

## 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 porna  
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?  
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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