

## Wiley

### "Slippin'"

Visit "[Slippin'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I was slippin' in southwest London  
No strap, no 'chete on my ones with the gash  
I had to splurt from southwest London  
Wrong place, wrong time no you can't have a stripe

[Listen, yo]

I'm real the people know  
I go places where you don't go  
You can find me in the hood murkin' a show  
It's all normal, I'm up for making the dough  
And if you wanna rob me don't be an amateur  
'Cause if I get away I'll be back in a mo  
Tell me to convert if you wanna  
'Cause I swear the only answer you will hear is no  
I will return to my country one day  
but only when I've got enough dough  
I won't get cozy here in England  
I'm goin' back to Trinidad and Tobago  
Listen, if I was you I wouldn't watch my dough  
'cause I would never let two pound go  
And I won't stay around so you can get stripes  
You'll see me again and I'll be on my own

I was slippin' in southwest London  
No strap, no 'chete on my ones with the gash  
I had to splurt from southwest London  
Wrong place, wrong time no you cant have a stripe

I'm from the jungle I won't get lost  
I make the flow cold just like Jack Frost  
And I'm the wrong person, you should never cross me  
Takin' my life that comes at a cost  
I don't stand in your face and floss  
I'm easy, I wear a Casio watch  
I'm sorry you lost your wifey  
She still looks strong with chung lip gloss  
Still actin' innocent when you're guilty  
Me I'm still makin' the beats and they're filthy  
Warin' MC's everyday, I'm guilty  
For the street wars I'm built, they wanna kill me

I react quick though, face any challenger  
New to this racket like Slazenger  
Don't wanna manger  
Back in the day I was a scavenger  
Street kid Roman Road back to Latimer

I was slippin' in southwest London  
No strap, no 'chete, on my ones with the gash  
I had to splurt from southwest London  
Wrong place, wrong time no you can't have a stripe

I was slippin' in southwest London  
No strap, no 'chete on my ones with the gash  
I had to splurt from southwest London  
Wrong place, wrong time no you can't have a stripe

Listen, you wanna know a bit about about fallin' off?  
I couldn't tell you cause I've never fallin' off  
There's the bridge, all you've got to do is walk across  
I'm a wizard my talent's got no cost

You ain't a boss like Wiley  
There goes Kylie  
Still havin beef today like I'm 19  
I know it's my fault quietly, I'm too safe  
so when you see me in the streets walk past me  
If you've got a question don't ask me  
I've never left the hood  
You won't outlast me  
As for those who want to bad mouth me,  
you know revenge is sweet like candy  
Girls make boys turn stupid  
Don't be angry just be even, try to understand me  
Cause settin' me up is no good  
I could have my eyes closed and I can still see  
And you ain't got one over me  
Naw, I won't let you run over me  
Pull a gun out at me, crews come out from me  
I must be someone you all wanna be

I'm a baller from east,  
never had a day of peace where I didn't want to sort  
out beef  
You think that I don't want to get you back, you're  
wrong, man  
Mental state is still street  
But I'll just wait 'till the day I wake up,  
come to your house and show you 'bout beef  
As I kid I had a knife in a sheaf on a mountain bike  
shottin weed  
No I ain't a chief

I was slippin' in southwest London  
No strap, no 'chete on my ones with the gash  
I had to splurt from southwest London  
Wrong place, wrong time, no you can't have a stripe

Visit [Wiley](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.