

The Old Estate

Bas

Still living on the old estate
Even though it's hot
Not for the opps
I'm talking the fucking cops (jakes)
Local shops, I did it all bait at their local shops
Main bricks hid a thing on my waist
What you know about a local bop
Are you widdit or not
I did it, skidded I'm off
In the trap making a prof of Charlie
Now I'm in the booth like Charlie sloth
(Fire in the booth)
I got my Rollie on, take that Carti off
She gave me sloppy slop, she a narty thot
When I let that bang, it ain't a party pop
Yeah they know my face
They know my name, they know my spot
Yeah they know where we hang
But they don't say I call it blot
Cos they know what's good for their health
They don't wanna end up lost
I gotta keep working, working
'Cos I don't wanna end up lost
The packs got sold
And I got more than paid
Dragon pull off the L
You know I got more than waved (high as fuck)
Shave shave, swing it
Tryna ching it
Approach with caution
Cause you might just end up swinging

Look, (come on then) The old boys winning
He's giving lip then I might just chin him
Grab the wheel then the axel's spinning
I've been in this game from my hairline thinning (it ain't no joke)
Countless drillings
Blood's still thicker, drink keeps spilling (yeah)
Pouring a pint on a Friday night, we're them old school villains (oh yeahhh)
Couple yanks try biting the UK style but that's fine, it's blessed
I can't dodge no bullets, I wrap my chest in a Kevlar vest (yeah)
Got an Arsenal down in south, got a pig farm out in west
So just drop one text, fly down the M25 no stress
Yeah you know me son, you know my face, you know my status (you know my stat us)
So shut your mouth before I put your face on the front of the papers (yeah)
You got my number
I've got the deals and I've got them flavours (nice)
Got a grow next door
You know I ain't got no neighbours (Nah)
I'm a local hero
And I'm talk of the town
I'm known to the gavers
And they've been poking around
I had ditch that phone and I chucked that bing in the back of the rover
Never pulled over, foot flat down I can't drive straight 'cos I ain't that sober

I'm a lovely geeza
But I'm a violent man
I cook rocks in pots
And smash heads with pans
Knock knock, who's there
I came to kick your front door down
I go Jackie chan
Ping pang pow, I laid a man down
Working the block like clockwork
Out in the sticks with dust in a pot
Like Gordon ram in a car
That's another man rolled in a fag
Got smoked
I'm moving wreckless
Grab that man by the necklace
Phone got robbed for the line
(Hello)
Texting his number, like look call this one next time
I came from dirt and it all got dirty
30s 2 2s and 4 4s
Make cash in a burnt out box in Brixton
And I make big but I still want more
More time on the roadside meant more moular, how could a man just let that g
o
Put in the work and the packs got sold on a mobile phone
Get rolled in a fag, get poured in a pint, get sent back home in a black bin
bag
Shoulda just left it, shoulda gone walkies but big Bas brought 2 toe tags
Both hands on her back when I smash it
We don't make love we make magic
She was speaking Spanish
Got me singing love songs in traffic