

# 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 gang 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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