

Packages

AJ Tracey

Yeah yeah
AJ from the Lane, Link Up TV Mic Check
AJ Tracey
Oi West London stand up
North-West stand up
Shout out my Brixton massive

Yo, look
But it ain't Tottenham, but it ain't Tottenham
Can't chat about no Arsenal
Man are from, man are from
But it ain't Tottenham, true say that my dad lived in Tottenham
In my crib man can't chat about Arsenal
Man are from
Look

Yo
Check it, look
My whole team getting high off sativa
My food's peng like Erin Budina
If you ain't gang, then you can't get a feature
I don't follow back chicks, I'm a leader
She don't wanna give blows, she a diva
She just wanna give blow to the reefer
I got a brown skin push-up Latina
I beat it up, then I bang on the FIFA
I don't bring your girl round, I'm a teefer
She said her team got hotter like a fever
I ain't tryna be a stayer or a leaver
I want FaceTime, I don't wanna beat her
Nah, FaceTime, I don't wanna mash that
Trapstar hoodie and a snapback
I don't even smoke, but I back straps
Push up your wig and it snap back
My whole team in black cah we're anti
Your whole team tryna sing like Ashanti
My peng tings looking artwork, Banksy
She come around then she take off the panty
Woah, off pant, take off the thong
Us man were cold from 19 How Long
I remember getting shots while I'm on FIFA
Then tryna text like "AJ, how long?"
Now I'm doing shows, I'm earning that wong
Can't surf with me, the wave is too strong
Tell a man how can trapping be dead
When I been getting all my packs of food gone?
Yeah, my connect's still alive and well
Still on my case, tryna line up cells
I'm just tryna cool nuh like Tobz
Like Gohan, I ain't tryna find them Cells
Woah, I used to push Charlie, now Charlie's pushing me
Had the cats on my line something like Pusha T
Shelled airwaves then I got a music degree
Not literally, I do music for P
I ain't gotta bang man using for me
My cause said 'Trace, use it for free'
I'm active, no way I'm losing the beef

Come to a show, I got girls in abundance
Fuck the jakes with the cuffs and the truncheons
Couldn't shut down a PC at your nans gaff
But you wanna hate when I'm shutting down Functions
Boom-Burger, double cheese, no onions
South-West, rep both of the Londons
I was out there getting yacked in Dublin
Dashing Euros down the drain by the hundreds
My iPhone died, pissed
But it's all good cah the brick phone's banging
This ain't just music, hear what I'm saying
I get the drop, interceptors start slanging
No COD, send the opp and I'll frag him
Like Grim said, "man ah black bin bag him"
Starting with me is a myth, don't do it
Saw the man bring a big black MAC in
The wheel's not deep, look at you catting
Itching your arms, look at you man gagging
Me, I have fun and I play with the beat
But I do when I buss, you can say a man's shagging
I don't bun dro, that's not me
But see me in the party fam, I'm lagging
Land in the rave, don't need no tagging
Real name Flex don't need no padding
Don't pretend to miss the drop like me
If you see somebody do it shout 'AJ T'
Cause I fathered the flow, fathered the styley
Bare man wanna be a AJ follower
I need workers so it's fine by me
I'll sponsor youts with a few Nike's
You're my son if you're running with a style like me
I said don't pretend to miss the drop like me
If you see somebody do it shout 'AJ T'
Cause I fathered the flow, fathered the styley
Bare man wanna be a AJ follower
I need workers so it's fine by me
I'll sponsor youts with a few Nikes
You're my son if you're running with a style like me
Ladbroke Grove is where I reside
Man get burst up on the G side
Last bredda went and got his door kicked off
All cause he asked Jay for a 3.5
Anyone who said he touched me, he lied
Man thought West was a joke, he tried
My block's just like a hornet's nest
Your block's sweet just like a beehive
Anywhere that we got beef, we drive
Didn't even hit him that hard, he died
If you get boomed with the 44 long
Critical hit, no chance to revive
Don't think cause you got a pouch, you're bad
Knife in the pouch or not, you'll get skied
Wooden handle on a old school spinner
Hit man with the brunettes, get dyed
Don't think cause you're in a whip, you're sick
Tings in the car or not, you'll get pitched
Golden teeth, we loading that scram
Hit man with the blonde tips, get lift
Us man grind on the road, don't grift
Call up Strally and make a boy shift
Your girl said she needs me on her birthday
I wrapped her pum-pum like "take this gift"
Run up in a man's yard, ask for the raw

Tie a man to a chair or the the front door
Tell a man's mum "shut your mouth, be quiet"
Push man's likkle bro onto the floor
Then dash man's Xbox games and a bunch
Then eat your younger sibling's packed lunch
Don't think cause I say cool, you're safe
Still make a man's dad go and hit cunch

Dun know
AJ from the Lane, get 'em man