

Capri-Sun

AJ Tracey

Walk in the stu, then I turn the Mac on
Handed the ting to my runner like a baton
Always got my hood up, or I got a hat on
Spurs v.s. anyone, man'll put a bag on
Capri-Sun, boy, yeah, I got the juice
You can't war with man cuh' you'll lose
Now I've got sponsors nicing man shoes
Mandem are next to make your man snooze

Meeting at nine, but I'm gonna sleep late
I be spinning clubs, suttun like a DJ
Now I'm getting dough, so I'm tryna eat great
Leader of the gang, call a brother TJ
Run a man down, call a brother Piqué
Still up in the Grove, call a man CJ
I was with Wiley stirring up a heatwave
If a chick's got a mad back get a replay, yeah
Bro, I'm on a mad one
If I'm heading up to Brum, I holla SafOne
I got a brother who don't even have an Apple ID
That will hold his finger down until the Mac's done
Yeah they wanna talk loads, it's a minor
Cuh' they're stuck up in a hole like a miner
I cut them off with an axe like a miner
Bangs having them look like a hit from Desiigner, mad
My man are on gangster behavior
Couple teefs wanna run with my flavour
If we're doing well in West, then salute me
I put niggas back up on the map, I'm the saviour
Bros with the razor
Looking like COD, strapped with a lazer
If you had faith, ask for a favour
Did it on my own, I ain't signed to a major

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A beat just came, JC put the Mac on
Ain't got a trim, I got a hoodie or a hat on
Man might pick an MC and just snap on
Tell a boy back off, might get spat on
AJ winged out, I took the baton
Spin man like man just put the track on
Yeah, niggas chatting about sales, oh please (lowe it)
Only plaque you've got in your teeth
K-M-T, L-O-L
Suck your girl, go to hell
Red or blue? Pop a pill
You're industry, I'm off the rails
Word for word, truly don
Got the juice, Rubicon

On the set, you be lost
Not a shellers, who you conning?
Mad when you put me on a verse
Put me on the beat, get it acapella, could be worse
Cuh' man get handy with the flows
Skip on the beat then hang you with the rope (man down)
I pull up on antics
Always got a pack and a bottle when I'm landing
Chipmunk stands out so they can stand him
Me nuh give a fuck though, still getting bands in

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I do it for the P's and I do it for the flows
Walk in the club, bare yats for the deal
Bare peach backs in the place doing wobble
But it looking like I'm cooling off of Jellyfish Fields
Tell a yat in ya face, can't pay for your meals
Fuck postcode beef, I just want bills
Girls wanna stay round, girls wanna film
Girls wanna brag and show friends couple stills
AJ, I'll spin a big man for a laugh
Cause I've had more wheels than you've had hot baths
Mask on my face like I don't want SARS
And I make more bread, I employ more staff
Man's got a manager, man's got a stylist
Man's got bare sauce but you can't buy this
Man's got a lawyer, man's got an agent
I make a next stack every time I close my eyelids
Trapaholics voice drop, where did you find this?
Scrapping on a big back, man'a just whine it
If she ain't a 10, nah I won't dine it
Award on my shelf, now I've gotta shine it
You thought that was your flow, but I designed it
They was catting for the EP but I timed it
[?] better, combed on the top
Skin fades on the sides and I just line it

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Snooze, Mac on
Ting, baton
Hood up, Hat on
Anyone, Bag on
Juice, Lose
Shoes, Next
Snooze