

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>