

Listen, look, I don't fear words but still my ears burn  
People conversate but never share what they've heard  
They're only talking, they're over-courting, pure hype  
Your life seems to be so important at all times  
Look I can hear it in the air because the talk flies  
Then I had to hand myself in because the wolves cry  
But will they wipe my son's tears when he falls? I  
Don't think so but they still wanna talk, why?  
Cuh that's the culture of the roads what we walk by  
Fought by, ran from feds and got caught by  
And the all-time problem when it's all lies  
The bullshit's always the centre of the bullseye

(2x):

Forever spit fire on the mic and you know that we write  
From it's night till it's light, in the wars that we fight  
Keep the food for supply, keep the levels way high  
Till we die, this is life

My ears are burning, not cause I make CDs dead  
I sense it, my ex is wishing me dead, bitch  
(Yo Chip, one sec) Yo, hold on one sec Wretch  
The labels are saying I'm next  
And the whole scene's saying I'm a threat  
They're waiting to hear my album  
A sneak preview, I might 'llow dem  
But only fam get to hear G  
They might switch their style if they hear me  
They rate me, clearly  
Hold on, is that what they're on?  
My ears are starting to heat up  
"I've got a tune, I need it to generate hype  
Um, let's give Chipmunk a feature"  
That's funny talk  
If you ain't fam I don't rate you as an artist  
Know that money talks  
I only fuck with the best of the best  
I.E. that's why I'm here with Wretch  
Woo, my ears are on fire  
Woo - normal, they're saying I'm on fire  
We hold what the UK require

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I'm gonna live a long time  
Cuh I can run rap and still be sitting on grime  
So their views ain't new to me  
They say "Wretch ain't mad like he used to be"  
So let's get back to the way things were  
And we'll see who's a G  
Cuh I was the talk of the room  
Way before I recorded a tune  
And since Channel U 635

Bro, I think I'm so nice  
No, I'm pissed, just so right  
And by the way the single's sold fine  
And if I wanted a huge success  
Then I'd have just done the tune at the end  
But that ain't being true to the Wretch  
I'd rather prove I'm the best  
But these fools are still itching to see me fall  
But a fall won't break me, the talk don't phase me  
Cuh I can take it all  
Cuh I am Bruce Willis, unbreakable  
You Samuel L actors are fake, you frauds  
Look, I've been hearing the whispers  
But it's all air in the distance

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