

No Limits

AJ Tracey

(It sounds like Nyge)

Can't stitch man up, man's so with it
Can't walk in my shoes cah everything I do got soul in it
L's and W's, man roll with it
Old friends think man's blown, innit
When they see us in the city, man's flown in it
Everything I do, man's owning it
Everything I do, man's owning it
Everything I do, man's owning it
Who's that there? That's bro with it
Even when it's too hot, man's cold with it
Take it to the top, I got no limits

Talk 'bout numbers, I show digits
I get Ps from my hooks like I sold fishes
Hate feelin' sad when your bro's missing
Try ting, get ex on my old missus
They don't want a war, man they know we take no disses
Still got man's gyal tryna blow kisses
They heard that I got a good thing that focuses
From the the bottom to the top, man blows the biz
Outspoken, I get dough from an invoice
MTP, can't roll with the big boys
Tuning my sick Royce, due for a mortgage
Paigons have been void, move with the caution
Tryna get my portion, they don't want to hear man
I came out that distortion
And we do it with ease, there's no forcing (Trust)

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You can't roll with bros
Had neeky youts and these hoes on toes
I was rock-rolling like the Rolling Stones
Can't say I'm too proud of the role I chose
Flip the script, now roll at home
Billin' up a hash one in the gown, I'm grown
Still fuck with the plug, got two phones
Still hit two shots in the town, no loans
Withthe same bros, not same hoes
On the same team so we shoot for the same goals
I got flame thrower you can take home
Probably took already but that's just how the game goes
I'm tryna lay low on the main road
Tell the feds I'm a angel, I need a halo
Fuck a bae but I need a J-Lo

With a big back, intact, on the payroll

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I step right, can't get left back
Danny Rose, I protect my pack
Hundred bank transfer, that's cack
Talk to me, not @ me
I'll catch my opp on the backstreet
I'm a angry, anxious millionaire
What I'm bringing to the beef, can't match me
I'll fly Bahamas, can't catch me
When I start getting into it, brother, I get mad
Lose a bro or a cousin for fucking with my bag
Big drum for your drama, I'll convert man's loft
No tag, man, I'll hit him with the bass line slaps
We got clips like Posty
And my youngins with the drills like Pressplay
Saw my bro with a big body whip at Westway
Cashed out on the same one on the next day
And that's factual
RR with a skeng, no manual
Grippin' up your girl from a whole next angle
Freeze out this ting in the game, no manual
See their throat and the mash gets strangled
Ronaldo Chop, then blast, no tangle
We saw a profit like Saul and Samuel
Farmhouse block, bare corn and candle

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