

## Wiley "From The Drop"

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Most of them wait for the drop  
Not me I'm in straight from the top  
Wiley and MJ Cole them  
Names are gone ring the bells and the off (?)  
I don't need syrup, I ain't got a cough  
Wanna box, got eight in the loft  
I should be on the TV much more  
I know I got a face, what's what

It's a must to elevate and take that shot  
If I score then I'm gonna be at the top spot  
My flow, top notch  
My lyrics, top notch  
Might see me and I ain't got a watch  
And I don't fear no one, I ain't gotta watch  
Watch what? Test who?  
I ain't part of a bulletproof vest crew

'Cause I walk with God, die when my time's up  
Single file everybody, line up  
Turn a new page, get righteous  
I'm giving out Zip Files like a virus (like a virus..)  
I wanna thank them fans  
That knew I had very good plans  
Had tons of music album ready  
But the label they didn't understand

I'm on another label, gave me control  
I play it like a game in a console  
I'm talented, how could you not know  
I got a super kryptonite flow  
But back to the bars that I wanna hear  
Playing at the back of the car  
We already know that's not for the chart  
But it's what I done back at the start

And I still flow smart - Heavyweight moments weighing  
up  
Take a cheap shot, stop playing now  
That's what kids do  
But you got the whole scene here with you  
I'm at the front of the army

You're a pig in the game, salami  
These people tried to argue with me all the time  
Don't send me bar me

From - no ends could you bar me  
Can't make me bread like a (??)  
'Cause I'm out in the club  
With the gyaldem looking punani  
Go to the straight to the zoo or the Bamboo Club  
In my new garms and Armani  
I'm a cool guy, R1, R6  
Won't see man wingin' on a Harley

But you will see man in Trenchtown  
Puffing on the high grade, visit the yard of Bob Marley  
Old Wolkswagen, all empty  
Tell them the Father God sent me  
I went from a Uno to a Bentley

I'm a hustler, haters resent me  
I tell the soundboy, please don't tempt me  
Your lyrical mind is empty

You got a problem, view your opinion  
Might a be a hater, check all the symptoms  
If I'm getting better in the game  
Them man are slacking, why the hell should I bring  
them?  
It's my kingdom, what are you thinkin'  
Link a lot of girls so that's what I'm thinkin'  
Run up on the stage drop one hook  
Where's My Brother get a reload, that's what I'm  
thinking' (where's my brother)

I'm the in thing, ask anyone who  
Is in tune to the music I do  
Give me a distinction, I raise the level up  
High, believe me even you don't want to  
I move ghost like Hollow (?) and Dimples  
Keepin' it plain and simple  
For the urban scene, I'm a symbol  
Prove you can do it, money, jingle

Paper - chasing, in a a car racing  
One of them big boys sets with the bass in  
In a meeting bring the briefcase in  
Full of dough like Puffy and Mase and  
A little while back when Bad Boy ruled  
Thirty-one years I've already been schooled  
I didn't wanna end up in beef but my name's already  
been called

Don't be fooled, most of them wait for a path  
While I'm out here, just taking a chance  
It make take long to make it - for some  
For others - it might go fast  
I'm like Sherlock Holmes, use a little strategy  
And break your bones in half  
Don't roll with a mask  
If I know I gotta complete one there's no long ting

'Cause I roll to the task  
DIY, I'm fed up with asking  
You gonna see me on the stage when I'm passing  
Interview on the TV I'm laughing  
Never Mind the Buzzcocks'll make your whole  
Household laugh when i'm doing my cast in  
Tell 'em I put a hundred percent (and a hundred  
percent..)  
They only put half in

I'm the one who's laughing  
Some days I don't eat nothing, fasting  
My A-List team's gonna last in the game  
The same as Roll Deep, charting  
My mentor, I flew past him  
'Cause he didn't wanna live like a Martian  
Now I bet he wishes that he was here  
Right now with the team, laughing

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