

Dizzee Rascal, Showtime

This journey starts 6 years ago
in run-down housin estate in Bow
east london south-east uk was a young man lets call this young man ray
frustated wiv bein around the way
would say "i'm bored" until one day
gathered up sum change and in exchange got turntables off tony
not only, were they whack, they were wooden, but he took 'em
cos it was a bargain and it was a good'en
and he said to himself who wouldn't?
why not, then he took a little trot to dj targets squat
stood outside o'the door and knocked
asked what jungle records you got?
must be sumthin u wanna get shot, of, blot
dint buy beats he ready to quit gave 'im the whole lot
then ray had little click, they were hot, young gun soldiers but it all flopped,
still it didnt make ray wanna give up the fight
ray jus picked up the mic, would write, lyrics while excluded
no gifts and glamour included
like crime for money, dough, crime pays didnt ya know?
even though ray come across slow
broke shit down, brung another new flow
made beats in the back room
teacher gave him a little spare time
then they got a little bit o'radio airtime
1am til 3 be in school by 9
this was clearly a positive sign
learnin bout beats breaks and bars
didnt chat about champagne and cars
more concerned wiv you know, the grime
made it a touch difficult to shine
among these so-called underground stars
some resented him thus presentin him with pure dumbness like retards
it dint matter ray would say, ok, i'm gonna be a real star one day
went through dramas along the way
but he stood firm pressed on wiv the wordplay
went through dramas along the way
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went through dramas along the way
lets take a look at ray today....