

Step 21

Wiley

Stick an MC to the game with Blu Tack
Now you're in
Ain't got nothing to say? Then move back
Let's begin
I like to jump on the track and spray that
Practice aiming
Don't get caught up in the people's drama
Catch me sailing
If you wanna go to the grime library, see Logan Sama
He got the history there like old school Gift and Armour
I swear the original energy we had fueled the whole nation
That's why I can't moan, I'm glad that music's my occupation
I don't even say "mic check, 1-2" anymore, that's crazy
Oh yeah, I wanna shout out Masro, sent me a riddim that amazed me
I was on my laptop listening, saying "I could duppy this beat"
"Even though it's got them dubstep elements, I fuck with this, don't hate me
"
What have you done for me lately? That's what some fans wanna know
Some might split from groups in a solo and end up standing alone
What a lot of people don't know, there is a system in place to follow
But I tell a system "I hear you today and you hear me tomorrow"
Cause I don't wanna lend or borrow, we're chasing the heights of the goals we set
Cause them things start fading away real quick, as old as we get
Gotta put some away for a rainy day and make sure we're bubbling
I don't even know what recession is, my whole life's been based on juggling
I came for the game like ayy, after my set, fam, draw for my pay
Send me a champs and I might just stay
All my dons in the dance on a wave
Skepta, Jme, J2K

Nameless goons with us, they don't play
Can't walk through here, walk that way
I'm seeing all this from the first day
Seen a lot, seen the bottom of the game and the top
Some days I ask myself this, though
"Why you giving all your money to a shop?"
Better put your money in a brick
So when you're 40, you won't feel sick
Better put your money in a brick
So when you're 40, you won't feel sick
What'd you wanna do? Spend a million or two
On your family or you could spend it on your crew
Before you realise that you gotta have a house
These are the idiot things we do
Now it's back on the grizzle, standard
I'm blacking out like Wretch 32
Certain labels wanna get dons
Who are gonna conform cause they can't get me to
Even though I'm not committing a crime
I gotta keep a stash of bail money aside
Some man have got money to spend, yeah
And some man have got money to hide
Some man have got money to waste
Wasting when they step in the place
I know them way there
Clued up, fam, I know them ways

Been a while since Sidewinder and Danger
Rinse FM every day, no major
Slimzee on the decks, [?]
Then I'm back on the road, like a street flat
But I always knew I had talent
The thing was, I never had no balance
No patience, I was rushing
Too much battling, too much cussing
Since "Champagne Dance" and [?]
2014 now everybody knows me
I'm saying "BBK for life"
I'm on a sunshine island, living life lowkey
If I don't reflect to tell you how I feel
We both know that it won't be real
I'm gonna fly at my brother and hope he chills
Cause life's all about going over hills
I just wanna kick back with the grade in a hot tub
Blue Ciroq, peng tings in the hot tub
Even when I done "Nicole's Groove"
I couldn't see myself getting any credit, but I cropped up
Every day is a heatwave lately
Jump in the sea and I let the wave take me
Put my heart in a song
Back on my job, it's been way too long