

Listen, look, I don't fear words but still my ears burn
People conversate but never share what they've heard
They're only talking, they're over-courting, pure hype
Your life seems to be so important at all times
Look I can hear it in the air because the talk flies
Then I had to hand myself in because the wolves cry
But will they wipe my son's tears when he falls? I
Don't think so but they still wanna talk, why?
Cuh that's the culture of the roads what we walk by
Fought by, ran from feds and got caught by
And the all-time problem when it's all lies
The bullshit's always the centre of the bullseye

(2x):

Forever spit fire on the mic and you know that we write
From it's night till it's light, in the wars that we fight
Keep the food for supply, keep the levels way high
Till we die, this is life

My ears are burning, not cause I make CDs dead
I sense it, my ex is wishing me dead, bitch
(Yo Chip, one sec) Yo, hold on one sec Wretch
The labels are saying I'm next
And the whole scene's saying I'm a threat
They're waiting to hear my album
A sneak preview, I might 'llow dem
But only fam get to hear G
They might switch their style if they hear me
They rate me, clearly
Hold on, is that what they're on?
My ears are starting to heat up
"I've got a tune, I need it to generate hype
Um, let's give Chipmunk a feature"
That's funny talk
If you ain't fam I don't rate you as an artist
Know that money talks
I only fuck with the best of the best
I.E. that's why I'm here with Wretch
Woo, my ears are on fire
Woo - normal, they're saying I'm on fire
We hold what the UK require

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I'm gonna live a long time
Cuh I can run rap and still be sitting on grime
So their views ain't new to me
They say "Wretch ain't mad like he used to be"
So let's get back to the way things were
And we'll see who's a G
Cuh I was the talk of the room
Way before I recorded a tune
And since Channel U 635

Bro, I think I'm so nice
No, I'm pissed, just so right
And by the way the single's sold fine
And if I wanted a huge success
Then I'd have just done the tune at the end
But that ain't being true to the Wretch
I'd rather prove I'm the best
But these fools are still itching to see me fall
But a fall won't break me, the talk don't phase me
Cuh I can take it all
Cuh I am Bruce Willis, unbreakable
You Samuel L actors are fake, you frauds
Look, I've been hearing the whispers
But it's all air in the distance

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