

Wiley

"Letter 2 Dizzee"

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Hello.....

Most Wanted Productions.....

Eskiboy.....

Playtime is over.....

I remember O one december
Me and you shopping Overtags popping
Remember the baby name's we were rockin
Had that early
Since the last time I saw you No rest, Work, No stopping
Ready to drop my album when's yours dropping
On the New Label
I make music not cos I'm willing cos I'm able
Hey Dyl
What's going on brother
I've got to a stage where I wouldn't ever judge no other
No race, No creed, no human, No colour
And nothing aint changed except I'm the best now
It don't matter I'm still your big brother
I don't hold the line leave that with the runner
I support Spurs not the Gunners
Gonna be the best for the next ten summers
The best of ten athlete runners
And far from blast you
I tell you Dyl it was hard to back you
I still done it
Overground, Underground I still run it
Number one grime I still run it
We aint in beef so pick up the phone and ring me
I'm still rollin
Still wear my own garms
Still showing the roadman
Blue jeans listening to rips of Logan's show
In the whips that ride by
I'm like spark some Ky I just fly by
Not in a white ride at night time on a black bag in the
day time when the markets on
Park your car wrong place car is gone

I broke the high jump record now the bar is gone
The present is here and the past is gone
I'm a master

Get me

Sometimes I'm just rollin

And I think back to all the raves that we did,
all the shows we did all the radio

We'd made up a lot of ground trust me

Listen.....

As Day turns to night and night turns to day
I feel more and more like moving away
But then I remember who I am 'Legend'
Can't stop rolling round town I'm stuck
in the manor like venom in a snake
I'm ahead a running snake
When they snack there's no venom
Still get missed calls on my phone
So many fam I can't bell em all back
I'm ahead of all that
All them golden tacks wanna go worldwide
Back to new rides
Hype's alright but I'm nearly twenty nine
When I reach thirty I've gotta be nice
Make dough everyday for the rest of my life
Big money up I didn't roll no dice
I'll take control of my life
Won't draw no gun, I wont draw no knife

I'm letting go of all of that

Growing up

Eskiboy

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