

# Welcome to My World

Wretch 32

Welcome to my world  
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Welcome to my Wretchrospective  
I'm like welcome to my world, where no one's ahead of the Wretch  
And every DJ says I'm the best  
But I'm still underground, I'm just tryna get my legs on the steps  
But the journey to success will be a hell of a length  
It seems worth it but I don't wanna ask for help, I keep working  
Ask myself, right through the grey shift, I write till the day's in  
But somehow I've still gotta fight for the playlist  
I'm creative, my writing's amazing  
But everyone's waiting on the hit I ain't making  
I make classics, my music's tragic  
To live what you right, that's the true missed talent  
Then they're telling me I shouldn't do rap  
When I grew with that, reggae and bashment  
I ain't the same as them anything clash men  
I do music for the love, not tryna get a reload, squeezing in clubs  
I do this for UK unplugged, Koko, Jazz Café, O2 stuff  
Run that and try and leave the whole room touched  
Just with a few of my songs  
That's my dream, if what I'm pursuing is wrong  
I'mma leave, I'mma leave

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I'm like welcome to my world, where the street ain't a problem  
But tryna get sleep ain't an option  
Because my son keeps crying but I must keep writing  
Every day I'm getting up before the sun be rising  
Tryna see funds so my son keeps shining  
Passed through the drums and my mum keeps smiling  
Cause she ain't been the same since my grandma died and  
I've been away like I ain't had no time  
Cause the world's on my shoulders, sun's in my face  
Who on Earth tried to put a universe on tape?  
With words I'm great, I'll soon be a star  
And I can have a rally with Venus on Mars  
I'm out of this world, I won't stop till it's 300,000 I sell  
I'm so on my grind  
I don't have time for a wife, I don't have time for a life  
I'll live when I die, and that's metaphorically cause legends never die  
I'll be sitting up in heaven, I'mma fly, I  
Will not quit, this is my dream  
And me and Z, we spent too much Ps  
Cuh music always takes money  
But I tell you this for free, it don't always make money  
I've come this far and I've lasted our graft  
But my chance is I'm gonna pass every artist

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Look, I'm like welcome to my world, where they want more from my mixtape  
But still say it sounds like an album, why'd they doubt it?  
I'm an author that script writes  
Over a beat, I describe  
The world on the street, get an insight  
It's subtitles when I spit rhymes  
It's more like a film on a disc, I  
Expose how I feel through a crisp mic  
Wretchrospective, the movie  
On the roads, emotion's a eulogy  
On how it goes down is the truth I speak  
Cause they can't paint it like I do  
Spike Lee's close but he's missing the right tune  
Jay-Z's close but he's missing the end scene  
I've been both, I deliver a frenzy  
I'm Wretch 32

(2x):

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