

Blue Sky: Blood My In Is Music

Kano

Van Gogh the beat, Banksy the street
No spoilt bitch but the 16's are sweet
Paint pro's a picture, Rolls gold the wrist up
One go and its the, joint raps elite
Ian Wright inspired, Illmatic and I am
Bob Marley the fire, Iron, Lion and Zion
Two uncles?, mind that, Gregory Isaac
Blap, blap, rewind that;
Blood My In Is Music, I see pride, I see poor
Bad ass mutherf-cker, call me Jack Bauer
Push boundaries, f-ck you p-ssies
White sugar coated like Rowntree's
Steve Job's of rhyming, stay thinking forward
Nigga stop trying to A&R when you're around me
Don't take civilian advice, 'cos I do me
You do you like you're watching blue movies
I does this, this is routine
Like 5,6,7,8, told them, suicide, nigga detonate
Grime, need some new laws, I'm trying to legislate
Find me some new doors, I'm trying to break 'em in
And fly to a new height, kite in the blue sky
It all started as a dream, I wanted to be Pay as you G
Now who's the best? Willy, you and G
Profession, when someones really paying you G's
And I've been getting money since Versace blue jeans
The road ain't my ting cuzzie but big up you G's
Plural, funeral for snitches all G
Can't pimp K 'cos a nigga UG
Break a nigga face like D-U-G
Mr. Blue Sky while I'm praying for the rain
Complacent when I'm happy so I'm praying for some pain
Porsche Cayman, ride shotgun, let me take you down memory lane
Started 'Home Sweet Home' nothing heavy on the brain
Beats and Bars reinforced a niggas reign
London Town's where I fell out with the fame
Industry politics, I thought we could abolish this
'Cos honestly the game was trying to break me like I'm promises
Anti-record label til they employ basic common sense
Grime Street I want my independence and I run with it
Rain on the niggas 'til they find out where the brolly is
Method to the Madness, my money where my mouth is
Put 60 bags of my own f-cking cash in
I'm a f-cking real artist, they're acting
Plus I'm on my agent shit bitch I'm acting
Tour the whole Atlas with Gorillaz and The Clash
Me, Willy, Diz and Bizzle put these spittas on the map
Passport full up 'cos the Visa's and the stamps in
Not a f-cking Nando's stamp bitch, traveling
Yeah the boy done good from East Ham
That little engine that could is now the track king
My antics ain't for the A-list, I'm Alien
Dropped E.T. and it's a Mad Ting

I tell 'em we might breathe the same air
And we bathe in the same sun
And even drink the same water
But you can see I'm in a league of my own

See I'm in a league of my own
See I'm in a league of my own yeah
League of my own yeah
Got a suit now this how I'm living
Took it from the street now my niggas in the business
Puppet on a string, no nigga, I'm the realest
No really I'm the realest
So leave me alone, leave me alone yeah
Leave me alone yeah

Heart and soul in this shit
Time and dough on this shit
This game is my life
So I'm just having fun with this bitch