

This journey starts six years ago in a run down housin' estate  
In bow East London, south east UK, was a young man  
Lets call this young man, Ray  
Frustrated wiv bein' around the way would say, "I'm bored"

Until one day gathered up some change  
And in exchange got turntables off Tony  
Not only, were they whack, they were wooden  
But he took 'em 'cos it was a bargain and it was a good'en

And he said to himself, "Who wouldn't?"  
Why not, then he took a little trot to DJ Targets squat  
Stood outside the door and knocked  
Asked what jungle records you got?

Must be somethin' you wanna get shot, of, blot  
Din't buy beats, he ready to quit, gave him the whole lot  
Then Ray had little click, they were hot  
Young gun soldiers but it all flopped  
Still it didn't make Ray wanna give up the fight

Ray jus picked up the mic, would write, lyrics while excluded  
No gifts and glamor included  
Like crime for money, dough, crime pays, didn't ya know?  
Even though Ray come across slow

Broke shit down, brung another new flow  
Made beats in the back room  
Teacher gave him a new spare time  
Then they got a little bit o'radio airtime

1:00 A.M. till 3, be in school by 9  
This was clearly a positive sign  
Learnin' 'bout beats, breaks and bars  
Didn't chat about champagne and cars

More concerned wiv you know, the grime  
Made it a touch difficult to shine  
Among these so called underground stars  
Some resented him thus presentin' him with pure dumbness like retards

It didn't matter, Ray would say, "Okay, I'm gonna be a real star one day"  
Went through dramas along the way  
But he stood firm, pressed on wiv the wordplay  
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Let's take a look at Ray today, today, today  
Showtime, it's showtime