

# Aitch, Back To Basics

(WhyJay on the buttons once again, you know what the fuck it is)  
(Oi-oi L Star, L Star, L Star absolute badman ting rude boy)

When I spray that skippy, man come through militant  
Blacked out on a ride out, move diligent  
Clapped out on a grime sound, mans killing em'  
Pussyole sounding oh so innocent  
Old school flows, man are bap-bap- drilling em'  
Your EP's, man are black bag binning em'  
My EP's coming one in a million  
DJ's pulling up decks and spinning em'  
Skippy flow man I come like double Dutch  
24/7 I'm first in the race and I ain't ever heard of a thing called runners-up  
Man I just double clutch, light up the track  
Then glide round the back, see gang in the shubs with the guys in the black, that's facts  
And them man chat about backs and straps  
But wagwarn when you get napped, it's daft  
Bars come dutty, gyaldem wanna try giver man ucky  
Light up the mice cah' I'm spitting out flames  
I've got bars for days and the flows too mucky  
Man do nuttin' but duppy  
Bark like a big dog, them man are puppy  
One man said that I'm overrated  
But my mans lyric books looking all dusty

Yeah-yeah-yeah  
Bap-bap drill it, I'm back to basics  
Yeah-yeah-yeah  
Far from finished, I could bar for ages  
Yeah-yeah-yeah  
Spin man in a minute, get parred with the phrases  
Yeah-yeah-yeah  
I've got lyrics, put man in their places

What, man can't chat about Aitch ain't cold  
Is he daft? I've got flows that are sickening  
Watch next time I jump on a set  
I might drink too much and start ripping him  
And if I send lyrical shots at a man  
Then I swear to god I'm not missing him  
You can catch L's on L's cause' when I touch mic  
No messing, I'll be straight up blitzing him  
Like fuck off, quick armbar, mans elbow bruck off  
A-I-T-C-H on the mic, at the top of this ting and I won't get took off  
Man best know if we're talking flows then dun' know I got the coldest one  
Don't get me wrong, I've got bare new lyrics  
But I still get a pull up on the oldest one  
Cause I'm going on stone cold, lyrical Steve Austin  
Don't give a fuck about a shank, you'll get boxed in  
My man couldn't stand up when I rocked him  
I go hard on the mic but all these other man are on some flop ting  
I could make grimey bangers for time  
Then switch it up and go mad on a pop ting  
Intelligent rhymes, I'm leathering guys  
Last year man said I'd get better in time, now I'm heavy on grime  
Not saying I'm the best but in Manny's Top 5  
Put me on the relevant side, get peppered on mic  
Man come like Tekken on site  
In a clash my opponent better think twice  
And if he's thinking straight  
Then he should know that I'm gonna rinse him mate  
Touch mic and leave him in a victim state  
Bare man like "Rah you just ripped him Aitch"  
But I don't give a shit, I'm a prick on stage

I just think of a lyric and spray one  
Hold tight my g's dem' Arbee and A1  
How can man even talk to the feds  
I won't snitch on my bros ...

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