

Confession

Bugzy Malone

It's been a minute since I licked suen
I need it for the dough
Yeah I got like 5 figures I still need to make it grow
And I know B-lowk's got the big suen
I need to make it blow
Cus I been chillin' writing music getting heavy with the flow
It's 4am it's pitch black
I'm no stranger to the roads
We wear clothes with no description
Cus that's how we like to roll
I bring my man with the green eyes
I hear my niggas lowked
And I'm not sure about the crib
The pitbull might need to get smoked

It's been a minute since I've licked suen
I need it for the rush
These niggas got me all emotionless and hiding in a bush
I woulda settled for banging his bitch but she was acting stoosh
Now I'm standing at the front door about to take it off
And I can feel it in the atmosphere it's bonfire night
So when that door comes off it's just a bang in the night
Now I'm standing on these stairs, on that vampire vibe
But I'm not here to suck your blood nigga I'm here to take your life

And I've been sitting in the past listening to brotha lynch
Can't wait to pull the thing out just to see a nigga flinch
Truss me, blow out his belly just so I can see the pink
And drag him to the bathroom to watch him throw up in the sink
Put a pillow over his head, why the fuck d'you think
This is a murder scene, I don't need the feds to get a link
And I can feel the shivers running through my body when I blink
Shut that bitch up
Fuck I knew I shoulda seen a shrink

It's been a minute since I felt the kick back fucking with my wrist
And banged the ting so many times that when I try and shoot it clicks
Clicks
Clicks
Clicks
Back into the whip
And dead silence, cus everybody knows we didn't miss
I don't smoke weed but still I'm on the road building a spliff
Ignore the sirens, why? Cus ignorance is bliss
Now we're driving through a forest
In a blacked out Megane
3 niggas in a whip
And some petrol in a can
But let me stop

And let me start again
Let me tell a lil story from when they sent me to pen
Sent me off to stoke heath, like that would change a thing
We had a gang in 5 minutes running riot round the wing
Somebody find me Scribla, RIP Fems
That's just a couple of my HMP friends
Hold tight anybody that was with me in pen

That witnessed, the havoc
The chaos
The mayhem

It's been a minute since I went in
And told them how it is
And how a scouser threw a snooker ball and nearly broke my wrist
But then I switch
Made him look like he fell off a cliff
And that's the truth
You know me I don't have to chat shit
I've been through a hell of a lot so I just say it how it is
And most of this stems from getting bullied as a kid
My mum shoulda stopped her boyfriend from tryna split my wig
Cus I put 6-6-6 straight on my hitlist

Now that's the, mark of the beast I'm like a star in the bits
They say I musta sold my soul they don't know half of the shit
I just hope, God forgives me when I'm starving I'm a prick
And I take candy from a baby with a liquorice stick
Don't ever get it twisted
I've been a stick-em-up kid
I've been a bang I've been a husk
I know the history of the bits
This is the, Journal of an evil genius 6
Cus it goes way deeper than anything I've recorded
But let me stop
But let me stop
But let me stop
Because it's hot
Let me stop
Let me stop
Let me stop
Because it's hot