

Zen Flow

AJ Tracey

Uh, Looney, listen
Oi, look

It's been a while since I jumped up on a hype track
But I'm back again and spitting up that mic crack
I can't hear 'em cah they're lying and they're quite whack
And when they bang at me online I never type back
I just like that, thinking that it's quite cack
Even though my mummy told me if it's beef, fight back
I'm a lion, ain't no witches in my wardrobe
You could call it Narnia, I'll wet 'em like a porno
I never said I was bad, I never said I was hard
But I'm never a pussy, I was raised with a heart
Got an Arabic brudda and he's riding for life
A nigga asked me the score, my brudda told him 4-5
My other brudda told me 'Pick up on the weed mate'
Cah it pays pal and they buy it now, eBay
His line's on, got a lot of green, Amazon
But my flow's banging like the goals when the hammers on
And you don't wanna clash with the darg, I'm slapping it off
That's a klash and a koff, that's an A and a K with a silencer on
The type of tings you've only seen on COD
Satan belled and I bucked for a shot
See I've got a couple niggas that are fucking with God
Working with sins so I'm stacking the what
You're 38, what? Are you slacking or what?
Major league, yeah yeah I'm a baller
Used to be five foot now I'm much taller
Nowadays I'm all about cash so mi na answer to a private caller
Straight gassed up like a sauna
If you pop cheek get wet like a porno
Soz, I meant what porno
Diss track it, we shit over your flow
And when I jump on the rap ting
Niggas getting snatched up, lyrical clap ting
I don't wanna hear about your tales or your acting
Me, I get it cracking, we are never slacking
TomTom in the ding and Beemer's how they tracked him
Canned him, sutting like a spud when they sacked him
Me, I'm on point, never slip like a amateur
Realness on the camera, moving like a manager
If you're in deep water try and lie low
'Cause I'll come around and suck weight like a lipo
I don't know about six afraid of seven
This is no punchline, I just duck from the 5-0

For the young money, I'm prepared for a bird man
I can pop bottles, that's the motto, ain't you heard man?
Let the sword touch yout's, no little kids
Put it clean in then I'll give it back a little twist

Wait, did you hear that?

For the young money, I'm prepared for a bird man
I can pop bottles, that's the motto, ain't you heard man?
Let the sword touch yout's, no little kids
Put it clean in then I'll give it back a little twist

Ouch!

And if I've got the dusters
No melt but I'll have your face up in clusters
Road wealth, gotta cover cake like I'm custard
Cook your head back in two minutes like a Rustlers
I check the balance that I'm spending then I'm copping
In the rave, I don't worry 'bout the [?] dropping
Listen, and don't flex with your packs G
I'll leave your house carrying the bags like it's shopping
It's bananas how I can make a car spin
Didn't wanna Google up his name so I asked him
A next dude thought he was hard in the rave
But he weren't on my wave rudeboy, so I barged him
Make your headback splash, sutting like Frosties
Pepper might tare through your clothes like the moths eat
With the dot, get a man jacked, ask Roxy
Know Jammer, no it's not long like his locks be
Head shot, situation thin, Sharkey
Hard food, chicks, one light, one darkie
Got a little dog that'll shock you, Sparkie
Let it kill slowly in your 'ead, Hardy
Na this ain't the Matrix
Bare potheads getting boxed like a 8 jib
His chain was tasty so I went around and ate him
Round here, leave you full of sweets like a cake bin
Leave mad colours on your face, crayon
Have a Maggie singing at your face, that's a Trey song
Test me and you know you'll damn sutting like a beaver
Bare different pictures fam, you can call it Viva