

Bugzy Malone
You know
Mr Snowman on production

Watch this, I got a brand new 3 bedroom crib
Spotlights in the ceiling it's sick
Got a beanbag in the computer room, all I need now is Grand Theft Auto 6
Got an office and everything cocaine white
In the morning it can get too bright
But it doesn't affect me these days cos I've been staying up way too deep in the night
Thinking about before it all went bad
Before the day I met my real dad
Before I knew about money and bills and how they both made my mum get sad
Sat counting about 25 bags
I'm running out of elastic bands
It turns out, when you make money on the road there's nothing you can do with the cash
So I jump in the S-Line driving fast
Hope I don't bump in to my step-dad
Cos they say mental abuse is worse than physical abuse and I wanna get him back
But I don't wanna do another custodial sentence
In a four-by-four pad
And I gotta take this time to apologize to my best friend cos we almost crashed

Let me try and explain
It's intricate because I've never been plain
It's intimate because I never contacted a counsellor to get rid of this pain
I walk with it and now I'm going insane
Losing control of my own brain
Watching documentaries on serial killers and feeling that I can relate
Do you find that strange?
Yeah? Ok. Well let me get this straight
If I get a life sentence or I don't make it, it's cos I could not handle the pain
I don't wanna hear nobody complain
About that's good talent gone to waste
Cos if I didn't go through what I went through, you would have never downloaded my mixtape

So let me confide in you
Let me get it off my chest
Turns out no matter how many tracks I make I still can't handle the stress
But I don't watch all the indirects
True say man might see me as a threat
I don't mind going out as a legend as long as I'm known and Manchester's best

So picture the scene
I'm sitting on my corner sofa in peace
Until I got a call 'Have you seen yourself in the papers? You're wanted by the police'
And I was like what? And it was hot. But do you wanna know what was a lot?
The night before was the night I went on Twitter and had a direct message from Sloth

Just my luck
Let me do a Vincent van Gogh
Cos you know I paint pictures with words
And I've still not published one book
I was in Panacea tryna get to the bar
And my man didn't wanna let me past
Pushed me into a family of brothers
Before you knew it I'd already been cracked

But let me remind these fools
Into the devil I turn
They stepped back, I stepped forward, play with fire and you're gonna get burned
But I must apologize in advance cos I didn't want it to end so bad
See what happened from there was loose
I was in the Manchester Evening News
He said he got violently attacked
Outside in a taxi he was whacked, and coulda died
But that's how you know what the papers tried, it was self defence, that's a blatant lie
I'm stereotyped
And do you wanna know why, I'm a different guy
When I was about 8 my mum moved to an area that was heavily white
I was in school looking like Wesley Snipes
Ben Shermans and a second hand bike
Feeling like a donut cos I'd already been stabbed by the time I was Year 9
Mum didn't want me to see Moss Side
Told me that too many people died
Between like '91 and '99 that was gang war and violent crime
My uncle's face got torn up by the pellets of shotgun like Frankenstein
I was sat with him in an M3 that could 0-60 in 4.5
One hand holding the steering wheel
Moving quicker than the Batmobile
Driving around Cheetham Hill when I was about 9
Back when the hood was real

A villain, taken Securicor boxes
And I don't care if it's hot
They don't mean Russell Crowe when they mention the gladiator in the gang war book
The first guy that I ever looked up to was like Batman without the suit
Now it's my turn to try and put Manny on the map, I just hope I can do it like you
Hope I can get one million views
Hope that I never get caught with food
I hope that Charlie can breathe alright in the smoke cos I set fire to the booth
When I realized that grime was English hip hop forget about all the tunes
Forget the playlist I wanna go down in history like Tutankhamun
Bugzy Malone

Leave that playing

I dedicate this one to Dane
My little cousin
He didn't make it
Rest in Peace my fam
See you soon my brudda