

# Joe Bloggs (feat. Newham Generals & President T)

## Wiley

[Hook: Wiley]

Call shots, go against odds  
Can't go fishing if you ain't got rods  
'Nuff of dem are spring leg just like frogs  
But man ah man are old school like Joe Bloggs  
Gotta bill a pension now so when I'm older  
I can live when I can't get jobs  
When I make a song, I ain't looking for a nod  
Cause man ah man are old school like Joe Bloggs[Verse 1: D Double E]  
Man can't say how war wicked I was  
Man are old school like the Wizard of Oz  
Man are old school like Bucky O'Hare  
Man'll pull out the ting and Bucky O'Hare  
Man are old school, 2Pac had hair  
Man are old school, 2Pac was here  
Man are old school just like Ghostbusters  
And the smoke with them old school rusters  
(Oi, remember when) Sharon Stone opened a leg  
Man are old school like Bill and Ted  
Now, you wouldn't know that cuh you was in bed  
Cuddling up with sleeper ted  
That's never been a super bread  
Follow the leader, leader, leader  
Follow the leader, budubudubup, we[Hook: Wiley]  
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Cause man ah man are old school like Joe Bloggs[Verse 2: Footsie]  
Man ah man are old school, two strap FILA  
Look, I can show you the odds  
'Nuff man ah talk 'bout putting in work  
None of these breddas ain't got no jobs  
Man ah man ah talk 'bout how they hook gyal like fish  
But man ah man ain't got rods  
Don't talk 'bout wait on the re-up

You get a benners, I get a ki up  
 Just link one two gyal  
 Dun know, they're both gonna free up  
 I made four five moves at six  
 [?] P up  
 I keep it N to the G up  
 I stay away from knobs  
 If there's a known probability  
 Then I'm gonna tell man "probs"[Hook: Wiley]  
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 When I make a song, I ain't looking for a nod  
 Cause man ah man are old school like Joe Bloggs[Verse 3: President T]  
 Man ah man are old school like Joe Blogs  
 Blazing, blazing, but I ain't calling squads  
 Key to the block but I ain't holding fobs  
 Took advice from my uncle but it ain't Bob's  
 Started the shop in the town  
 Back to the city of gods, wow  
 Never been after a head shake  
 Gave him a chance, call it a dead take  
 'Nuff of dem are spring feet, thousand missions  
 Not one of 'em complete  
 I was the whole grain without the wheat  
 So old school, I still purchase without receipt  
 Call me a president without the suite  
 Old school, old school, I don't give a monkey's  
 If I'm off-beat[Hook: Wiley]  
 Call shots, go against odds  
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 But man ah man are old school like Joe Bloggs  
 Gotta bill a pension now so when I'm older  
 I can live when I can't get jobs  
 When I make a song, I ain't looking for a nod  
 Cause man ah man are old school like Joe Bloggs[Verse 4: Wiley]  
 Yo, I come through with the peng  
 Cuh man are shit, draw only the peng  
 When I was a kid, I went so many house raves  
 Somebody always came through with the leng  
 Could've been a rebore that fired couple duds

Still, everybody in the place gonna run  
Still, everybody in the place gonna dust  
They don't wanna fight, no, they don't wanna fuss  
I had a wild upbringing, I was never stable  
But I had manners at the dinner table  
Stand out when I've gotta stand up tall  
I've got a chair at the winners' table, like  
Say my name when giving out awards  
My life's crazy, I never get bored  
Can't lie, blud, man ah man's toured  
On top of that, yeah, man ah man's warred[Hook: Wiley]  
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