

# Missing

## Belly Squad

I thank God for the plug  
Saucing, dripping  
Me and bro on the M way doing mileage  
We been missing  
Missing  
Nah she ain't calling you rude boy  
It's me that she missing  
Missing  
Book a flight, now I'm missing

When a man are running to the p's  
Yeah my bruddas bring me trees  
I'm never sober  
I'm never sober  
Really active on the streets  
If my brudda pull up we gon' squeeze, yeah  
Then it's all over  
Then it's all over  
Sauce, be dripping  
I remember when they didn't wanna listen  
I told her bitch, don't be trippin'  
If I give bro the job then you're missingg

She know the gang can't fall out  
Do loads, if it's me, wanna call out  
With Chase or Ace if I walk out  
It's only chicks or p's that we talk bout  
Upside livin'  
Rudest women  
I came with the mandem, but I left with your missus  
She ain't picking up the phone, my darg I think she missing  
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Shawty loud speaker in the T, I remember I was playing with the microwave  
Now her pussy just dripping, when she sees the guys on stage  
Just like the old days, I'll cause another tidal wave  
Just know that could've been you when you see me put One of the licence plat

e

Bad B come to the Niz, shawty wanna do it like Diddy and Cassie  
Only if she knew I was rolling down ballies, still with a skeng on my lap in  
the backseat

No sort code when we step in, moretime man doing it straight casheen  
One level on a trackie, never look tacky, still fling a tenner on Andy  
Walk in the room and there's skengs in the duffel, different selections  
Locked in the cell and I look in the mirror, it's my reflection  
And guess what I see, I see only me  
Taking those risks but for free, that just won't be me

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