

Last year man spent more dough than I made  
If you knew what I made  
Went and got a yard in the sticks with a maid  
Mayfair with a ting in the Range  
She's from the hood overseas and man's from a similar place  
Where they got rid of my mates  
Worn out, still ain't got rid of that trauma  
Ever seen a sawed-off? Streets get hotter than sauna  
Could've been a church, you coulda been a baller  
Yeah, they took shots at me  
Shottin' really turned me into a shot-caller  
Tryna get rid of the quarter  
Last year I really done a quarter-mil  
Should've felt awful after but I did it all for the thrill  
Never had a bill, let me sort that bill  
All of that guilt, bro's guilty and he lost the appeal

Shit, my whole circle's in the box that I'm riding 'round  
German whip might pull up in China town  
American tings, I'm flyin' them out  
Next belly I'm hitting, I'm buying a house

Why? Cah last year man spent more dough than I made  
If you knew what I made  
Went and got a yard in the sticks with a maid  
I'm in the band' with a ting in the Wraith  
She said her family's rich and I couldn't relate  
I was in the hood with my mates  
Grew up in broken homes with bastards  
Yeah, put them on blast and they might just blast it  
Getting rid of class-A, we ain't doing no masters  
Look what we own, never had goals but the mandem were targets  
Remember when man licked shots by the football cage  
Now I'm in the yard with Lingard 'round all my football mates  
Went long, coulda took more pain  
See man rather have food and cook more 'caine

Yeah, had a lot on my plate, now the mandem are eating  
I ain't going on dates, new tour dates cah the gyal dem fienin'  
STK on a Saturday evening  
I know I'm famous, stainless kettle and I might just freeze it  
Gotta get diamonds with all this pressure cah we AVS1  
Been down for my whole life, man are upset when the next man gets up  
Sleep when you're dead, don't tell me I'm slept on  
Had to invest in myself, don't need an investor

Nah, but last year man spent more dough than I made  
If you knew what I made  
Got a yard in the sticks with a maid  
I'm in the ends with a ting and her mates  
Lookin' at yutes on the block like man's from a similar place

Yeah, yeah-yeah  
A-V  
From the gutter to glory, bitch