

In a Yango – going like 28 miles and I paid like a fiver
Old school, jabbing up war dogs – that shit couldn't be done by Pfizer
Shielding my feelings, I'm frozen still – I'm a soldier
Snake me? I'm Hydra
Tested the calibre for DNA – flams on the case, coulda been his saliva
Kaiser, Berlin tour where the guys are
Circle large like the Hadron Collider
They wanna hit that dome with iron
That's a ballistic strike – like Haifa
Changed his tune – he was rolling with rats, Pied Piper, caught with a sideb
ar
Milan shop, but there's no more stock, still in my Man City – Tijjani Reijnd
ers
Temptation for the retaliation
Lost that arm – no recalibrating
I came in the game, don't need validating
Seeing my face? Don't need salutations
Songs do lack in the quality aspect
It's a shame that the steez elevate him
War crime – starvation on my music
They said I'm not feeding the nation
First generation asylum – seeking the parents
Dad died praying for Mum and I'm saying, "Jesus, spare us."
Gamble lives on the estate, so I know freedom's careless
Ain't letting no school system in our lives
We're letting the streets prepare us

Came out the airport, then I went straight in a Yango
Uncle calling me "Blancs" – avó in the house like, "Who is this blanco?"
Peito de frango, coentros – I don't want no cilantro
Carrying all of my family – I can't get sick of my backbone

Revering the struggle – it's making me better
He was going up like BTC, now he's down like Tether
Enchantment on my diamonds, chest plate – I'm tryna send that boy to the Net
her
Sweatpants from GV Gallery and my jacket is heavy – it's full-grain leather
The fire, Endeavor – it's One For All in my section
Hate on bro 'cause you're broke – and I'm finding that shit perplexing
C4 followed NC3 – I got strength in the night, I'm a ChessKid
Can't breathe when I get close to fakeness – that trigger is anaphylaxis
Friends still stuck in a felon affair – that's toxic bonding
Still in estates, no inheritance – just lines on the map like I've been in W
isconsin
Left my post and really went AWOL – that's army term for absconding
Handicap when I went against them man – tryna leave them like Joe Swanson
Ran 'bout 28 miles
Renovations – that's 28 thousand
No Way Home – and they calling me Miles
Count me out when I should've been counted
Dismounted – off my high horse, I'm grounded
Arrogance blinds, but my humility's bounded

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