

## Wiley

### "Chainsaw"

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(Hook)

Louder, ye coming in loud  
Louder, to the up turning ground  
Open up the cloud, everybody bounce  
In this way for us, right across the earth  
But, murder is the key that I drop  
No fear it won't stop  
I'm about to turn the gap over  
If you feel it in your gut  
Kick it down, fuck it up  
Turn it up, louder

(Verse 1)

Yo niggas, a couple of winners might give you time  
I get to the finish line and rest out the thumb  
No I don't keep second to none  
Had to help wish I could  
Let you go by sit I would  
A reckless time to cook this meal  
Word up, I'm a young distance  
Word up, know that I'm a persistent murderer  
I could be just like this no over  
See my findings, see my family  
Now my sister got to unleash the river  
Backpack on my back  
Snapback up on my  
Headback time to go back on my head  
Get away when mom won't be dead  
And I'm really on my way

(Hook)

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Louder, to the up turning ground  
Open up the crowd, everybody bounce  
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(Verse 2)

Hold up, wait wait  
Iâ€™m late put the goal up straight  
Whoever talk basic wins it  
I ainâ€™t got a problem, marksman shooter  
Canâ€™t get into my margin ruler  
Run to it in this team you ainâ€™t cooler  
Distinguish air with some more though  
And I ainâ€™t talkin men youâ€™re so curious  
But add spice to things itâ€™s all normal  
I subtract the team gonna mess  
I just might snipe your team come out fresh  
If you donâ€™t ride for me come out less  
But now you donâ€™t like me â€™cause I left  
I never did left though  
Ross did never did dream or ever did seen  
Or resembleing of a pistol  
I till stay on top of the test score

(Hook)

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(Verse 3)

The hard work paying off ye  
Iâ€™m seeing a lot  
Timeâ€™s awake me while Iâ€™m praying to God  
If Iâ€™m getting one then Iâ€™m staying up drunk  
I a solo to ages and a mop  
Got 4 wounds tonight thatâ€™s a plus  
So them wanna put me down like Iâ€™m a dog  
And then change your minds when you see â€™em got  
smoke  
And I got knowledge of black taxi drivers  
Got Iâ€™m up still make figures like porch  
Grew out in a day, jay lodge  
I got fresh haircut no budget  
I stay away from barbers that touch  
When I roll in the crowd I feel odd  
â€™Cause I been there already I was a old school bud  
Gonna use brand new stairs and a mic  
Have fuck with the light on

(Hook)

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