

# One Mic

ARTAN

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  
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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

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