Eski Shells

AJ Tracey

It could all go wrong on a grim day
Ruin man's day, give a fuck what his ting say
Don't get pumped cuh your chick's in sight
Cuh the 44 long looks thick like Kim K
Drama like a goal in the 90th
In the dance, wapped up, I'm a 90s kid
Grab a bitch, spilling yak when I'm wavy
Red Bull all on her chest, that's hyper tits
See, it's hot in my bits
See, in my bits, let sticks pop in my bits
Young Gs with a flick and a rock in my bits
My niggas are on tops in my bits
In my bits, don't come to my block
Dial in man for the bits on the blocks
You're a sideman, Lonsdale all on your top
And you cat for the dro when you don't have gwop
Armani man bags, not here for the fashion
One hand in if a yout starts gassing
Headstart, run but the T will catch him
No encore, see the snub start clapping
There's bare machines like Maplin
He left his iPhone in the seat that he sat in
Girls try run all over the set
Burst tryna dodge bros and the shots start flapping
Insta drop man, no iPhone apping
Friends get snapped so they wanna start backing
Bare change pots, I'm Django jacking
UPS goons cuh the team's all packing
Get banged for the greaze they are chatting
Gunman? Who? What rifle you clapping?
Still clingfilm that I keep rapping
Temper tantrum in the trap, I'm stamping

I don't think they can handle the guy
Like "how we gonna take his lines in the night?"
That's mad, that's facts
When I'm gassed, there ain't no drought when I sight
I'm pulling off shots, I am fully on job
I ain't talking white as in white
I'm talking grime as in grime
Yeah, the name's Mic to the Ty with the livest of vibes
Since this guy has arrived
Since this guy has arrived, they strive off the hype
That's normal, so
Shell this shit on the normal, bro
Get my bread, that's normal dough
Truth be told, your corpse is owed with your awful flows
I'm on set and you've said two bars
With your Beckham tekkers, it's best you pass
That's real, these were bedroom bars
Not a year ago, these were bedroom bars
Now I guess Déja is the bedroom, darg
I talk stuff, talk, cause, you talk crud
But talk up when I tool up, your talk's done
You still don't get it, you can mark me out the game, cause
You still won't win it
I'm Suarez, you're a bit-back

If you didn't get that, you're a bit-back
New fresh of breath like a Tic Tac
And the flow is nice, it's mad, you get that
You'll get left back if you don't Patrice Evra
Sorry, if you don't practice ever
Specially if you're not match-fit, brother
Can't match me, brudda, score hat trick, bruddas

No greaze bars in this one, no lie
I collect art, so I'm on an artsy vibe
So forward that I can't rewind
Man, I'm so cashed out that I can't decline
You man are broke and you're hating
No bra for bruddas that get weighed in
You man are haps cuh your jeans cost two bills
Fam, I spend that on a frame for my painting
SB.TV, Rinse, BBC 1Xtra
I've had a whole bag of airtime
I've got bare sick bars, can't air mine
I heard man's send, but where is it?
It must have got lost like a Malaysian airline
I'm on point like a Caucasian hairline
You man are wank cause you wank in your spare time
Me, I just vibes, write bare lines

Murking again and it must be told
Ain't gonna lie, man, I love it loads
I'm just getting my bread up, we touching loafs
[?] gone, I'm coming home
Might see me in Greengate with a few team mates
Yeah, let's go now
They replaced the pub with a Tesco now
It's still a place where the mess goes down
Down, MicTy will dead your sound
Don't wow, you see him as a threat, no doubt
Let's see how long the best holds out
When I'm breathing down his neck for a while
Name's MicTy, got a next profile
Come against me? Need Jesus, bro
Yeah, yeah, your team is jokes
You've got no chance just like England's hopes

Who's this yout tryna stunt on the back roads?
He'll get wet like Kelly from BangBros
Yeah, I drive through, hit it back, then I slang Os
No COD 4, wig shot for the tangos
He's tryna screw, getting fucked up
He'll get wet like a ting getting touched up
Cuh he weren't saying that much when we bucked up
Now your wife's all on the phone like 'tut tut'

Where I'm from, manor is mental
Don't get man ah man ah mental, dem man ah man ah mental
Watch your manors, are you mental?
Run up on your flat and your manor, that's mental
Where I'm from, manor is mental
Don't get man ah man ah mental, dem man ah man ah mental
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