

(What you sayin, what classiq you make this beat?)  
(Ay, that's all me still)  
(Ay MZY, turn me up)

Rest up Itch, can't talk on his name  
And then the Opps just wanted fame  
So their rasclart boss got put in a frame  
When I said more packs pendin', we was pendin' to put one in a grave  
I can't miss no shots like Kane  
Money affi mek, stack it and maintain  
Step with big smoke like we came with Skepta  
This woulda' banged if bro bro had a [?]  
Slip on your block then my [?] will get ya  
I still put faith in bro when he's revving the bruck down four door Vectra  
Pushin' P's on the curb, plus extra  
Yo Alexa (Ah shit I mean Siri)

Run some [?] I can sip on fester  
Kway back drills on a one two Vespa  
Slip on your block then we'll definitely get ya  
You don't wanna get caught and dipped on the backroad  
Like kway back when we got down ...  
Or ... cah' we left him messed up  
More smoke boys, we in the same calibre  
Step with the mop, real life janitor  
My brudda beat his case, blessings  
On the phone tryna thank his barrister

This G17 give a fuck about stamina  
He thought he was mad like max cos he locked dem waps  
But calm down, he just a carrier  
Them man move dodgy, they ain't my shoddy  
I learnt how to trap but it weren't in colly  
TT rock, weren't servin' molly  
I'm good and my clientele be jolly  
Anything man do, they copy

Sixteen with a mac and a fuckin' rotty  
Opp block tour, tryna whack somebody  
Used to trap out a bruck down jalopy

Kway back I tried get rich then I hit the wing  
When I landed back, told my mum I'm sorry  
Shoppin' for waps, grab a trolley  
Skate tru' there with sticks like hockey  
We got the blade, ... got the rotty  
Don't be actin' a fool for clout  
For dem tings you get left in the ground  
Four door truck, tell em spin round now  
My nigga move snow, no plough  
Member' kway back when I wanted a thousand pound  
Now my stack come fat, fat like a cow  
Big homie part of the old school era  
My nigga had waps in spow, wow

Fuck a throwback, they get smoked on a regs' mayfair  
One by one, tell a Opp boy hold dat'

Pushin' P's on the block, they know dat'  
I'm with the gang right now, get a kodak

Shorty with a bumper from South  
I tell her come round and throw dat'  
We chop block, I don't know  
Niggas get smoked on ...  
So they all link up like fuckin' hoes  
It gets dark outside, you bet make it home  
Free the guys on the landin'  
They got me back drinkin' Patrón