

## Wretch 32

### "Wretchrospective"

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[Hook]

Forever spit fire on the mic and you know that we ride  
for this night  
Till it's light in the wars that we fight  
And the food for supply till the level's way high till we  
die

Listen you have to know about my wretchrospective  
I came out the blue and the next thing the earth peels  
off  
Learn from my mixtape caught that cheap shot  
Was expensive I meant it  
I just changed you up with my 10 ounce  
But that was wooden love the hood boys root me out  
That ends like "Good luck" but don't let us down no  
My eyes bother my feet, reverse is right  
The bible and the hooks that could buy for Ali  
I jump out when I sleep on the page I'm the greatest  
And I entertain I'm a stagist  
And if you're down for a brick I suggest you get a grave  
shift  
Got one mixtape ain't looking like you made it  
And that mistake kept looking like you made it  
Raw design impressed yourself it ain't hard to impress  
yourself  
Think I'm in a box another person's an extra self  
You can do a hundred on your feet on your own  
I do a few songs in my sleep I've been told  
I'm not trying to knock you off  
So I'm trying to tell you this shops my tunnel  
But I need more I can be without my fan I don't need  
those  
Each trap for my train and force  
I'm a bull like the game's a cool  
And that's 3 points I be myself I'm fly with a unique  
voice

[Hook x2]

Forever spit fire on the mic and you know that we ride  
for this night  
Till it's light in the wars that we fight

And the food for supply till the level's way high till we  
die

I'm the only lyricist that's left I'm ahead of my time  
That's why I'm top 10 dead on my sight  
I am not damn dead or alive I got my own fate  
Ducking it ain't betting with lives I got my page  
Chapter rich I'm back on bliss again  
Er'thing till they catch that reff yeah that has my ink  
Now I just get my respect that's black magic  
Hide yourself to flash the cheques the bank cash shit  
But I still owe own in my publishing  
Irish dough got stumbling I ain't going back through  
struggling the clock  
Hussling is not my path anymore and I'm loving it  
Most of you sons need mothers  
I'm just waiting the king walk you are under him  
And in case you were wondering  
Just does after tell jokes for the fun of it  
But I ain't got time to waste  
They run with flat license plates  
I'm on cribs like try some days  
Can eat off the floor I'm so fly I can sleep to the Lord  
when I'm grounded  
But I'll fly I can do it in the air  
Ain't got a life but I got a music career  
And jewish the flair take wet trees from 2  
I'm the one so you know that I'm do this yeah

[Hook x4]

Forever spit fire on the mic and you know that we ride  
for this night  
Till it's light in the wars that we fight  
And the food for supply till the level's way high till we  
die  
This is life

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