

Nighttime surfer, can't go bed yet
Need a point five in a spliff so I wind down
Got a sweet one bringing round Wingstop
Two two munch then I'm sending her lights out
All the mandem sounding like TFR
Cah they keep telling me that I should mind out
Mind out what? Mind your business
I'm gonna - then slide out
I'm a generous man but we won't go Harrods, I find that cringy
Last time I spent my money on tings
I text my mum like "What was I thinking?"
Now I'm in David Lloyd's in the steam room
Manifesting how I'll get rich
But I'm still down bad from the L's that I took
So I need to go stu and make hits
Need a million quid but I like cheap thrills
She likes LV and some pricey heels
I'm out uptown, she goes down south
And when she on top, I like how that feels
No TikTok, she don't make reels
She used to sell Gucci belts in school
And say that they're robbed but they might be real
Cause I'm a grinder
Some say hustler, some say make more money than China
She's a waste of time
Like when you got weed and Riz and you ain't got a lighter
Three DM's in a row, she took two days, became a one nighter
Now she doing walk of shame down the Hilton hallway
Thinking "He coulda been nicer"

Smoke on my solo
Thinking of what, who knows?
I'm in my own zone
I'm here outside, step in my dojo
She's nice, my type, fresh like a Polo
Fresh like a Polo so I smoke on my solo
Thinking of what, who knows?
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She's nice, my type, fresh like a Polo
Fresh like a Polo

I'm in The Ivy now in a tracksuit
They told me that it gives her the ick
But the waiter said that he bangs my tunes
And told me that my new tracksuit's sick
Ten quid on my car and crashed it
Way too lean in the whip, had to dash quick
Too busy getting these bands in elastics
Saw her in real life, blud she's a catfish
I grew up in North but lived in West
Was born in East, I don't go South
I just FaceTime, I don't like texts
Toxic vibes, you're like my ex
And I don't waste time if you're never impressed
I need weed and sex
Maybe we can go see what's next

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