

# Showtime

## Illa J

This journey starts six years ago in a run down housin' estate  
In bow East London, south east UK, was a young man  
    Lets call this young man, Ray  
Frustrated wiv bein' around the way would say, "I'm bored"  
    Until one day gathered up some change  
    And in exchange got turntables off Tony  
    Not only, were they whack, they were wooden  
But he took 'em 'cos it was a bargain and it was a good'en  
    And he said to himself, "Who wouldn't?"  
Why not, then he took a little trot to DJ Targets squat  
    Stood outside the door and knocked  
    Asked what jungle records you got?  
    Must be somethin' you wanna get shot, of, blot  
Din't buy beats, he ready to quit, gave him the whole lot  
    Then Ray had little click, they were hot  
    Young gun soldiers but it all flopped  
    Still it didn't make Ray wanna give up the fight  
Ray jus picked up the mic, would write, lyrics while excluded  
    No gifts and glamor included  
Like crime for money, dough, crime pays, didn't ya know?  
    Even though Ray come across slow

Broke shit down, brung another new flow  
    Made beats in the back room  
    Teacher gave him a new spare time  
Then they got a little bit o'radio airtime  
    1:00 A.M. till 3, be in school by 9  
    This was clearly a positive sign  
    Learnin' 'bout beats, breaks and bars  
    Didn't chat about champagne and cars  
    More concerned wiv you know, the grime  
    Made it a touch difficult to shine  
    Among these so called underground stars

Some resented him thus presentin' him with pure dumbness like retard  
It didn't matter, Ray would say, "Okay, I'm gonna be a real star one day"  
    Went through dramas along the way  
    But he stood firm, pressed on wiv the wordplay  
    Went through dramas along the way  
    But he stoof firm, pressed on wiv the wordplay

Went through dramas along the way  
Let's take a look at Ray today, today, today  
Showtime, it's showtime

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