

Inhaler, Pt. 2

Bru-C

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
And it's Bru-C

Hold tight the mandem raving a lot
Hold tight the mandem raving a lot
Part two

It's funny how they never wanna see me winning
But I keep coming with bangers
I done that from the beginning
I been putting in the work
And you've been putting in the chilling
Now you're struggling in the deep end
While I'm on holiday swimming
I'm a lyric killing villain
If I'm not rapping I'm singing
Always got the vibe you feeling
I go higher than the ceiling
I got tricks like a magician
I'm about to make a killing
Ayo Banzai
I think that it's time we drop the fuckin' riddim
Or shall we just keep it building up
And building up again
It is the wicked drum n bass
Nah we ain't come here to pretend
They be skanking in the week and
Drinking up on the weekend
Put your mother fucking hands up
Cos' it's time to represent

Let me drop it like a piece of litter
Every time I speak I see the people waiting for the next lyric
They'll see Bru-C deliver
Dem man can't believe I'm iller
Dead rappers I eat for dinner
Funny how my name is getting fat
And now I'm feeling bigger
Turn it round and lick the titty
Ride it down the liccled jitty

I gettin skippy quickly on the riddim
Got em feeling sickly
Ain't got time to bill a spliffy
I'm colder than a Mr Whippy
British like a fuckin fish n chippy
We go higher higher higher
Step inside the place and we set it on fire
Said you don't like Bru-C
You're a liar
I'm a top geezer, fuck danny dyer
Gun fingers raisin up
They go higher
Flashin lights in the rave
We get higher
I say higher, you say higher
Higher higher higher higher

Mana get wavey on the weekend
Dem boy lazy love to pretend
Causin mayhem in the AM
Might slide in a DM on the weekend
6AM I'm drinking green tea
Then go training with the PT
Play my tune n then repeat me
MP3, Vinyl or CD
Since 2 double 0 7 I've been around
With tunes that make your jaw spin around
I walk to the spot drink all the ciroc
Go back to my hotel crawling around
Glug Glug I'm forcing it down
Afters link I'm calling it now
I play hard but work much harder
That's why I be talk of the town

In the office with Declan@Krudd
Rehearsals mean the sets have got good
Don't big up ya chest I'm not shook
Can't keep up with the levels I'm on blud

Rhymes the best of all shine at festivals
She rides the dicks n likes the testicles
Don't eat food with high cholesterol
Like my fruit n like my vegetables
Keep thinkin the things you don't know
I'm 10 out of 10 yeah so so
You're girl wants weed, got power puff girl
For the brain jus like mojo jojo

Keep doing the things you can't do
Heavy on the track lyrics you can't move
I need to take a breather
Lets call this one Inhaler part 2
Hold tight the mandem raving again
Make sure you invest the papers you spend
Don't surrender to the flavours n trends
Flip what ya stacked like mate you're a gem
Some man buy new plates for their benz
Brand new house in their favourite endz
It's cool to go out on a wavey weekend
But get back on track n start racing again

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