first and never be last
I've been ahead of the game, I've been ahead of the craft
I wanna laugh
Come sailing along like a boss
With the flow I'm like rah, what the ras?
I'm a striker, yo where the pass? Get my triple A passes
I'm sitting with the stars
Listen up, I ain't normal, I'm sicker than my bars
Driven myself crazy, I've been in every condo
I like to fly by on my black Yamaha, that's winging
Some man do the crime and talk but that's singing
Not many man have been in the wars that I've been in
I can work here but it's not a place that I could live in
Getting new money though but I've already made a killing
I've already made a scene, I already live a dream
And the king's road's lonely, you can't go with him
When it's time for a test
Man ah man have gotta move swiftly 'cause you don't want a knife in your chest
In the hood every day, it's heroin, living like they're dead
Made it, now you're lying in your bed
It's like yo, has anybody seen my flow right here, cuz?
Live in your ears like earplugs
Keep myself away like rare dubs
What makes you so scared? I'm sure fear does
On the real though, I stand up and face it
The levels high in my scene, that's why I embrace it
Let me go on and enjoy what I created
Man will jump on the stage and go ape shit
For years I've been killing it, trust me
Swear down, I will never get rusty
My lyrics dem will rough up your lyrics like rugby
For the work I put in, the fans love me

This one ain't free but it's the liberty
Street divinity
Me and Will's tyranny
And this one's willing me to rise like Pyrenees peaks and I'm lyrically
In the sky and then I'm right through infinity
Forever after, Devs be the master
Hit 'em with the Carleone ting, Godfather of grime
Don't charter to ride through parts of
This precinct when it gets darker
Don't think you can stand the heat
You can't stand this peak
I'm like a million and one lightyears way past of an artist's reach
Mary, I'm hard to beat

Now think deep
About this collabo
Historical events unravel
Like I went Middlesex, I came to Harrow
My man said he feel paro
Bloody cuffs, heart on my sleeve
This shit feels like beef to me
When I spit and my arms start swiniging, I'm bringing
More raw shit than a Beckton works
Smell it and know why Kano writ it
Wrote it, fuck me, alright, don't quote it
Focus, look, now I'm back and it's hopeless
Comparing me with these seeds
Too rare a breed of MC and the flow shifts
More than once a minute
Getting off like Dahmer, I come and I kill it
A Dagenham'er strapped with a bunch of lyrics
That bang harder, where the fuck's the gimmicks?
There ain't nada
I've got the heart and spirit they can't harbor
Silly men pass the limit and then scarper
When it comes on top with the urban legend, I get 'em like Carter

Spitters can't better these levels of terror
I leave my brain in my car but my head is together
I make a team of dons quit when I'm put under pressure
Rate Devlin, why? He's a grime treasure
In grime, I've lined my catalogue up, prime seller
I'm never too far from the hype that I set up
I step up like a bredda who's livin' in nice weather
At work, puttin' words together with ice letters
I spray, make a big tree lean in the road
Trees drop on your house to leave them a cold
Trees drop on your car, the windows smash
Eski brought O2 Indigo back
But this whole time, fam, I've been holy in grime
Even a first time who don't know me in grime
But you love my stage vibe when I'm holding a mic
I'm a pro now, bro, I jump over the spike

Any hardcore fan of grime
Go mad when you hear this bang inside
I got the keys like pianists, black and white
I've been a beast in the scene all my adult life
Ever since Will said "Hello, hi"
I was sat in the shadows, high
Concocting the maddest vibe
With a way less narrow sight
Than a Homosapien eye
X-Ray, make way for my death ray
Nikola Tesla reborn to a next stage
Technology stole our children
The world's in debt and our men are all templates
I'll bring ten crates of my best mates
Puttin' up my worst and best traits
Converse in a verse with dead saints
Holy grime, it's a blessed day