

Slippin

Wiley

I was slippin' in southwest London
No strap, no 'chete on my ones with the gash
I had to splurt from southwest London
Wrong place, wrong time no you can't have a stripe

{Listen, yo}

I'm real the people know
I go places where you don't go
You can find me in the hood murkin' a show
It's all normal, I'm up for making the dough
And if you wanna rob me don't be an amateur
'Cause if I get away I'll be back in a mo
Tell me to convert if you wanna
'Cause I swear the only answer you will hear is no
I will return to my country one day
But only when I've got enough dough
I won't get cozy here in England
I'm goin' back to Trinidad and Tobago
Listen, if I was you I wouldn't watch my dough
'cause I would never let two pound go
And I won't stay around so you can get stripes
You'll see me again and I'll be on my own

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I'm from the jungle I won't get lost
I make the flow cold just like Jack Frost
And I'm the wrong person, you should never cross me
Takin' my life that comes at a cost
I don't stand in your face and floss
I'm easy, I wear a Casio watch
I'm sorry you lost your wifey
She still looks strong with chung lip gloss
Still actin' innocent when you're guilty
Me I'm still makin' the beats and they're filthy
Warin' MC's everyday, I'm guilty
For the street wars I'm built, they wanna kill me
I react quick though, face any challenger
New to this racket like Slazenger
Don't wanna manger
Back in the day I was a scavenger
Street kid Roman Road back to Latimer

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Listen, you wanna know a bit about about fallin' off?
I couldn't tell you cause I've never fallin' off
There's the bridge, all you've got to do is walk across
I'm a wizard my talent's got no cost

You ain't a boss like Wiley
There goes Kylie
Still havin beef today like I'm 19
I know it's my fault quietly, I'm too safe
So when you see me in the streets walk past me
If you've got a question don't ask me
I've never left the hood
You won't outlast me
As for those who want to bad mouth me,
You know revenge is sweet like candy
Girls make boys turn stupid
Don't be angry just be even, try to understand me
Cause settin' me up is no good
I could have my eyes closed and I can still see
And you ain't got one over me
Naw, I won't let you run over me
Pull a gun out at me, crews come out from me
I must be someone you all wanna be

I'm a baller from east,
Never had a day of peace where I didn't want to sort out beef
You think that I don't want to get you back, you're wrong, man
Mental state is still street
But I'll just wait 'till the day I wake up,
Come to your house and show you 'bout beef
As I kid I had a knife in a sheaf on a mountain bike shottin weed
No I ain't a chief

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