

## Birds n Bars

Wiley

Yo, Eskiboy  
BBK, dun know  
Listen

Yo, bigging up Teeza  
Man done a remix  
Then I came through with the bars on point  
Cause I'm a realist  
Can't go against my scene  
Even if you're the realest  
I based my career on  
Proving myself to non-believers  
My name's gonna ring bells  
To newspaper readers  
Wiley Wiley  
Yeah, that's one of the achievers  
Most of my gyal dem are cool  
But some of them are divas  
You win some, lose some  
Then you've gotta go take a breather  
Man get weak off a gyal like Julius Caesar  
I nearly killed myself on the highway  
Just before you reach peeler  
Blud, I was lean already  
But now I wanna go home and get leaner  
I should've went sleep, or I should've toured  
But I never done either  
Can't keep your mout shut  
Like I'm old school, yes  
Avia and FILA  
Smoking a J, listening to Mila  
I clean my own house, I don't want a cleaner  
I run the dance like Reel up  
Hail up my dons  
Always bringing styles to the spotlight  
I know what I'm like  
And I know what I'm not like  
We move forward  
Do it like clockwise  
I used to be one of my  
Stand up on the block guys  
Now I'm a OG, kush  
Do it on my own  
I won't need a push  
Bigging up Dynamite  
And I'm bigging up Stush  
I'm like Nike, I do it  
I come through with a swoosh  
Believe and achieve  
Awards on the mantlepiece, I'm like jheeze  
Stormzy's a don who's here to break barriers  
Chip can't run out of bars so it's peak  
That's grime, that's grime, the ultimate vibe  
Constant winning, I won't take a dive  
I will keep going till the wheels fall off cause  
Even when I'm dead, my vibe will be alive  
Man came from the back roads

On point, man are fully in snap mode  
Straight London, buy a couple flats mode  
Late nights, might work on my rap flow  
You're plain and I'm the loaded nachos  
I played the game for long on my cash flows  
Used to waste money in my twenties  
Now I've gotta keep an eye on where my cash goes  
I can do it, I don't need to try  
I can do it, I done it already, bro  
Back in the days, I didn't have any dough  
I was not Wiley, I didn't have any flow, now  
I can do it, I don't need to try  
I can do it, I done it already, bro  
Back in the days, I didn't have any dough  
I was not Wiley, I didn't have any flow, now  
Now, now all of my dons get dough  
From lyrics, riddims and flows  
Let me go and do this show  
I'm a impatient person, everybody knows  
Wickedest MC alive  
I provided all the pies, why would I lie?  
Sorry if you've been deprived of  
One of my wickedest vibes, I was going through life  
Looking for an easy route  
Then I didn't wanna live that life  
My sound's alive, my sound's the in ting  
All our names are on the flyers being printed  
Yeah

All I need is studio time and a ounce  
And some fast food, fizzy drink and an Uber account  
Pretty swiftly's how the projects run  
I come through, show 'em how it's done  
Words float along inside your brain  
You can pick which ones that you wanna say  
I see some now but I'm a leave them there  
Them words are not for me so they get aired

See energies floating by?  
You ain't gotta pick them all  
Some energies people are gonna go and pick  
Won't fit them all  
Some energies dem evil in disguise  
Tricked them all  
If I wanna bring 25 MCs out  
I'll bring them all

I'm nang and I know it  
Pass me the mic, I'll show it  
If an MC breaks down like a car breaks down  
Then I'll come along and I'll tow it  
Man fix things, small and big things  
Man are eagle, man have big wings  
Take a look at all the cars on the roadside  
You're small rims, man are big rims  
I was thinking, don't tease that thought  
Trust me, you don't really need that thought  
Goodness, greatness, grief, that thought  
Hold on, weight, let me see that thought  
Saying I be the champ  
Heavyweight, I'm in the ranks  
Anywhere you go, just know  
You help people like a big bro

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Think before you speak  
Practice humble before you peak  
If you move correctly  
I know we can be cool before we meet  
Don't be scared, go and take a shot  
Piece of land for sale, I'll take the plot  
If I do a song that's crazy and credit's to be given  
I walk up and take the lot, I said  
I ain't scared to get my hands dirty  
A likkle hard work won't hurt me  
I wanna make my live rep clean up  
Build up, start looking at arenas  
Becuh my time ain't done  
Wanna talk grime? Then I'm still the one  
All of the doubt, that's gone  
Why? Because I'm the lyrical don

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