

Grew Up In (feat. Stormzy & Solo 45)

Wiley

Yeah, I grew up in Bow E-thrizzy
Home of Maniac, home of Tinchy, home of Dizzee
If you don't get it then you're gonna be without
That's why I fly around and make myself busy
Complacent shotta gets robbed for a belly
This shit's going on, but I don't mean telly
When the rain falls, you can't be saved by wellies
A kid walks in, starts waving a semi
Badman, he ain't afraid of any
Expensive watch, now why have I got it?
Furthermore, fuck that, I'mma shot it
You know why, blood? Cause I don't want it
Go and look a next property, swap it
I deal with change in a pattern
Too many girls buy jewellery in Hatton
New generation's here, what you saying?
We're gonna see when I pass you the baton
I grew up in south west London, home of the brave
Home to the roadside Gs, So Solid UK
Be loud and clear when you're calling my name
Shut down the club, live show then I cut, I'm the lord of the rave
From a place where your big bad brother can't save you
Where the olders are washed and the young Gs out on the blocky want grief
Get out of my seat, what the fuck did you bring to the table?
From a place where they think that you're rich if you ever get signed to a label
Last night, I fell asleep with the engine running
Kick down your door, then my bredrin's running
I don't like that yout, I don't care who [?]
I don't know that yout, don't care about your cousin
Got a photoshoot, whole ends is coming, rudeboy, you ain't got enough class
Your boy's on form this year, fall back, you ain't got enough bars
20 man deep on a night out, buy out the bar, you ain't got enough staff
Told man don't even talk to you much, but you talk too much, all you niggas just bark
Yo, Broadwater Farm shooters, I'm one of them
I lost my dollar if you ever try one of us
Ain't shot a nigga in ages still, someone try it, I need some practice
Signed to Island, now I've gotta 'llow it
Ten man [?] Cool, I've got it
I refuse to be [?] with no limit

On my own Wiley with it
I like money, I love money
Man, fuck your three girls, get your wallet out
I spend your last month's wages cabbings about
I'll sleep on a plane, too much money about
Money, bruv, it's money
Super Sega Level 9000, nigga
Have a drink and will man 'llow me, nigga? Rudeboy
I fucking love these groupies, nigga
But I love the money more, you feel me nigga?
Super Sega Level 9000, nigga
Have a drink and will man 'llow me, nigga? Rudeboy
I fucking love these groupies, nigga
But I love the money more, you feel me nigga?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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