

Kilos

Bugzy Malone

Yeah, yeah

Yo

Swifta Productions

Yo (Yo)

And it's the modern day mafia, shutting down the scene
Pullin' up with some of the baddest you've ever seen
And they don't want it with us, they just wanna be part of the team
'Cause we move kilos, kilos, we move keys
High profile we never be low-key
Built from the ground, we grew from an oz
Kilos, kilos, we move keys
I said kilos, kilos, we move keys

I thought I'd hit 'em with something a little different
I don't need your contacts cause I got 20/20 vision
If I put the money down it means you deffo going missin'
Come a long way from stood whipping in the kitchen
Now I'm starting something different
Badders in the passé
And I was on the road hoping to turn into an Akhi
When I, went through the door felt like my city didn't back me
Now I see the younger niggas coming up and I'm just clapping
'Cah you got to pree the pattern
Took off the door put it on the map
Come back then I passed the baton
What they sayin' now doesn't matter
'Cause I went clear back in '015 so I don't watch the chitter-chatter
Now I feel like an El Chapo
Sittin' in my cell raggo
When it gets to twelve I know I'm about to bail
Even though I'm sat in jail I still got the yay for sale
I don't know about the news 'cause I don't watch the Daily Mail
Check this one, I got the B Malone face put in the buss' down
Escobar just to set the pace
We used to pour the brandy on the road to wash away the pain
But I've stopped crying for my cuzzy cause he's in a better place
Tell 'em, I want it bank transfer when they payin'
'Cause I'm sick of all these stacks just sittin' in the safe
They'll have to bring the chopper out if I decide to take chase
Cause I'm in supercars now and nobody can relate

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You know I get it how I get it, nothing more to be said
Turn into a young boss I'm doing more for the bread
More money more fame, it's just more on my head
And I'm hungry so you better put more on the cheque
Realest rapper in the game someone tell me otherwise
Never spat a lie, don't compare me to no other guys

They ain't got a vision man are blind is like they shut they eyes
Gotta play position in this life and then you up ya price
I'm just tryna drop a couple gems
Had to grow a pair of balls and go drop a couple friends
I swear to God everybody loves you at the start
But we'll see how many people really love you in the end
Cause they see eatin', get jealous and wanna turn their back
Fuck 'em then it's nuttin', leave the bridge and get to burning that
Got 'em stressing they hate me because I'm earning cash
Little pussy-holes make me laugh they come like Bernie Mac
Step with some bullets from the city full of cranks
You know all the bad bitches are fucking with the Manc
Man are flappy with the hand
Think they're badder with a shank
Had to smoke another spliff
Then I bus' another skank
Clip full of hits watch one and make it bang
In my whip with a chick got my dick up in her plans but
She can't be bae
Not a chance, not a way
That Aitch gonna stay
Sorry, what can I say?

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I'm like a drug lord, sitting with the plug talking money
The way that I'm bringing all of this clothing into the country
Wanna see the back of the lorry filled to the top
With a little B. Malone stamp sitting on each box
I got the cuff-links, waist-coat dickie bow-tie
I'm in a three piece suit looking like a Frank White
I take a bus through the mountains to the factory
And I still represent the 6-1 that's the gang sign

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