

## Kano

# "Blue Sky: Blood My In Is Music"

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Van Gogh the beat, Banksy the street  
No spoilt bitch but the 16€²s are sweet  
Paint pro€™ s a picture, Rolls gold the wrist up  
One go and its the, joint raps elite  
Ian Wright inspired, Illmatic and I am  
Bob Marley the fire, Iron, Lion and Zion  
Two uncles?, mind that, Gregory Isaac  
Blap, blap, rewind that;  
Blood My In Is Music, I see pride, I see poor  
Bad ass mutherf-cker, call me Jack Bauer  
Push boundaries, f-ck you p-ssies  
White sugar coated like Rowntree€™ s  
Steve Job€™ s of rhyming, stay thinking forward  
Nigga stop trying to A&R when you€™ re around me  
Don€™ t take civilian advice, â€˜cos I do me  
You do you like you€™ re watching blue movies  
I does this, this is routine  
Like 5,6,7,8, told them, suicide, nigga detonate  
Grime, need some new laws, lâ€™ m trying to legislate  
Find me some new doors, lâ€™ m trying to break  
â€™em in  
And fly to a new height, kite in the blue sky  
It all started as a dream, I wanted to be Pay as you G  
Question: Now who€™ s the best? Willy, you and G  
Profession, when someones really paying you Gâ€™ s  
And lâ€™ ve been getting money since Versace blue  
jeans  
The road ain€™ t my ting cuzzie but big up you Gâ€™™ s  
Plural, funeral for snitches all G  
Canâ€™ t pimp K â€™cos a nigga UG  
Break a nigga face like D-U-G  
Mr. Blue Sky while lâ€™ m praying for the rain  
Complacent when lâ€™ m happy so lâ€™ m praying for  
some pain  
Porsche Cayman, ride shotgun, let me take you down  
memory lane  
Started â€™ Home Sweet Homeâ€™™ nothing heavy on  
the brain  
Beats and Bars reinforced a niggas reign  
London Townâ€™™ s where I fell out with the fame  
Industry politics, I thought we could abolish this

â€˜Cos honestly the game was trying to break me like  
Iâ€™m promises  
Anti-record label til they employ basic common sense  
Grime Street I want my independence and I run with it  
Rain on the niggas â€™ til they find out where the broly  
is  
Method to the Madness, my money where my mouth is  
Put 60 bags of my own f-cking cash in  
Iâ€™m a f-cking real artist, theyâ€™ re acting  
Plus Iâ€™m on my agent shit bitch Iâ€™m acting  
Tour the whole Atlas with Gorillaz and The Clash  
Me, Willy, Diz and Bizzle put these spittas on the map  
Passport full up â€™cos the Visaâ€™s and the stamps  
in  
Not a f-cking Nandoâ€™s stamp bitch, traveling  
Yeah the boy done good from East Ham  
That little engine that could is now the track king  
My antics ainâ€™t for the A-list, Iâ€™m Alien  
Dropped E.T. and itâ€™s a Mad Ting

I tell â€™em we might breathe the same air  
And we bathe in the same sun  
And even drink the same water  
But you can see Iâ€™m in a league of my own  
See Iâ€™m in a league of my own  
See Iâ€™m in a league of my own yeah  
League of my own yeah  
Got a suit now this how Iâ€™m living  
Took it from the street now my niggas in the business  
Puppet on a string, no nigga, Iâ€™m the realest  
No really Iâ€™m the realest  
So leave me alone, leave me alone yeah  
Leave me alone yeah

Heart and soul in this shit  
Time and dough on this shit  
This game is my life  
So Iâ€™m just having fun with this bitch

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