

Through the Night (feat. DJ Luck & MC Neat)

Bugzy Malone

Y'all
(With a little bit of luck
They might make it through)
What's this?
It's looking like war
Looking like beef
Tell them I'm lurking nigga don't sleep
I'll ride into your village on horseback
5000 soldiers in my fleet
But it's looking like war
Looking like beef
And they've had nothing but invisible beef
They can bring Zeus 'cause I'm like Ares
I'm a warlord but I've never been Greek
Now it's looking like war
Looking like beef
Looking like you coming up against me
Looking like Bugzy Malone's top three
And certain man are getting too old to compete
Certain man are getting too old for this grime ting now
Man are way too old for these beats
When the album dropped everybody stop listening
To his album after one week
Now you're looking confused, looking at me
You sing now but you didn't sing last week
Oh you want to make a track for the galdem
Because the galdem love beauty and the beast
This one's a robbery with no Bally and gloves
Man know I got a bare-faced cheek
I'm not from London but when I go London
Man know I got an army behind me
With a little bit of luck
They might make it through the night
With a little bit of luck
They might make it through the night
With a little bit of luck
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With a little bit of luck
They might make it through the night
Ta na ne, ta na ne, ta na, ta na ne te boy
Ta na ne, ta na ne, ta na, ta na ne te boy
Ta na ne, ta na ne, ta na, ta na ne te boy

With a little bit of love
They might make it through the night
What did he want to do next
This one's simple it's nottin' complex
Man don't start showing me some respect
Then I'm gonna start putting guillotines on necks
It's not that deep it's not the Loch ness
But I'll start taking shots like George Best
Man try cookin' up something for me
When I'm Gordon Ramsay and they're just the chef
Gogglebox, everybody looking at me
MC's blinking like it can't be
How can a guy from out of town
Come to town and fuck up the whole grime scene?
How much money does he make per show?
And how much did he make from the EP?
Wait, and all that from his own label
Man must have way more money than me (damn right!)
How did he get that car? (Life!)
How did he come so far? (Life!)
How did he go from selling drugs signing on
To becomin' a star? (Oh Life!)
I'm like Leonardo Dicaprio, forget about trophies
I just wanna know, have you ever counted
£500, 000 out in £20 notes? No?
'Cause I've never been standard
You can get lost out here, get stranded
Anybody coming to the North tryna fuck with the King
On a boat or ship and get anchored
All hands on deck 'cause I don't take kindly to idle threats
These MCs are some overnight MCs
And that's why they want me dead
With a little bit of luck
They might make it through the night
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Ta na ne, ta na ne, ta na, ta na ne te boy
With a little bit of love

They might make it through the night
More money more life, more, more money more life
More money more life, more, more money more life
More money more life, more, more money more life

More money more life, I don't fuck with none of these guys
It's groggy season, Ruckas after

Ruckas

Most of these MCs are just muppets

Dem man say I'm lucky
Like said he don't know bar for bar that I'm mucky
I'll make a dark-skinned MC crumble
Just like a double chocolate chip cookie
I'm King Kong
I'll make a light-skinned MC sound like a new born puppy
They can team up, they can round the whole scene up
It's not going to make a difference on G-Dot
Dem man are pissed off 'cause they've got shows
But right now they're performing for peanuts
What kind of MC looks at the DJ
Reaches out for the decks to get wheel-ups
You're not an MC you're just a copycat it won't last
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With a little bit of love
They might make it through the night

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