

False 9

AJ Tracey

They call man false 9
I can play anywhere and I shine
I got more than a lot on the line
To take on a man get twine
To take on a man get twine
I got more than a lot on the line
I can play anywhere and I shine
(Anywhere)

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I got more than a lot for you actors
Step on a bitch with badness
Man can't match this
I got fire in a box like matchsticks
And you can't touch man like a cactus
My new girl's fire like Katniss
Nah, my new girl's fire like Jean Grey
I've got vision so I pass like a relay
No goal-line tech, can't get a replay
My whole team on fire
White kit, see the girl dem admire
I used to hold up the line like Puyol
Bet you though I was gonna say Dier
Telling me she's single, last night had a man
Chop left, sent to the shop, go Matalan
Pace abuse, I chase cheques like Aubameyang
And I say what I mean, no anagram
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But I can play that ten role
Go up to the dance, one bro, one migo
Been a legend and I still am like Figo
I'm a midfield maestro like Eri
Bet you thought I was gonna say Modrić
You man live to crumble like Wotsits
Tryin'a get my stack long, something like an ostrich
My chain bling like disco
Flair and skill when I flex I'm Isco
I'm from Ladbroke Grove, see that's my hood
But I've got fam in Tottenham like Frisco
And I can still kick balls like Drogba
Young and I make big wins like Götze
Too far gone, can't catch me, Costa
I'm off, pace, Costa

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Tek like Onomah, sick like cholera
Get a girl's number but I won't holla her
My new girl said "you're a star"
Babe, I'm a rockstar, not an astronomer
Five star skills, get twist like Oduwa
Me and my bredds stick together like polymer
OG, I'm a boss like Hugo
Us man are silk cut, you man are loo roll
I play for an England squad
And I'm with an England squad
Like Lee-Enfield, that's the English dog
Don't make me come down with my English mob
In Trinidad, fam, I'm the English fob
White Air Ones and an English top
White gyal with a big back from Kilburn
Bad bitch, see, that's the English thot
Couple young Gs, they ain't sitting in the bando
It's a hostel, that's the English spot
Came in the room with an England dot
Don't make me show man 'bout the English mob
I was overseas in the dance with some peng tings
Gunfingers, that's the English bop
She was telling me "say milk and butter"
She loves the accent and the English cock
I'm an English lad
Got a couple mates with the English strap
Thought he was bad, don't think it's that
Better sit down with your thinking cap
Better think it back, 'cause I'm thinking bad
Thinking breaking, thinking bad
Thinking Heisenberg, I might put ricin in your tea
Make you drink it back, drink it back

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