

# Triple S

AJ Tracey

Yo, those sneakers are fucking garbage  
They look like some orthopedic, old man, fuckin' shoes  
Some old man barbecuin' in the backyard  
Walk across the street type shoes  
Niggas just buyin' them 'cause  
They wanna act like they got the money  
Most people don't even have the money for that shit  
Them shits is ugly as hell  
'Cause it's not a fashion statement

Doin' one-twenty in the ends (One-twenty)  
I lost the top of the Benz (Where?)  
I was on the jugg from Oxford Gardens  
Peddlin' suttons for a bens (It's Tom)  
Them man better say thank you (Say it)  
Them man better make amends (Right now)  
'Cause independent top twenty  
God forbid when I get a top ten (God forbid)  
Back when I was way down (Way down)  
No, I couldn't see man then (Nah)  
So, you could not see me now (Now)  
Never try and call man again (Nah)  
Stop that, we are not friends (We're not)  
Please go and write your sends (Go write your)  
Chanel know that I love their fabrics (Double C's)  
This a new season, men's (Season)  
My niggas young brown kings (Rise up)  
None of us know about treason (Nah)  
Bros on volts with the furdee  
Wallah give ahki a reason (One)  
Beef gets peppered and seasoned (Right now)  
Comin' like I serve up yard food (Huh?)  
Washed old niggas on my dick (Wow)  
Dem men are still up on Yahoo (Eugh)

I just arrived (I'm here)  
No way I'm goin' out sad (No way)  
That boy is my son (My yute)  
That means I am his dad (I'm pops)  
Copy my style? You're nuts (You're crazy)  
God knows I got it in the bag (The bag)  
Dem man are stayin' inside (Where?)  
Comin' like man are on tag (Uh)  
I just arrived (I'm here)  
No way I'm goin' out sad (No way)  
That boy is my son (My yute)  
That means I am his dad (His pops)  
Copy my style? You're nuts (You're crazy)  
God knows I got it in the bag (Secured)  
Dem man are stayin' inside (In where?)  
Comin' like man are on tag

White Air Ones and a tracksuit (Yeah)  
Firecracker Chicken, not a Katsu (Okay)  
Bless a nigga, someone say achoo (Achoo)  
Got a brudda's chick up in my cribbo in a catsuit (Then what)  
Talk about my brothers, I'ma catch you (I'm comin')

Put up any money and I'll match you (We're drummin')  
We could really show 'em what that pack do (What?)  
I was up North like I'm Atsu  
We was in the trap with the white lads (Then what?)  
Or we was in the pub with the black yutes (Alright)  
I just wanna know why England's so shit  
I might start as a striker and slap two (Boom boom)  
Ain't got time for the warring, boring  
Got mine, sunny or pouring  
Morning, evening, scheming, and touring  
Flooring, little nigga with me's on scoring, bore him (Ouch)  
Can't know him, I don't vouch, ayy  
JD bag or that pouch, ayy  
Might put a skeng in mum's couch, ayy  
Big chain heavy, might slouch, ayy (Ouch)  
Tall but tekky like Crouch, ayy (Okay)  
No you can't link, man, I am not about (No way)  
It's Nando's? yeah, that's the shout  
Super Smash Bros, bust, I'm out (Ah)

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Malik Ninety Five