

Late Night in the 0161

Bugzy Malone

I just wanna do some illegal shit right now
Me, I'm not really in the mix right now
I heard my mans going on colder than cold
Tell 'em I'm about and I'm in the bits right now
He was on a Jet Li ting so I started training and I'm fit right now
Chat shit get banged
That means you can get banged out if you chat shit right now
I was on a different wave last year
I was on the road trying to get paid last year
I paid 72 for one box of haze
When I look back that's way too dear
I went straight into production wearing a full body suit like Breaking Bad
Trimming for 2 whole weeks and I ate nothing but frozen pizza, it was mad
Driving around with a box on the floor, just under the glove compartment
A box on a seat, box in a bin bag wrapped up left in a likkle back garden
I was in a crop gaff so long when I hit road man told me I look like Tarzan
I got a full face Bally with eye holes
When I wear that I just feel like a Spartan
Budubow, doors just come off
Budubow, dogs get wrote off
Budubow, you can't stare down the barrel of the John Gotti if it's already sawn-off
Budubap, most victims scream
Budubap, head-shots are clean
But most mans don't look where they're shootin'
That's why there's bare evidence at the scene
I hear the whispers, I hear the shouts
I see the angle, I hear the doubt
But I'm the first Mancunian emcee to take the piss, what they talkin' about?
I see the pictures, I seen the comments
See a couple diss tracks floatin' about
And I swear down on my life I was gonna say somethin'
But I was too busy in my house
Yo, way too busy on my couch
On the phone talking about my accounts
I nearly spat out my mango Rubicon when I heard a hundred thousand pounds
Did he forget that I'm Bugzy Malone?
Did he forget I came up off the roads?
I'm saying with a full face balaclava pulled down
I'll turn straight into a look

Yo, straight back into that mode
The lick off ya head top mode
Them man represent the back garden
Me, I'm way too big for a postcode
What can I tell 'em they don't already know
They already knew about Bury New Road
They already know about the 0161
And how I put Manchester on the globe
Wait, let's talk about the Walking Dead
Why? 'Cause I watch that when I'm in bed
Why? 'Cause it reminds me of when I was comin' up
And I would lick man over the head
Yo, I licked man down with a brick so bad once
Everybody said he was dead
And I ran all the way back to Jacob's mum's 'cause I didn't wanna go back to pen
You remember the party on Alderglen
When, man come let shots off the gat, bap bap bap bap bap
Everybody ran
Brick dust in the air like a spray tan
I had man jumpin' about like Rayman
I wear my hat low like Raiden
And I get so much radio play these days, man think I'm a Freemason
Ypo, this one's not for the kids
Not for the MOBOs, not for the BRITs
Not for the TV, not for the radio
More time, this one's just for the whip
Now I got the Batmobile with gadgets on it
2.5 Quattro, S-tronic
Now I need a bed like Wallace and Gromit
So I can slide out of the window onto the bonnet
Into the driver's seat
It's the Night Rider, they can't ride with me
My man's driving a clapped out Astra
Tell my man not to try it with me
My man got left stood with a face full of blood
Tell man not to try it with me
Them man got shook when I jumped out of the bus
Tell man not to try with me Bugzy Malone
Nuttin' friendly right now
0161

Songwriters

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