

Hail

Kano

Welcome to the jungle
King of this shit, Royal Blood, welcome to the rumble
Every man for himself, coco be wary, I square you now
Inside the square circle cuz, curb your trust
If I kill us and rob us and serve us up
Snakes in the grass couldn't turf a cup
Can't befriend then burgle us
Killing these bills, Uma Therman'd up
Getting that belly like Sherman Klump
Show's over when the curtains shut
But mines are blinds and I'm turning up
Who are ya? Bet you heard of us
Big mic man like merciless
They say grime's not popping like it was back then
Rap's not honest like it was back then
When I get gassed in the booth like this
Niggas go bonkers like it was MAC-10
Roll Jack Jones if it ain't man dem
And again and again
Roll Jack Jones if it ain't man dem
Don't make money but it does make sense
Karmas have answered us
Light up a dance like bars when there's sparklers
Out in Marms with an army of arsmens
Pure click, [?]
I begin, booked a studio in [?]
Rolling the rustlers, holy bivariate
Then I be back in East with the Gs
That ain't no gangsters, mate, that's the governors
Sweet geez, ark at him
Cotching on Ermine Road where the barber's is
With a whole leap of man get enough of us
You know them man that draw 9 for an argument
That shamone, you're a man like it's nothing then
Come and round up the sticks like carpenters
You wanna squash that beef but it started
Man'll go door like "I'll let you buy a carpet"
Stick to the script
Real educated ignorant shit

Don Perignon just to binge on the shit
Yo, if it bubbles, put your finger in it
White chicks sling G-strings when I spit
Blacker days, would've got lynched for this shit
Would've got whipped for this shit
Now I push a German Whip on a bitch
Now everybody wanna get Jigga rich quick
What they handed to them likkle privileged kids
Hands in the cookie jar, ripping off ribs
I guess that's taking the flipping biscuit
Stealing a living with your sticky fingers
Crossing that pond and fishing for hits
We both gain from a little influence
But how comes nobody credits us Brits?
This ain't no RP cup of tea music
This real east end theme music
No, I don't know the Queen
But that bitch stays in my jean pocket
No dubstepping on my toes
Don't fuck with my drum and bass
Shuffling to some council house
But it gets grimy in these raves
I've had dubplates on acetate
Dun know Kano was here
Used to shop in catalogs, now my catalog'll
Give these soundboys diarrhoea
Smash all of your CD rack
Won't get none of your CDs back
Clear all of your CD rack
Won't get none of your CDs backSmash all of your CD rack
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