

(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' rotti
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 rotti
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