

Progression

Blade Brown

Yeah

I got money that I never seen, I call that progression
I beat a case and another one, I call that a blessing
Heard that they're plotting on niggas now, teach 'em a lesson
I know they're praying I fall off, I know it's depressing
That won't happen never, sorry mate
Twenty suttin's in the lorry mate
Do you get me? Does it correlate?
What's your order? I'll accomodate
And I can talk it 'cause I back it
This is fully automatic
Little suttin' for the static
But they ain't even in my bracket
And I got drillers with me, I got trappers with me and they juggin' 'till the night done
Pretty diva, I just piped one
I'ma spoil her if she the right one
I told theses rappers, "yeah, the hype's fun"
But stack some bread for when the hype's done
Seven figures, that's the right sum
They wanna sign it then I might run
And niggas saying I don't rap enough
I just tell 'em, you don't trap enough
I can talk it, I can back it up
Your missus buss it and she back it up
Yeah, I don't know 'bout all this rapping stuff
These little rappers better pattern up
Furthermore, just get your brackets up

Mmhm

Fresh for them, you know
Walked off the wing, ten quid straight
No messing, big racks, big waps, alla dat
Still pulling up on them, mmhm, ay

I might just sell man his verse and make a yearly salary
That's why these trappers be mad at me
True say, they know I'm a booter, the realist in drill, there's no one as ga ng as me
Who you know shell out the opps and go shell down the show in the morning so casually?
Feds had me locked for conspiracy, I just walked out on bail so casually
Tell these labels don't bother, unless there's quarter milli in the offer
Me and bro united, we control the middle of the field like Matic and Pogba
Anytime I pull up, mazza, bang, I still make it beat like Gotcha
Man load up the car near Foster and kill a K Trap imposter
Still drill and cut
Hope he turn pack and just bill it up
No one in Lambeth as real as us
Niggas talk reckless, be gettin' touched
Can't walk or roll with no blicky tucked
Main man so they want my Medusa cut, I ain't slippin' up
Only rap nigga in the game still drillin', and that there's nuttin' but big facts
Car, crib and a watch, that's big racks, LD and Blade, big wass
My niggas shoot at the opps, they just cry on the net and try come with some diss tracks

We've got big waps, you're new to this ting, boy, we been bad
Three thousand grams in the gym bag
Eighty five bags in the bin bag
(Six Gang)

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