

No days off

You can catch me in Harrods, shopping with the Arabs  
Might buy a bag if she a badderz  
Head game crazy, swear, shawty, she a savage  
They be tryna ten man you should be embarrassed

You can catch me out in Sloane, shawty on my phone  
Tryna bring it back like a loan  
Now I got 'em always tryna find out what the tag is on my coat, yo  
I ain't mean to brag, ain't even braggin' when I boast

Louis Juniors, you ain't see nuttin' whiter (Nah)  
Keys to the foreign in my Balmain biker  
Other pocket, two racks and a Lyca  
I might send her two racks cah I like her  
I'm lyin' man, I'd rather send them racks to a lifer  
Yeah, make the time go nicer  
Even though Lizzie's a hoe, I still wife her  
Ran tru' so many niggas, I still pipe her (One time)  
I said I'm nuttin' like your last fella (Nah)  
I made some Margiela, up in Marbella  
Movin' like the cartel-a  
She wanna know my real name, but I can't tell her  
Trap author, mixed dope with tap water  
The blood came tru in a black Porsche  
I came a long way from that black Corsa  
B Brown the president, smack talker

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Eight stacks, last trip, man, that's straight facts  
Flake packs got me spinnin' like I hate racks  
Size ten, bring me both colours, ASAP (Bring dat)  
She says she loves rappers but she hates rap (Ha ha)  
I can't leave the game, man it's still in me  
That's why I got matters of coke on my itinerary (That's why)  
They keep tellin' me "B, you take liberties"  
That's why they're tryna build all these cases to get ride of me (Still here  
)  
But every time I drop a key, that's a shopping spree  
Two quid, top and jeans, that's a mockery  
And who been drippin' for the longest? And it's gotta be me  
Lookin' like I won the lottery, see  
And nah, this ain't no mistake (Nah)  
The only thing that's slowing nigga is the brick rates  
That's why I gotta break it down on these mixtapes  
Fam, that's last season drop, you're a bit late

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