

I just wanna put a bezel on my wrist

Cause I wanna put a bezel on my wrist
So I can stare right at my ex and I can tell her I'm the shit
I've always been a hustler but I've never been a prick
You probably wouldn't see my bro unless he's selling you a bit
I wanna put a bezel on my wrist
So I can stare right at my ex and I can tell her I'm the shit
I've always been a hustler but I've never been a prick
You probably wouldn't meet my bro unless he's selling you a bit

Now I'm fiddling with karma
Getting rid of my palavers
Getting caught in different dramas
Still not listening to my pastors
If they ever try assassinate me, class me as a martyr
At my funeral bring zoobies, can't be drowning in no lager
I'm a victim of a tortured home
Never been to Liverpool, that's probably why I walk alone
This baggage feels like forty stone
If I repent the Lord will know, but I'll end up in Hell's kitchen
I heard a fat lady singing, it's just my girl switching
The mandem whipping crack up in that pot
While I'm here sorting out my FIFA squad and chatting to a thot
I've always had a bigger vision but I've never had a lot
I'm so addicted to this high life but really I should stop
I never glamourise shit, so just analyse this
If you hit us back to get that bag, you think you man are righteous?
I can relate to English Frank although I am a fly kid
I might not burn all of my Gucci though, I am a tight shit
And now I'm battling to free my mind, scrambling to see the light
Trapped is how I feel inside, I've blacked out I'm in need of light
I'm yakked so now I feel alright, I haven't had a dream all night
I should've been Aladdin in my previous life so I can get a genie
I know asking for my three wishes, pop us over sixty
Can't retire, you know how peak this is?
I guess I've gotta eat what I've been served but just not these dishes
Devil's not in Prada, she's at mine, she gave me three kisses
Robbed about three times but never robbed my weed line
Cocky little shit in school, I was smart but always behind
Been on my job since knee-high, I'm rising up, you declined
Tell 'em I need my vision for the future, I can't see mine
Maybe I should quit the scene, lost a year of music it's a mystery
How I can go so quiet, I'm not Mr. Bean
You ever try to diss the team you'll end up in the back of a van
Please don't poke 'em on or else it's gon' be alakazam

Cause I wanna put a bezel on my wrist
So I can stare right at my ex and I can tell her I'm the shit
I've always been a hustler but I've never been a prick
You probably wouldn't see my bro unless he's selling you a bit
I wanna put a bezel on my wrist
So I can stare right at my ex and I can tell her I'm the shit
I've always been a hustler but I've never been a prick
You probably wouldn't meet my bro unless he's selling you a bit