Showtime

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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 retards
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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