

Draft Pick

AJ Tracey

As a yute, did sports in college
I never made that draft
I was with a bad ting gaining knowledge
Tryna split that cane in half

Look, as a yute, did sports in college
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Coulda went stateside but I weren't on it
Me and bro had to hit that graft
You can keep that deal, I don't want it
I can stretch this and make it last

I stepped out on the plug 'cause he raised that price, I don't owe him, G
American ting saw the Rambo live, she said, OMG
I'm in a old man's kitchen workin' white, put the O in G's
I made a million quid, and I still got my ying, that's the Grove in me

The ends raised man wrong and right
See, I know what's right and wrong
But I still gave brodie the 44 long
And I wish that was just for a song

But the block that we hugged as kids
Taught man that your bestfriend could go snitch
I had no help when I was broke
But they want my help, now the kid got rich

I seen kids that take out ribs like George's
Crystal kebab and micks
I know ...
Who just wanna put more tape on strips

You cant impress man with sticks
My team got glizz with 'stendo clips
I don't care about indirects
It's live and direct when im at mans crib

I'm In the Westend two man deep
Three yings, don't judge me I love my life
I told Mum I won't slip and die
So I stay with a pan cah the blocks still fry

Only gonna leave my crib for a check
Or a plaque, how many more hits can I get?
You niggas come like Steph Curry
With the verbal threats can it's nuttin' but net

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I did 500 million streams in a year
I don't think I'm clear
But, let me just be clear
We're made in the mud so we keep one near

Me and Dee almost caught one live on the mains
But a bus kept the yute right here
But that woulda had man doin' toilet
Wine and three mums doin' up tears

I gotta think bout the steps i take
And the moves I make
Man loved loonz when I had no cake
Now niggas show love but I know shit's fake

Man want a Zed, man want a handout
Man want a gun, man want the bands out
Man want snow, man want the sand out
Man say I sold out, cah I get the fans out

I spent a hundred racks on kicks
And I might go France 'cause Bond Street's empty
Mick said don't tempt me
My opps stay mad 'cause their ice is empty

To the niggas that's screamin' my name to a chick
Man, I hope that your chatty mouth pays you
Don't lack, let my reapers take you
Go bill a line, Bitcoin won't save you

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