

Chalice

Ard Adz

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 rusty
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

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

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

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