

Old Friends

Bugzy Malone

Yeah it's Bugz
See this ones for my old friends
Who came up with me in the bits in my old ends
Yeah
It goes like this, look

This ones for my old friends, late night chattin' in my old Benz
Wilmslow Road in my 110's
I write the words in Strangeways like it's a cold pen
Crown court magistrates, I really know them
But do they know why I had to throw my old knife
On a cold night, I was a low-life
See that's the nature of a gang, we had to blur lines
Are we really that tight or is it all lies?
See to make it in these streets you have to force crimes
HMP for her majesty's poor guys
Bang your door, that's the war cry
Put that chicken with some bread and bang press ups to get more sized
The prison gates in my day dream
Prison ways from mistakes, we wear gloves just to stay clean
Our mothers cooked the rice up, we had to make P's
Keep it full English with the bacon cah' we're straight g's
I never say please unless I'm standin' at the canteen
And I want hash browns with my baked beans
We like AP but keep it Rolex
And no feds could ever come and take what we achieved
When you're the first one to represent your city, that's a dead weight
Someone had to set pace
I had to say grace when I seen JB back on the estate
Tommy Loz, never got to leave those jail gates
The roads were colder then and you can ask Kate
Watchin' Family Guy with Meeshak before shit changed
Shout out all the real ones from my ways
And this is how the real ones say safe

Cause' the sky is the limit, be inspired is the mindset
This ones for my old friends, the ones I left behind yeah
Road, road
Road, road
Yeah I came up on the road, road
Road road
I represented us properly
I ask my city do you love me
Do you love me?
Road, road
Road, road
Yeah I came up on the road, road
Road road
I represented us properly
I ask my city do you love me
Do you love me?

This ones for my old friends, in fact this ones for my old bits
The Waterloo estate back in 06'
You keep the full face with you when you serve nits
Roamin' the streets in the ghetto like I'm Elvis
We learned to steal in the city and that's straight facts

Halliwel Lane taught me to flip packs
Moston Collyhurst, I got a six-pack
I went to school in Prestwich, I was an outcast
Community service in Whalley Range
It was a dark day in Moss Side the day they shot Jessie James
A cold night in Cheetham Hill when they got white Tony
Rest in peace Deezy, I couldn't sleep easy
Knowin' we lost one of the rappers in my city
That I should've collaborated with, it would've been a banger
Instead I was in a black bandana
Some real deep memories when I drive through the manor
My adversary's in my nightmares
I see their face in detail as if they were standin' right there
Balaclava with them Nike Air's
Had me feelin' incognito, we didn't fight fair
I like to say prayers but keep it thugged out
Cause' where I come from if you don't fold, you get cut down
I'm from a place where ambition gets you shut down
They wonder why I rushed out to get a buss down
Just a couple reasons why I kept it steppin'
Rarely do the police find a murder weapon
Jail cells make the sky look iridescent
Starting at the bottom don't make you a peasant

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