

# Flatline (feat. Wretch 32)

## Wilkinson

Flatlines every time  
We go wild, yeah, everybody clear?  
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78, 000 screaming sounds like a horror film  
It's just me and my mic, now this cannot be real  
I missed education, I was listening to Lauryn Hill  
Every verse magic, the rapping version of Copperfield  
Rolling round in them foreign wheels  
Duplicate is high, you must be popping a lot of pills  
The revolution's gotta be filmed  
I'm a braveheart, I wear the trousers and not a kilt, nah  
See, I kill with my art  
I aim for the heart, I'm Wilkinson sharp  
I took the sword out the stone, still I swing with my bars  
In the race to longevity, I feel to come last  
Yeah, I chill with the stars, I sleep with 'em sometimes  
We wake up on Mars, that's just how we ménage  
And I've killed every venue in a thousand-mile radius  
You need a vaccine, man, you killers couldn't play with us  
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Welcome to my movie  
Peer pressure got me feeling fruity  
Threw lemons at me, yeah, I made a smoothie  
They'll knock your drive till your car only has two seats  
Yeah, I'm different from them but I'll kick it with them  
Boys get caught out playing cricket with men  
But the ash burns right before the cigarette ends  
They ain't got the balls, I'll be like the wicket to them  
Growing up, we loved women like Diana  
See how the time changed, even Harry love Rihanna  
Selfie obsession, everybody grab a camera  
Still worth a thousand words but you can filter out the banter  
Stepping up the ladder, snakeskin Gabbanas  
Wasting my young years just giving you London grammar  
I've killed every venue in a thousand-mile radius  
You need a vaccine, boy, you killers couldn't play with us  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>