

Round 2

Aitch

They say love makes you happy, well this paper can too
So I ain't chasin' no chick unless she raised a mans yute (Trust)
Everybody's blessed, shit, I just pray I am too
But I got devils on my side like a play for Man U
But I bounce back
Catch me in Moston with my trap players (Skrr)
Or in Soho House with some tax payers
Young Aitch, ain't no fold in my game
I make stacks in the sun, in the snow, in the rain
I was seventeen, hundred thou, eighteen, two fifths
Nineteen, few mill, twenty, was stupid
Twenty-one, old news, twenty-two, new shit
Twenty-three, still hot, don't say I don't do this (Woo)
Copped a lot of bricks, you know I got it how I live
Shit I got ones that I can rent and I got ones that I can flip
Tickin' boxes of my checklist when I drop another hit
Then go and drop another ticket on a property and whip, shit
You know it's A-I Tizzy, babe
Changed my city, know I make my Lizzy, babe
Cocaine white, Mizzy May
Ain't no biggie, two-fifty, that's chicken change (Skrr)

Yeah, couldn't pay me to stop
This one's for all my grinders raised on the block
Yeah, steady makin' their prof'
This one's for my guys that are chasin' the guap
Yeah, who was raised in the streets
Some got a day job, some are paid in the streets
Yeah, ain't no tamin' the beast
I ain't here to make friends, I'm just here to make Ps

I ain't tripping 'bout a hater, stay in line and keep it stepping'
Got a watch for everyday, but ain't got time to answer questions
We can talk a bit of business, I ain't tryna be your bredrin
If I can't see money signs, then I'm slidin' in a second
Big boss, big stones in my wristwatch
Royal Oak rose gold way before TikTok
I was getting low blows way before lip shots
Honestly I'm so cold I'm frozen, I've been hot
I'm goated, ain't been topped, they know when the king drops
Them jokers have been opps, they choke when the pin drops
Yeah, still with the loccs at the chip shop
Still puttin' all my pink notes in a kick box

Yeah, couldn't pay me to stop
This one's for all my grinders raised on the block
Yeah, steady makin' their prof'
This one's for my guys that are chasin' the guap
Yeah, who was raised in the streets
Some got a day job, some are paid in the streets
Yeah, ain't no tamin' the beast
I ain't here to make friends, I'm just here to make Ps