

Light Up

AJ Tracey

Listen, ay
I've been trapping four ways, smoking on this pole haze
Purple and green man, I'm smoking for the whole day
Looney gets his racks up 'til you know he don't blaze
The bacon can't catch me in my block 'cause it's a damn maze
I got brought up in that West Side of London
Where the Jakes would handcuff you and they beat you with the truncheon
Niggas can't function, that's why they make assumptions
If I see them niggas then I'll clap them, no junction
I was raised in poverty like what the fuck's democracy?
Rich people screw my niggas 'cause we make a mockery
In designer outfits, you know we smoke a lot of weed
I'm just tryna make a lot of P 'cause I've got lots to feed
My nigga said he's got a savage verse, I told him write it up
Niggas get that wet food, know that I dry it up
And bagging O's, get my Percy then I light it up
I'm kicking back with this zoot and Henny in this white cup

Ain't signed a deal, that's a damn shame
MTP, that's the campaign
I be trying to hit a mil so I'm out here in the field while you niggas poppin
g champagne
And if I ride on a damn lame
I call [?], my nigga would do the damn same
Loon's OT snatching damn chains
I'm with Devz and we're swerving on these damn lanes
I'm from Grove, that's a little hood
You know, that first scene in Kidulthood
Had donny talking mad, man I wish he would
And when I bring sticks, I ain't giving wood
Look, so I grind like these niggas should
Had your bitch on my line 'cause I dick her good
But we don't fight over whores
If man want war, have a package at your door, no Littlewoods

In that alleyway again
Niggas hype, I'm spraying them
Baggied up, I'm weighing them
Workers out, I'm paying them
Iller than ever, said I'm ready whenever
Got the dog and the leather
Let it fly like a feather
I said I'm tryna go in on my
Nigga leaving the trigger
My nigga, tryna get bigger
Na I ain't watching my figure
Sipping Henny [?]
40 on or a spinner
She bust it open for liquor
And I'm a saint, ain't a sinner
Say my belt is the Rossi
Metal Royce and it's glossy
I get my re-up from Poppy
And Fàbregasing that dotty
Got Soldado on the white strike
White girl, wife type
Yuppy's on the white high

Tryna ball Like Mike
Baby, I'm the right guy
Running with the wrong crowd
Trafficking the strong loud
Tryna dodge the compound