

Bring Them All / Holy Grime (feat. Devlin)

Wiley

Ayy, listen Drink 'nough beers before the game, what d'ya call that? Georgie Best MC

Listen, I don't rest MC

You man sleep, that's why you're not the best MC

You man are part time, never had beef

Now you're on your mic like a bulletproof vest MC

I'm a double, precious Tek MC

Separate heads from necks

I was in the shadows, I came to the light with a path

My spitters that wanna be first and never be last

I've been ahead of the game, I've been ahead of the craft

I wanna laugh

Come sailing along like a bus

With the flow I'm like rah, what the ras?

I'm a striker [?] get my triple A passes

I'm sitting with the staff

Listen up, I ain't normal, I'm sicker than my bars

Driven myself crazy, I've been in every condo

I like to fly by on my black Yamaha, that's winging

Some man did a crime and talk but that's singing

Not many man have been in the wars that I've been in

I can work here but it's not a place that I could live in

Getting new money though but I've already made a killing

I've already made a scene, I already live a dream

And the king's road's lonely, you can't go with him

When it's time for a test

Man ah man have gotta move swiftly 'cause you don't want a knife in your chest

In the hood every day, it's [?], living [?]

Made it, now you're lying in your bed

It's like yo, has anybody seen my flow right here, cuz?

Live in your ears like earplugs

Keep myself away like rare dubs

What makes you so scared, I'm sure fear does

On the real though, I set up and face it

The devil's high in my scene, that's why I embrace it

Let me go on and enjoy what I created

Man will jump on the stage and go ape shit

For years I've been killing it, trust me

Swear down, I will never get rusty

My lyrics dem will rough up your lyrics like rugby

For the work I put in, the fans love me

It's only three bits of liberty

Street divinity

Me and Will's tyranny
And this one's willing me to rise like Pyrenees peaks and I'm lyrically
In the sky and then I'm right through infinity
Forever after, Dev be the master
Hit 'em with the [?]
This precinct when it gets darker
Don't think you can stand the heat
You can't stand this beat
I'm like a million and one lightyears way past of an artist's reach
Like Mary, I'm hard to beat
I think deep
About this collabo
Historical events unravel
Like I went Middlesex, I came to Harrow
My man said he feel paro
Bloody cuffs, aw my sleeve
This shit feels like beef to me
When I spit and my arms start swiniging, I'm bringing
More raw shit than a [?] works
Smell it and know why Kano writ it
Wrote it, fuck what you write, don't quote it
Focus, look, now I'm back and it's hopeless
Comparing me with these seeds
Too rare a breed of MC
More than once a minute
Getting off like [?] are coming to kill it
That bang harder, where the fuck's the gimmicks?
There ain't nada
I've got the heart and spirit you can't harbor
[?] pass the limit and then scarper
When it comes on top with the urban legend, I get 'em like Carter
These spitters can't better these levels of terror
I leave my brain in my car but my head is together
I make a team of dons quit when I'm put under pressure
Rate Devlin, why? He's a grime treasure
In grime, I've lined my catalogue up, prime [?]
I'm never too far from the hype that I set up
I step up like a bredda who's livin' in nice weather
At work, puttin' words together with [?] letters
I spray, make a big tree lean in the road
Trees drop on your house to leave them a cold
Trees drop on your car, the windows smash
Eskiboy, O2, Indigo back
But this whole time, fam, I've been holy in grime
[?] first time don't know me in grime
But you're never stage right when I'm holding a mic
I'm a pro now, bro, I jump over the spike Any hardcore fan of grime
Go mad when you hear this bang inside
I got the keys like pianists, black and white

I've been a beast in the scene all my adult life
Ever since Will said "Hello, hi"
I was sat in the shadows, high
Concocting the maddest vibe
With a way less narrow sight
Than a homo sapien [?]
X-Ray, make way for my death ray
Nikola Tesla reborn to a next stage
Technology stole our children
The world's in debt and our men are all templates
I'll bring ten crates of my best mates
Puttin' up my worst and best traits
Converse in a verse with dead saints
Holy grime, it's a blessed day
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