

# Grew Up In (feat. Stormzy & Solo 45)

## Wiley

Yeah, I grew up in Bow E-thrizzy  
Home of Maniac, home of Tinchy, home of Dizzee  
If you don't get it then you're gonna be without  
That's why I fly around and make myself busy  
Complacent shotta gets robbed for a belly  
This shit's going on, but I don't mean telly  
When the rain falls, you can't be saved by wellies  
A kid walks in, starts waving a semi  
Badman, he ain't afraid of any  
Expensive watch, now why have I got it?  
Furthermore, fuck that, I'mma shot it  
You know why, blood? Cause I don't want it  
Go and look a next property, swap it  
I deal with change in a pattern  
Too many girls buy jewellery in Hatton  
New generation's here, what you saying?  
We're gonna see when I pass you the baton  
I grew up in south west London, home of the brave  
Home to the roadside Gs, So Solid UK  
Be loud and clear when you're calling my name  
Shut down the club, live show then I cut, I'm the lord of the rave  
From a place where your big bad brother can't save you  
Where the olders are washed and the young Gs out on the blocky want grief  
Get out of my seat, what the fuck did you bring to the table?  
From a place where they think that you're rich if you ever get signed to a label  
Last night, I fell asleep with the engine running  
Kick down your door, then my bredrin's running  
I don't like that yout, I don't care who [?]  
I don't know that yout, don't care about your cousin  
Got a photoshoot, whole ends is coming, rudeboy, you ain't got enough class  
Your boy's on form this year, fall back, you ain't got enough bars  
20 man deep on a night out, buy out the bar, you ain't got enough staff  
Told man don't even talk to you much, but you talk too much, all you niggas just bark  
Yo, Broadwater Farm shooters, I'm one of them  
I lost my dollar if you ever try one of us  
Ain't shot a nigga in ages still, someone try it, I need some practice  
Signed to Island, now I've gotta 'llow it  
Ten man [?] Cool, I've got it  
I refuse to be [?] with no limit  
On my own Wiley with it  
I like money, I love money  
Man, fuck your three girls, get your wallet out

I spend your last month's wages cabbing about  
I'll sleep on a plane, too much money about  
Money, bruv, it's money  
Super Sega Level 9000, nigga  
Have a drink and will man 'llow me, nigga? Rudeboy  
I fucking love these groupies, nigga  
But I love the money more, you feel me nigga?  
Super Sega Level 9000, nigga  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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