

About That

Belly Squad

B-E-double-L-Y
B-E-double-L-Y
(Man ah man are on a grind here)
B-E-double-L-Y
(We keep it low, we keep it hush hush)

Man ah man are on a grind here
From the day and 'til the night here
We keep it low, we keep it hush hush
Tell the truth, no, we don't lie here
You dun know, you dun know we about that
You dun know, you dun know we about that
I don't need bare friends
I got enough and I'm blessed fam
It's the ones that are thug that will test man
I could never be a yes man
You dun know, you dun know we about that
You dun know, you dun know we about that

I'm that guy, I clocked why them man vexed
When I phone for the smoke, I lay low, like you don't want to see what's next
2 whips, pulled up, it got fresh
My brudda trying to show man Ps
Gyal on snap trying to show man breast
And them man don't want to grind
They'd rather chat to tings that I've pressed
Guess what, guess what, she was dashing it
She came to the bit and I patterned it
If he's on me then I'm having him
Bare reh tehs for a scatty ting
My bro's got food like I'm market
Hit the rave, tell Max to go park it
He said he's onto me, but I'm laughing
I've got links from Croydon to Barking

All of my day 1s around me
Trust me, fake niggas can't surround me
Donny saying loads on the net
But when I bucked him in the flesh he was like "allow me"
I ain't the type to talk a lot, I keep it cool when all my donnies go rowdy
And just 'cause I'm humble man thinks that I'm a victim, I tell the pussy "come try me"
Got a team full of Gs, team full of winners
And we're hustling to get all them Ps and stack the figures
They could be talking that grease with all the niggas
They they get nicked now so them be the singers
Saying all the shit he knew about that
Talking grease, ain't knew him like that
Said he's on me, yeah I really doubt that
I got a trophy with a very big back

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I remember looking bummy, I could never get a lighty (why's that, why's that
)

They used to air Max but my [?] spend change on a Nike
And had bare likkle man want fight me
I come through with my kicks looking retro
Chase come through, let it boom like Metro
If the beef gets messy I'll pass on the ting, watch him swerve and shoot lik
e he's Pedro
My bro's got shells like a turtle
So I laugh when the opps dem get verbal
On ends, selling off white like they're Virgil
We don't really rave, that's way too commercial
Got a white ting, she thinks she's from TOWIE
Arab ting, I think he's from Saudi
If I say I'm onto you, then don't doubt me
Man will spray the place and be outtie

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