

# Evolve or Be Extinct

Wiley

Evolving, how many days will it take to reach another level?  
I'm a short term wrangler there ain't another rapper I won't take on  
If you lose then get off  
Winners stays on, winner plays on, winner (?) makes on  
I'm a winner, my 5 like a break for 20 thousand and people don't never put hate on  
I don't wanna hear a thing that you wanna say  
Pipe down on twitter trying to put a face on  
Silly choice, silly move, idiot things  
Silly me, silly you, delete your thing  
I'm bigger than this, i'll defeat your king  
God knows I try calm but he goes in  
He's just an mc but but goes in  
There style is whack like its a repo thing  
I'm going in, I ain't coming out  
I got a style and it ain't running out  
But my life's running out, we don't live forever  
However my music can live forever, whatever  
Tell them (?) and you can't fool me but you act quite clever  
Sun, sea and sand but that's my weather  
Whether or not you like me silly whatever  
I count money, i'm a troll this cheddar  
I don't care if the your the rawest brother  
On my own im running this estate no fair like blam im a tourist fella  
What know then? you must have thought I was a climb like calvin  
I dont take care of chipmunks My name ain't alvin  
I got a space where im living its out of town housing  
Suck your mother I might say that  
If you wanna hear it again, play it back  
(?)  
Like a dad without the laid back  
(Boodoodagadaga)  
Its wiley again  
None of them better not try me again  
Your forgetting i'm a giant like A stack  
Battle anybody for an 8 stack  
Put it my greysack put it on my back then I move on asap  
I am music but I am not a rap  
My name eski  
Im sitting on the clouds where the best be  
Take that shut your mouth though take that  
Cause i'm a don  
Don't get me wrong when i'm singing this song

I got back to the war stop bringing it on  
You play ball and you think you lebron  
You might spend 5 days picking a song  
By then i'm on a racetrack winning along  
I'm doing it right while you're doing it wrong  
Like what type of mic are you doing it on  
You know half good MC's ruin a song  
Im like why are they doing it wrong thats long  
I'm evolving, in the free zone  
Like major colvin, everybodies(?) and  
I stack that money till i'm blue in the face  
I go fast like I flew in a race  
Im in the title im killing rivals  
Nobody's spitting on the beat  
Nobodys really liable  
Think your bad but you can't do a 5 0  
My kind of style ain't viable  
You gotta earn it, you gotta learn it  
Your kind of style ain't buyable  
When its a grime thing  
Im on the track fighting  
Saying stuff I ain't just rhyming  
Better listen up clear when im hyping  
On the road, laying up the white lightning  
If a soundboys dead and he calls my name  
I roll up and its like I revive him  
Par. I should have let him fade out lightly  
Them ever getting everywhere werent likely  
Yeah i'm wiley, you say don't like me so what  
I'm not a show off  
But when i'm about it's a road block  
Stop thinking of old songs  
Move on go and change your old top  
Them spitters are good but their flows not  
As tight as mine I'm like an old knot  
They got bullied in school like an Allcot  
God im in control im not a robot  
Heres how I evolve I can't hold on  
So many chatting on the cliff but they roll off  
Climb back up but by then I float off  
In souls confront until it goes off  
My future's brightest  
Orange kush I smoke weed  
Not brown in a souring  
I go joking my fam might ask of me  
My mum says she ain't seen nothing of him

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

