

Maybach Wallet

Aitch

Give a fuck who's best in the scene
I'm in my own lane cutting cheques with the team
Man thought he could try testing the Gs
Now the carpets red like step and repeat

Bake a cake and get to the cream
Got bags full of sand, no sex on the beach
She got cake, Imma get me a piece
I ain't pulling her face when I'm stretching her cheeks

Ain't gotta spend 8 racks on it
Nando's black card in the Maybach wallet
Riri, I'ma ASAP rock it
Won't invest if it don't make back profit

I can't put no babies in someone who don't even make no wages
I know times hard, society's failing
But girl just get off your ass and do something

Pulled up to the new function
At the front door, man had the queue jumping
Got gyal in my ear while the tunes bumping
Let's cut to the chase though, who's fucking?

All facts, I don't do stunting
Pick any MC who you are trusting
Roll thru man's Canada goose hunting

Yeah

Picked her up, got shorty confused
She can't open the car 'cos the door goes upwards
I don't do it all for the views, man know who we are but I'm bored so fuck y
a's
Young OG in this ting, look, I know the game's 'bout more than numbers
But I still sold most in my city, don't know you more than slumbered

Slept on man 'cos their battery's dead
Don't trap but they're catching Zeds
Rudeboy better make sure your gang's in check
'Cos I'll spin mans set like I'm scratching decks

All them lies in the booth start acting
You got the BAFTAs next
Pussyhole stop hiding the truth and capping
There ain't no rappers left

They don't want man back on mic
No second thoughts, I just tap it twice
So don't get fooled by flashing lights
They can't rap like Aitch, let's have it right

Mana get headbutts and hooks, it's fucked if I come with tugs in trucks
Good luck tryna cut when you run from us
If it's up, it's stuck, should've hushed it, shush

True say if I push this clutch then drop that gear

You'll be munching dust
See a man go Dam like he fucks with Dutch
In simpler words, Imma punch him up

Test me, are you fucking nuts?
Are you smoking things or bumping stuff
Tryna side-eye man like something's up
Till I slap man down 'cos he pushed his luck

A-I-T-C-H, big Shelly
Shut down raves and I shut down telly
Shutdown Beefa, I shutdown deli
I shutdown Keisha, I shutdown-

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Shut down raves and I shut down telly
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Let me set the pace
Sold out tours, extra dates
Two encores in every place
So you know she a G if she next to Aitch

It's all good till it escalates
Then police come round to investigate
Tryna ask us how many drinks we've had
Just look at us pussy and estimate

Told man it gets cold up North
But man still carry the pole, shorts
Ain't just Nando's that are holding corn
End up motionless for that motion talk

But I'm not in no one's war
I just do my ting, get my dough then walk
Grab a gyal and go New York
Now I'm lay in her bed not cold in chalk