

(Whyjay)
(It's Tekkie)
(Chekz)

Yo, slimed out the SVR, it look like Hulk or something
Spend this money to live comfortably, I don't stunt for nothin'
Culli' cost a quarter, couldn't insure it, 'cause I'm young and bussin'
Keys for all the cribs, but for the Urus I just push a button
Little pussy said he'd look for me, he must be bluffin'
Me, I'm from the M, a couple cuttings and some guns are bussin'
Half a ticket for a crib I don't live in, I just come to fuck in
Double for my mumsy's, hundred thousand, boy, that's under budget
In Newton Heath a couple zeds, we 'bout to hit the M-way
Took the roof up off the Bentley 'cause I need some headspace
But fuck a coupe unless it's Keed, see, me I fuck with Bentaygs
Forty-thousand feet up on the jet plane, I can't hear what them say (Hahaha)
(Still bree-) Still breezing through on Moston Lane
Roley cost a box of 'caine, me and you are not the same
Yeah, need that Presi' with the chocolate face
Never had no enemies, hit fame, now I got opps for days
Yeah, no talking, I'm like Stormzy's mate
Her stalking when she saw the cake
Roley cost a quarter Wraith
Yeah, walk with me me through all the pain
Pull up, blowing ganja, screaming, "Sorry if I'm sorta late"
Get the bag put half away and then we go again
Tell a rapper, "Test me, you won't have a show again"
Woke up feeling kosher, hit the roads and go and blow a ten
These pussies think they're GOATs, I'll give 'em hope if I go ghost again

(Aitch, tu me manques)
(Quand est-ce que tu reviens me voir a Paris ?)

Yeah, hit the thickest chick in Paris, singing Digga's ad libs
Had her coming, screaming (Woi!), I went and did a madness
Put the pussy on repeat, I think that thing attractive
When I'm done pushing on her cheeks, I tell her fling it backwards
Put the footage on a screen, I think it's fucking cinematic
And she suck it like she mean it, this one been a savage
Them likkle rubbers ain't convenient, need a bigger jacket
But honestly, the pussy so sweet I didn't think the wrap it, huh
Driveway look like a runway
Doors on the spaceship come electric like the front gate
Splash on what I need to keep my family from the streets
So I got cameras in the trees and couple ketwigs on some gunplay
(Grrrt)
I hear your tune, it's all white noise
Youngest in charge 'cause every move I make is my choice
But still I ask myself the same questions every night
Is my music gonna bang and does Snoochie like white boys?
'Bout my business, I never been one for clout
Stayed on top for four years, I ain't ever been on a drought
Made some money off my music, invested to spread it out
Couldn't give a fuck who you think the best is, I'm getting pounds