

Intro

AJ Tracey

I started off, I had no gain
No rings, no chain
Trap phone, no games
Unknown, no fame
Then I picked up the mic and I tore it up
Now all these dead rappers wanna war with us
See I flip dough, gymnastics
You whack spitters all plastic
My dudes, we active
You niggas just chat shit
You don't make dough and you can't spit
You all bench, na you're not match fit
Friendly before you saw Chiraq
I've got tech nerds with them iMacs
Don't cat my flow and don't hijack
I just bun the beats and then lie back
Ray-Bans, I don't see you niggas
I'm real man, I can't be you niggas
Gotta work hard you wan' see these figures
These girls fake when I see you diggers
Gucci garms but your mum's broke
You don't make moves, you're a dumb joke
I'm a wavy nigga, you can't float
Half bitches and half notes
I'm back now with that new shit
Z money, two fifths
Dead money, that's two clips
I've got brand new money and a new bitch
Don't stunt dog, you don't bury dots
Sweet niggas like Jelly Tots
Leave you bleeding fam and that's heavy clots
Loud sound when that semi pop
West 10, we got hella trees
I wanna sign a deal and mash hella P's
For now I'm out in these flats G
Smallest on the pitch, I'm Nasri
Hella tech like I'm Neymar
Spray the fire, I've got Napalm
I don't wanna touch the wing like Ben Arthur
I'm a part time rapper, part grafter yeah