

Disrespectful

Aystar

Ever had a ting that was just disrespectful?
One of them that can give good brains but she's not intellectual
Look it's like half-past twelve, what you doing in the bed still?
You should be in the kitchen
Whipping up the eggs and the beans still
I'll do the rest, true say you can't cook

You can't even clean, all you do is chat shit and give sucks
Can't just bring your mouth to the plate and just look
If you wanna come round and just fuck, that's cool
But when the sex gets good the heads get fucked
And now she's in my room
Looking like she doesn't even wanna move
These times when she does decide to get up
She doesn't even make the bed, I'm fed up
So she can't cook, can't clean, don't even do the dishes
Doesn't do shit but she still wants things for Christmas
Brings absolutely not a bean to the plate
But somehow she still thinks she's gonna be my missus
Nah that can't run, if you wanna be the missus
Then you can't be getting up after half one
I need breakfast for ten and if you're lying in the bed
Then I'm probably gonna sleep till past then
It's mad how it switches, the same bitches
Who didn't wanna know are double tapping all my pictures
Sliding in DM's, tryna find out what the sitch is
Probably only wanna know me cause I'm on the road to riches
But when I had that scooter, blipping down Lodgey
Them bad B's didn't even want me
But now they're all on me cause they see the gang's living properly
They want a little piece of what we've got G

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I'm sick of these lazy ass bitches with no motivation
Thinking they can just roll over in bed
While I'm getting up on graft mode
Yesterday she had me slacking though, persuaded me with head
Yeah I got back in bed, bust a nut, got back up
Looked at my phone, that was a couple draws I could've done
Now I'm forty dollars down, fully dressed and then I'm out
From the back road to the main road
There's a 68 plate black X Vaux
With plain clothes floating inside of it
I've gotta watch the way I drive a bit
Driving quite erratic has become a bad habit
But I always wanna rag it, listening to Scousematic
I know why you like me, you're funny you
You like me cause you saw me hopping out that white BMW
When I had that Astra, looking at my rims
You'd look away to your mate like "I don't like the way he sings"
It's mad the way it changes, slang a couple flavours

Stack a couple papers, catch a couple haters
Watch frowns turn to smiles on girls' faces
They love a man with money, love a money man with wages
They don't like them broke phases, them low phases
They don't wanna walk the desert, they wanna land in the oasis
And I can't even blame you wanting an alpha male
Inner city tales of coming up from being out on bail

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