

3 Wheel-ups (feat. Wiley & Giggs)

Kano

3 wheel-ups in a row
That means I'm a direct rudeboy
Grew two yats on my own
That means I'm a direct rudeboy
Man can't call up my phone
Then gwan like a direct rudeboy
One side bag and a stoney
That don't make you a direct rudeboy
Some MCs come with the wickedest talk
But really, dem man chat crap
Acting like a donny but they don't know 'bout tracks
When real niggas step on the riddim and chat facts
I don't put myself in places
If I weren't there then I weren't, let's face it
If you weren't there then you weren't, that's basic
I kill 'em with the realest shit and they hate it
I'm a diffuser, can't act tougher than you are round me
I've got youts dem tougher than you are round me
I nearly died for the game, that's right
But some spitters ain't nuttin' around me
I was getting 'em hype while you was touching your lighter
I was killing the mic there on the motherfucking beat
None of you are bad round me, it's not only about me though
Let me give a shoutout to my scene
[?], that's a rider for real MCs
Me and Wiley in a clash, that's a real MC
Hold tight D Double E, that's a real OG
I said hold tight D Double E, that's a real OG
Mad, reload ting
Pop, pop, pop, that's a reload ting
And when I say "it's Kano in the house"
Everybody knows that's a reload ting
If you've been shotting in the manor from way back when
And you ain't on a kilo ting
I don't wanna hear about [?] food and tings
Man don't do those tings
On-sight, thought he was onside, init
Saw them guys, no shots fired, init
If you ain't real then don't ride, init
That postcode, that's offside, init
Badman from which part? Dem man do witchcraft
Dem man are [?], us man are kosher
I've been that nigga since [?] loafers

When kids dem didn't give a fuck about olders
 Man don't care 'bout fathers
 Man just care 'bout figures
 Man don't care 'bout yards
 Man just care 'bout Bimmers
 Man don't care who's hard
 Man just care if it's blinging
 Man don't care 'bout masks
 Man'll do it bare-face, init
 We don't do none of that bare-face fibbing
 The realest shit on your airwaves, init
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 That don't make you a direct rudeboy Can't tell me nuttin'
 Cook down mutton then pass through the gutter
 Link dusty red cups out the cupboard
 In the jungle, I move with original nuttahn
 And the same madman fly out for the summer
 Lick two blocks? Who are you? Runners
 Shut down dance, who am I? Shottas
 Couple wheel-ups at Butterz, that's nuttin'
 Boiling point, I keep it 100 Yeah, G goes in
 Mad three-pointer, free throw ting
 Bitches looking at me on a keyhole ting
 I'm a gasser and a gentlemen, G hosting
 I'm a skinny nigga [?] so slim
 [?] when the D goes in
 Man are getting money, type the keycodes in
 Please can I have my money? What's the keycode pin?
 Fuck that, [?], we backed 'em up
 Now it's game-giving if it's facts, I aks them up
 I'm man of the match, I matched it up
 And I'm with the bats, I patched it up
 Sitting in the trap with hash to cut
 Sitting in the [?] with crack to cut
 I'm silly with the MAC, man mashed 'em up
 I hit him with the [?], then backed the truck
 Gully, I'm so slim
 K, Hollow, [?]
 Can't look inside a nigga's whip, the windows tint
 Better take the weight, better link those drinks
 [?] better leave those simps
 [?] with the clip, I'm gonna teach those chimps
 Man a put it on [?] see those wimps

I'm finished with the little nigga, he's so rinsed
[?], I'm king
And he's no prince
I let it bap, bap, bap, ping ping
And then leave no prints
I said that, that, that, that's me
And yes, he's so skint
I'm in the matte black 350
With [?] beef go minceIf you don't look after your own yout, boy
You're not a direct rudeboy
If you're in DSTRKT popping that Goose, boy
You're not a direct rudeboy
Bow Street, just bought brand new goods
One you man can't get, a new toy
That's why a man's [?] just preed him
Sent me a direct, rudeboy
16 bars in effect
Take this pen to your neck
And just [?] man with it
Cash rules everything around me
That's word to a Method Man lyric
Yeah, I roll deep in the East
But I still might Mega Man with it
Yeah, I said it, yeah, yeah, I said it
Cheques, we get it, cash and collec' it
That likkle pellet, that nah gon' mek it
Rest his head in that man's spaghetti
Yout dem are menace, nuttin' like Dennis
Man got stripped and even got credit
Kids push prams to Westfield to lick it
And run from pigs, don't even watch Peppa
Real go-getter, geezers know better
But geezers [?] Skinner
Don't resort to violence, no, never
Man just start with violence, go figure
Eat man's food before man eat dinner
Buss that booze, I roll and drink liquor
Left that [?] for my nigga3 wheel-ups in a row
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