

# Daily Duppy

Aitch

Yeh, Aitch, Daily Duppy M-Manchester way you get me

Yo A1 I've had enough, it's time to start baggin' up  
I'm not packin' drugs but mans due to wrap rappers up  
We was on the grind I swear I almost said I've had enough  
Them man used to laugh and now them pussyos are backin' up  
Whip another track they play it once and pull it back, (yeh)

Lyrics class and YJ's nasty with the mac  
When you hear me through the speakers turn the fucker to the max  
Ya always spittin' gangsta rap, but half of them are just a pussy with a str  
ap

Say I'm not the realest, spit the truth and that's a fact  
I'm not afraid to speak my mind, I got the game it's in the bag  
I'm the one who's got the balls to say I'm never in the trap  
Them other dons are just gassed say that shit without ya mask

R-Rude boy what's ya problem  
Hatin' cause your bored so you ain't got no other option  
Little did you know you just played yourself fam  
Cause you're putting money straight in to my pocket when you're watching

Over the top I'm so extraordinary  
By the way I've stopped seeing Beth but I still talk to Kelly  
They call me Aitch, a fly brother and I'm always ready  
Type of guy to see a man with ten and go and order twenty

But allow all the hype let me enter my zone  
Like I flex with a tan and now I flex in my throne  
Still got your girlfriend texting my phone...  
Ha, and I just said

'Hiya babe, I must say you look great  
By the way my names Aitch, I'll tell ya straight I've got game  
I've been chasin' you for days  
I wanna see you face to face  
Gal I'm tryna kill your pussy, it'll be gone without a trace

It's like you get prettier by the minute  
But I'll only take you shopping when you let me slide up in it-  
Wait, hold up sexy let me finish  
By the way you hold your image got these other brothers trippin'

Uh - It's a sin the way she lookin', got the devil in my bed but I don't car  
e because she's strippin  
W-Woah - I put my dick in cause I'm winning  
This is Aitch's way of livin' are you with it or you dippin'

S-Stamp another track out  
When it bangs it's like a shottie, blow your back out  
All my money makers get a rack out  
All the pretty ladies get your rack out  
I know I'm too rude, but I'm young so that's my excuse

Communicating with a little pretty one from Presswich  
She knows I've got a couple but I tell her she's my best bitch

Her friends are beautiful I put them on the guestlist  
But when they get drunk issa next ting, check dis

Rippin' shit, I got rhythm n the highest of visions  
Standin through the ceilin' nobody that can stop me from winnin'  
Deliver lyrics the illest from beginning to finish  
Holla for a feature if you need something spinnin, you dig it?

Sorry bro, but you're killin your image  
You say I'm distant it's business, nah you don't need to be trippin'  
Right now it's time for work so I ain't really been chillin'  
But don't worry my brothers cause I can vision us winning

Anyway watch when the banger lands, It's coming like an avalanche  
And I ain't in too weapons but I swing it like orangutans  
Sammy that's my brother I don't take him for no cameraman  
Pezmo's a wizard did you see the way you patterned man

Like I said it's all positive and blessed  
Big up everyone supporting my shit I got respect  
I just killed Daily Duppy, fuck it up it's left dead  
I don't know how it fits in my head

Big Shell, Ha