

You can bill a long one for me  
Long sword wrapped in cabbage  
Came a long way from block lifts  
To hear my raps in traffic  
Always out wearing these tracksuits  
And now I'm all wrapped in Paris  
They thought I couldn't write this rap shit  
Bagged it, left them man all in panic  
Oh shit tragic  
Left it too long to the point it vanished  
If need a new one, new one, I ain't gotta talk to my plug in no Spanish  
She's gonna say I'm all trash and that and your point's invalid  
Imma just sit with my feet up, sliders Adidas, sipping this chalice

Sitting down billing it backwards  
Sitting down bill it with Backwoods  
About you wanna bill it in the rim  
Sit down blud you're billing it backboard  
On the block just sitting on raptors  
In the crop house fitting in 'daptors  
About man singing like actors  
Get poked then stinged like cactus  
Brudda don't trust me  
Come a long way from country  
Selling man's soul for a Z, that's fuckery  
I like big batty gyally and busty  
Brudda don't trust me  
Selling man box of the crow, that's dusty  
And the waps ain't changed in price, still eight bills on the block for a ru  
sty  
You've got all your feelings on go  
Blud I put all my demons on hold  
Could have put VV's all on my neck  
But I bought plenty kilos of gold  
When the gold price go up it gets sold  
Man I'll still light you up with that pole  
Could have put VV's all on my neck  
But I bought plenty kilos of gold

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She can bill a long one for me  
Long as it's all wrapped in cabbage  
Bruddas been sending for me  
When it gets wrapped it's damaged

Slide in a stolen Astra  
And I scraped off the passy  
She can bill a long one for me  
Long as it's all wrapped in hashish  
Doing a madness  
Astaghfirullah, in the whip with a machine  
On my way to the masjid  
What's that? Feds? I'm doing a dasheen  
Speeding with passion  
Now I'm on the ends just getting my cash in  
Brixton Road and it's locked at four  
410 crash gang doing a crashing  
Likkle man know this  
Pass them T, I fling it and load it  
What's that? War? Brudda I'm rolling  
What's that? Weed? No ciggy, I'll roll it  
Pass my lighter, brudda I'll smoke it  
Man are just fake, I'll never condone it  
Fuck that yute, no whipping I'll choke him  
Hold him, pull it out, fold him

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