

Fanta

Ard Adz

It ain't a blessing if you sin for it, said it like six times
But I don't practice what I preach, I got six grinds
Cah I got a son who turned six, I gotta get mine
Free my brudda Ratty he's in the can for like the sixth time
Skipped death a couple times but I live four lives
Even though I'm Muslim I could never keep four wives
Love my bro four times
Try touch him I be rising up my.4 twice
Tryna buy a crib, you be buying up some more ice
I bought my bruddas tape, you buying More Life
Never been rich I been poor twice
Heart's gone cold, it just pours ice
Fuck Young Thug and them dons, I bang 2Pac
Fuck the bouncer in the club, I brang two packs
My brudda got an ounce in the club, it's how we do akh
This year I gotta fly to Dubai and link Fuad
I grind in rain, now I got the brightest chain
I could never snitch, I'd rather die in pain
And that's word akh, to the world akh
They can take me now or hit me with a bird akh
Feelin like Bigs man, tell em top shotta's back
Bangin' out Trapz and Potter tracks
I lost a Z last fed chase
But it's not a L my G, that's shotta's tax

About gangster, your bank account banter
I'm in my city with a fizzy and a Fanta
About gangster, your bank account bankrupt
I'm in my city with a fizzy and a Fanta
About gangster, your bank account banter
I'm in my city with a fizzy and a Fanta
I'm in my city with a fizzy and a Fanta

Tryna find happiness within
My brudda got a twelve but he's happy on the wing
Any whip I get I'm blackin' out the tints
I told my wifey wait and I'll be splashing on your ring like
You gotta wait until your time's right
Spin a rapper like my brudda Limelight
Five years strong, and the 'nect's got the same buj
Mans think they bad, till they 3 weeks in J hood
My brudda's on the run they got him living in Qatar
Told my brudda open up a Bible or Quran
Yeah my chain's shining but you find me in the dark
Fuck losing money I be losing my Iman like
I could never be a popstar
Coulda been a doctor
Never eating lobster
Always in the 'ood, with some chips and a box of wings
Rather stab you up cah the roads aren't a boxing ring

About gangster, your bank account banter
I'm in my city with a fizzy and a Fanta
About gangster, your bank account bankrupt
I'm in my city with a fizzy and a Fanta
About gangster, your bank account banter
I'm in my city with a fizzy and a Fanta

I'm in my city with a fizzy and a Fanta

On the roads tryna chase the profit
When I should try intimidate my prophet
Born Muslim but I'm moving like a kufr
Twenty shots'll have you moving like kapoof
Let the mash squeeze and put it in his handkerchief
Gangster boy, I don't need a gangster bitch
Got bars but I'm sinnin' for my P's
This music ting's dead I can't be living off of streams
Before I wake up and tweet off my Spotify
Get a box, break it down, shot a nine
It's looking crazy in the street
Active on the roads but I'm lazy on the beat like