

Joe Bloggs

Wiley

Call shots, go against odds
Can't go fishing if you ain't got rods
'Nuff of dem are spring leg just like frogs
But man ah man are old school like Joe Bloggs
Gotta bill a pension now so when I'm older
I can live when I can't get jobs
When I make a song, I ain't looking for a nod
Cause man ah man are old school like Joe Bloggs

Man can't say how war wicked I was
Man are old school like the Wizard of Oz
Man are old school like Bucky O'Hare
Man'll pull out the ting and Bucky O'Hare
Man are old school, 2Pac had hair
Man are old school, 2Pac was here
Man are old school just like Ghostbusters
And the smoke with them old school rusters
(Oi, remember when) Sharon Stone opened a leg
Man are old school like Bill and Ted
Now, you wouldn't know that cuh you was in bed
Cuddling up with sleeper ted
That's never been a super bread
Follow the leader, leader, leader
Follow the leader, budubudubup, we

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Man ah man are old school, two strap FILA
Look, I can show you the odds
'Nuff man ah talk 'bout putting in work
None of these breddas ain't got no jobs
Man ah man ah talk 'bout how they hook gyal like fish
But man ah man ain't got rods
Don't talk 'bout wait on the re-up
You get a benners, I get a ki up
Just link one two gyal
Dun know, they're both gonna free up
I made four five moves at six
P up
I keep it N to the G up
I stay away from knobs
If there's a known probability
Then I'm gonna tell man "probs"

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Man ah man are old school like Joe Blogs
Blazing, blazing, but I ain't calling squads
Key to the block but I ain't holding fobs
Took advice from my uncle but it ain't Bob's
Started the shop in the town
Back to the city of gods, wow
Never been after a head shake
Gave him a chance, call it a dead take
'Nuff of dem are spring feet, thousand missions
Not one of 'em complete
I was the whole grain without the wheat
So old school, I still purchase without receipt
Call me a president without the suite
Old school, old school, I don't give a monkey's
If I'm off-beat

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Yo, I come through with the peng
Cuh man are shit, draw only the peng
When I was a kid, I went so many house raves
Somebody always came through with the leng
Could've been a rebore that fired couple duds
Still, everybody in the place gonna run
Still, everybody in the place gonna dust
They don't wanna fight, no, they don't wanna fuss
I had a wild upbringing, I was never stable
But I had manners at the dinner table
Stand out when I've gotta stand up tall
I've got a chair at the winners' table, like
Say my name when giving out awards
My life's crazy, I never get bored
Can't lie, blud, man ah man's toured
On top of that, yeah, man ah man's warred

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[x2]