

C'est La Vie (More Filler)

ArrDee

Bars so loud
That they boomin through the headphones
Bad lil one
Yeah she really give the best blows
Undertaker, I'm putting names up on the gravestone
I'm getting real money
You getting play-dough
Baddie in the passie with her feet upon the dashy
Maxie dress on with her hand under my trackie
Brown skin girl
Said she Saudi and Iraqi
Can't be Muslim
Because my ...
Was in her...

Thought I told you all before
I don't have to say no words
Her clothes are dropping to the floor
She's asked me what we are
So I showed her to the door
They was calling me a nuisance before
Who would've thought?

Light on the beat
Gang full of sparks
We brought light to the streets
Told me she was leaving
I told her c'est la vie
Came up from the jungle
Couple lions on my team
Couple lions on my team

They got me rapping on a old school beat
With a pouch full of loud
A sag upon my jeans
Magnum in my cup
Chilling with my squeeze
Said she saw her future and said it looked like me
No way no way no it didn't
Our lives aren't the same my boy
I'm seen hella difference
You need to leave the stardog bro
It's fucking with your vision
Claim she's not a fan
But she's rapping all my riddims
She got that

She got that lip filler loves giving me lip
Getting work done, still ain't got her out of attitude fixed
Girl's are pain in my arse like a trip back from Turk
Don't mind long as she could throw I back on my dick
She fucked with drillers, it's the trapper she digs
Let him flash a little cash, my apple pay make you sick
Now she say she wanna rap a rhyme, that's why I'm a pop star rock star
Nothing like the average kid, so sick like Neo
Fuck her in the back on my G.O.E.
But I had girl up in my gleno back when C.I.D.

Used to prank me and T out in a whip fake reg
Hoping they don't find me out, I'm a bit bigger
But I ain't changed, been realer
Kinda like fame but it's inner
Baby I ain't got no famous friends
Same mates from the ends, because they all fake
Like your lip filler

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She got that
Lip filler
Slim thick figure
Been in the gym so the back is gettin bigger
Says she only fucks with the rappers and the drillers
I'm into poetry
So why she dropping to her knickers
Doing what I say
She don't need no persuasion
Mouths start droppin
When they saw the way I came in
Jumpman on my jumper
I'm like Jordan up in game six
Dodging all these shots
Come like neo in the matrix
Rockstar, I ain't in no rock band
Liquor in my cup
Got me leaning like a kickstand
Out in Santorini, cocktails with my skin tanned
Fuckin with my riddim
This is the sound of the midlands

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Light on the beat
Gang full of spark
We brought light to the streets
We brought light to the streets
Chilling with the gang
Take a load of snap
Mhmmm in the back
A nigga getting gassed
Running to the money and that remains a fact
I can give you what you want girl I swear I'll never cap