

# Aitch, Intro

Yeah

On your marks you ain't ready for my

Yo, I said I'm

Sick with it fucking rip it till the beats finished

I spit an image when I pay the mic a visit

Got an evil sort of spirit but I'm classy like a violinist even though the lyrics are explicit fam you need

On your marks I swear this is just the start

Right here in the finish line its so far apart

But I'm grinding like Tony tell him don't phone me I can't class him as my homey

Put your trainers on its time to get the cake in don

When you hear the bang? off the blocks and get the racing on

When I hear a tune I hit the booth and get to lace him one

How many Mc's are overtaking {none}

Fuck it pick the speed up I might need to lift my knees up

Nah I ain't from Peckham but I'm tryna get my P's up

Tell a man to ease up when I spit I switch the? up or I might come with it cold and move my engine

I just holler that YJ told him I copped up something fresh he said why wait

Rolled to the Stud's I'll be there in a few I said when I drop this said man'll be like why aitch {why}

Cause I'm in Manny's top 5 there's no doubt about it

Cause when I drop lines I build a sound around it

I'll round guys that'll place the fist right where your mouth is, yeah I'm from north but dons located in

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When I bring out a tune everybody gets so gassed that they ain't even realised my work rates shit

I write bars when I want and take all the time I need

To be honest I don't think I know what work rate is

But if I, put my mind to it I could probably shine through it

When I'm feeling stressed I play a beat and rhyme to it

You can send but why do it cause you know that I slew it

If there's a big brick wall in front I'll fly through it

Like, uh, fam I need this I'm hungry for it

Man don't want a feature don't want the white younger on it

Fuck 'em, YouTube I'm doing numbers on it, beats so cold I need to put a fucking jumper on it

Tell 'em if they want it they can come and get it standard

Come through with a mic in front of bare bystanders

I don't know what you're thinking don your girl's got standards

Why d'you think that when you call the bitch she never answers

I'm

Sick with it fucking rip it till the beats finished

I spit an image when I pay the mic a visit

Got an evil sort of spirit but I'm classy like a violinist even though the lyrics are explicit pussyhole go

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