Evolve Or Be Extinct

Wiley

evolving, how many days will it take to hit another level?
im a short term ranga, wont take long, there is not another spitter that i wont take on,
if you lose well then get off, winner stays on, winner plays on, winner like da maze on,
im a winner, my vibes like a rave for the 20,000 people dont bother putting hate on,
i dont wanna hear a thing that you wanna say wrong,
pipe down on twitter tryna put a face on,
tell em, silly choice, silly move, eat dat ting, silly me, silly you, delete your ting,
were bigger than this, ill defeat your king, god knows i try hard but he goes in,
hes just a MC but he goes in, their style is wack like its a repo ting, im going in,
i aint coming out, i got a style and it aint running out, but my lifes running out,
we dont live forever, however, my music can live forever, whatever,
tell em in a chat to the badman breda, and you cant fool me but you act quite clever,
sun, sea and sand well thats my weather, whether or not you like me, silly, whatever,
i count money im a chore with cheddar, i dont care if the raw is breda,
on my own no running a risktake, no fear like blow im a tourist breda, what now then?
you musta thought i was a klein like calvin,
i dont take care of chipmunks my name aint alvin,
i got a space where im living its out of town housing, suck ya mother, i might say dat,
you wana hear it again playback, i dont pep the pig me raise dat,
like a dad without da mayback
its wiley again, none of them better not try me again,
youre forgetting im a giant like haystacks
battle anybody for a a-stack, ill take ya a-stacks, put it in my grey sack,
put it on my back,
then i move off ASAP, i am music but im not a-rab,

my names eski im sitting on the clouds with the best beat,
take that, shut ya mouth doe, cos im a don, dont get me wrong when im singing this song,
i go back to the war start bringing it on, what, you play ball and you think youre the don,
you might spend 5 days on picking a song, by then im on a racetrack winging along,
gone, i did it right and youre doing it wrong, like what type of mic are you doing it on?
you know half good mc's ruin a song, im like why they doing it wrong? thats long,
im evolving, in a freezone, like major covan, everybodys rolling,
i stack that money til im blue in the face, i go fast like i flew in a race,
i won the title, i kill off any rivals, nobodys gonna spit on the beat,
nobodys steady theyre liable, think youre bad but you cant do a fireball,
my kind of style aint viable, you gotta earn it, you gotta learn it,
your kind of style aint viable, when its a grime ting i wana chat fighting, saying stuff
i aint just rhyming, better listen up clear when im hyping,

on the ros

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/