

Showtime

Ian Isiah

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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