

# 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  
3 wheel-ups in a row  
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One side bag and a stoney  
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 nuttahs  
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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