

BMO Field

Wiley

I know that system so I ain't pissed
That's why I accept the game for what it is
And I'm looking for my own success, not his
I've been setting pace since man had a [?]
If I ain't got skill then what are these bars?
A reflection of all of my pain and scars
I can talk about more than money, drugs and cars
And I like to talk to women who party in the clubs and the bars
Told them already, Wiley's a boss
I roll up looking like a tramp, no I don't wanna floss
I'm the oldest blast from the past
See me at face value, I ain't gotta wear no mask
I rep Team Humble for life
For the work I do, I'm taking a slice
I share bread and water like Jesus Christ
I know myself well like Three Blind Mice
It's like once ain't enough, MCs wanna hype up twice
You think you know cold, well check this rain, it's ice
Smoking that loudest green part of my vice
I've got dons in my hood are cool but some who ain't nice
Might roll through and put an end to a good night
Like I know this, they know that, that's their life
But some dons ain't gonna do shit, stop saying you might
You've been on the dark side hating, [?] for the whole of your life
Nearly put your soul on the line
Saying you've got grime classics, but they ain't older than mine
Some do 9 to 5, but I'm rolling over the time
If you're wanting me to hear you then show me your vibe
I've got a vibe for sale, I know man doing life in jail
I know a man who has got a wife in jail, spoke to her, she said it's a hype in jail
She told me to stay away from there, I told her I won't take it there
You see the platform where you can influence kids, I'mma make it there
Wanna start the fire, not chase the flares
No bullshit, keep it basic here
When I'm in the studio, Tre is here, I might to the Raptors, Drake is there
If a royalty comes through, I ring my sister like "take a share"
Two-twelve is a good one, had an amazing year
Don't write me off too soon, I'm staying here
Don't book me for them, cause I ain't playing there

Hear me on Rinse.fm, I'm spraying there
See me at the rose club Kendrick and Dre are there
Hold tight Damon Dash
Cause he motivated me to earn cash
Hold tight Ramsey and Fen
And MC Creed, d-d-d-d-doin' it again
When the sun's out fam I'm gonna be R1ing to the studio
When I say R1, some man still don't got a clue though
Everybody's bad, I don't care who you know
Hit a man in the head with a rolling judo
All of my dons been killing it
Some talk beef and burgers, they're grilling it
All of my dons been killing it
Some talk beef and burgers they're -- all my dons that are gone, fresh liquor I pour
It's snowing outside, spill it on a white floor
Dogs are built up it's what I give 'em tripe for
I've got apples in my house like I run an iStore
Never had the I3, came in on the I4
Big up [?]
Spitting or producing, dunno what I like more
Been killing it since one-double-nine-four
[?] I saw, the uphill struggle that lead to my door
It's outrageous, what you think I'm on a hype for?
Fucking with the music, it's what I live my life for
Let me do what I'm doing, cause I do it like I done it
Dons in music, understand we run it
I told you before, even in war
Been killing it since one-double-nine-four
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