

Daily Duppy

Bugzy Malone

5ive Music
Sound To Your Mind
Bugzy Malone, 2022
Listen, watch this

Climbed so high, I'm startin' to feel dizzy
CR7 on the pitch, I'm still tricky
Had a couple real niggas in the field with me
I didn't bring the steel with me, 'cause I'm a businessman now
When big top shotters started askin' for a handout
I knew I lost my old friends and I would have to stand down
Couple of my frenemies, I nearly had to bang-out
Man down, man down, and I could bring a gang out
Rule number one, be lowkey and never stand out
In Liverpool, I learned to bury money, that's a mad town
Eatin' porridge in my Dolce & Gabbana nightgown
Pictures in my iCloud and slits in my eyebrow
One from the barber, the other from some other shit
Damn, I hate to reminisce
Like when I used to listen to The Chronic back when I thought chronic had the remedy
Rule number two, protect your energy
And this is big business, I'm tryna build an empire
And this is really me, I'm tryna live and inspire
You won't get the message if I don't speak the language
When sometimes, I have to JDZ and spitfire
Growin' up, watchin' movie star like Denzel
Where I come from, it's not easy to do well
I'm in Mexico, shakin' hands with the cartel
I told them "I'm gangster too" and that "I started in hell"
Mum told me I should come home
Or nah, I'm still adaptin' to the timezone
She calls me "The Dodger" 'cause I'm in a league of my own
Skillful, listen to me, rhyme homes
Are they mad? Are they daft? Can they not do the math?
Rule three, if you fall off, make a comeback
I don't know if it is a pitbull or a Staff'
I just know I would send him in first to go and catch man in a bath
Are they mad? Are they daft? Can they not see the stats?
Rule four, go legit once you finished in the trap
And the road to a lie and a blag
In the 90s, there was money to be mad, but they're never comin' back
I'm not tryna to be boisterous
I'm in Dubai, in a top restaurant with Tabasco on my oysters
Had to take a vacation
The money's pointless if it can't switch the noise off
They lied 'bout me in a interview
But, it's okay, 'cause they've not really said it 'til they said it to your face
And them man are not man enough to put me in my place
So I just let them have their say
Uh, I'm so responsible
I was in the dock, lookin' at the chief constable
We all know time in a cell's non-refundable
I'm walkin' 'round the mall with a man holdin' my bags
And the sofa in Dior got me feelin' so comfortable
Levels to this shit, levels to this shit

I'm Cristiano, I started on the pitch
Like Marciano, I wear gloves
But we pedal everywhere
So I really had to break 'em in
One night in Salford, I had to iron a man out
And if you don't believe me, that's Kristy Korkovich
R.I.P. Jared, that's a Manchester soldier that should have lived
Damn, I hate to reminisce
Shit get messy when you're from the roads
A man killed his own baby, caught a sentence like a common cold
And now, they say that he's a schizophrenic
They forget, we wore a mask way before the pandemic
Rule number five, turn your pain into drive
Rule number six, only get into the mix
If they're tryin' to escape from the bottom and get rich
If they're tryna go back to jail, give them man a miss
Life's different when you're infamous
What does that mean?
It mean a lot when you came up servin' crack fiends
I've seen a lot, yeah, I came up around them bandits
If you've never seen a jail cell, you wouldn't understand it
Had to leave and it was envious
It's like Armageddon when you start off at the bottom and you're tryna get to Heaven
5ive Music
Rule number seven, you should never settle
Sound To Your Mind
Aim for the skies, or keep dancin' with devil