

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

Listen, you wanna know about my wretchrospective?
I came out the blue on the next ting and earned Ps off
Learn From My Mixtape cuh that cheap shot was expensive, I meant it
I had the streets locked with my sentence
But that was hood love, the hood buzzed
Brought me out the ends like "good luck, but don't let us down, no"
But I ain't bad on my feet, with verses like the Bible and hooks that can ba
ffle I jab when I speak, and on the page I'm the greatest
And I entertain on the stages
And if you're dying for a break, I suggest you get a grey shift
Cuh one mixtape ain't looking like you made it
And that mixtape ain't looking like you made it
Wrote, designed and pressed yourself
It ain't hard to impress yourself
Think out of your box, and have a person You can do 100 on your feet on the
road
I do a few thousand in my sleep, I've been told
I'm not tryna knock your hustle
I'm tryna tell you that the shop's my tunnel, but I need more
I could do with help, but fam, I don't need yours
Need tracks for my trail of thoughts
I'mma ball like the game's a court, and there's three points
I be myself, I'm fly with a unique voice

(2x):

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I'm the only lyricist that's left, I'm ahead of my time
That's why I'm top 10, dead em on sight
I am not them, dead or alive, I've got my own thing
ain't better with lines, I'm on my own page
Chapter Wretch, I'm back, I'm blessed
They get air till they catch their breath, they're asthmatics
Now I just get mad respect, that's black magic
And I just have to flash the cheques to bank cash, yeah
But I still own all of my publishing
Irish dough cause it's doubling
I ain't going back through struggling the crack move
Hustling is not my path anymore and I'm loving it
Most of you sons need mothering
I'm just waking while you lot are under him
Yeah, and in case you were wondering
Jesters have to tell jokes for the fun of it
But I ain't got time to waste
They're on whips like license plates
I'm on cribs like Where you can eat off the floor, I'm so fly
I can speak to the lord when I'm grounded
But I'll fly cause I could do with the air
I ain't got a life but I've got a music career

The truest with flare, take Wretch 3 from 2
I'm the one so you know that I'mma do it this year, yeah

(4x):

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