

Don't You Worry About Me

Bad Boy Chiller Crew

So don't you worry about me
I can carry myself home
Coz I got here on my own
So don't you worry about me
I won't let you take me home
Leave your number on my phone
Don't worry about me

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Bradford boys still winning
Out here chilling
Come from crooks n villain
Big zoot billin boys shot White n Dillin
I wish they didn't
Lines still chatty thugs and catys
Supply them addicts got lights in attics
Boys go loco boys go savage
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Yo it's them boys from Brady
Boys go scatty
Goods in the back of that stolen caddy
Air Max tracky no divs no tatties
Hit licks in ballies
Yo boys do time for the till
Just signed for a mill
Bust lights for the thrill
Yo 3 white lines and a pill
Duck hide from the bill
S3 on the grill
Yo big tactics on the decks
Big checks for the set
Few shots of the kek
Yo you don't wana fuck with the best
Put racks on ya head
Yeah you heard what I said
Yo ya messing with the best about
Check me out a motherfucking set the bound
Every MC wanna do it like me know
Catch me in B town

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Analyze I'm the guy might pull up outside
Five boys in the ride
I'm a loose guy and the boys get rowdy
Talkings cheap but you never been about it
And you never done dirt never been the boss
New Lacoste I'm coming thru ya block
I don't give a fuck, the boys a straight bandit
Boys jumped out when the car got rammed in go
Jump in the Merc I'm fucking ya bird
Scum of the earth a put it in third a put in the work
I'm a bad boy little bitch get use to it
Grab the bottle from the bar with the Goose in it
Crusin it the that big 4 wheeler
Pull up outside like a fucking drug dealer
I can take you anywhere you like
Pull up outside come jump in the ride

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01274 where I'm from
Big gold bison make these guys run
Bitch I'm violent, leave man right off
You ain't making no money go sign-on
I'm vibin, stylish, M sport driving, good vibes
I don't wanna see man wilin'
Sliding, dipping and diving
You don't want war come try me

Bradford, are you with me, are you there?
Said you better beware
Boys from Braddy when you're fucking with the baddies
Said when I pull up in the matic in my hoody and my trackie
It's going off, back doors coming off, shots been letting off
Nightclubs going off, boys still robbing cops
I be on the block I'm posted
With a couple bad boys I roll with

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