

Yeah  
It's Bugz  
Listen  
Yo, look

I've not got 'round to reading a Bible  
Still I'm tryna lead them a worthy example  
So I know I gotta get married, it's vital  
I was on one knee right under the Eiffel  
Holding a diamond bigger than a blueberry  
When I had a BlackBerry, it was survival  
That meant a flicky when anywhere I go  
All 'cause a rival took shots at me with a rifle

Blood on the tips on my fingers  
Done a Bruce Lee, then I licked 'em  
Bit off the end of the spliff, then I lit that  
I was on a carpet, doing crunches tryna get me a six-pack  
Dreams of me pushing his wig back  
Nightmares of me getting twenty-six in Crown Court  
Never been much of a shooter  
But I'll still bang off, ask them man that I kidnapped  
No comment all the way through on an attempted M I didn't even do  
If they'd have got my phone, then I wouldn't have been here  
'Cause I would've got released this time last year  
And I can clearly remember  
Saying to Webby that I want a short back and sides, a 'tache and a beard  
Then when I earned my stripes, I told them put a line in my eyebrow  
I'm a bad boy out here  
Me, I'm just sketching, into my sketch book  
I can forgive but I don't forget much  
Let me add an additional bit of perspective  
We would eat fish fingers with no ketchup  
Now we eat lobster and I'm in a tracksuit  
Sat in San Carlo and I've got an AP like I'm in Narcos  
I've got a big business, there's boxes at the cargo  
You're looking at a mogul, I might sign me a younger that's spitting on drill  
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Teach him the business and make him a star, then build him up until I've made him a mil'  
But don't get it twisted, me, I've had opps but I've beat everyone of them three or four nil  
I'm looking at houses for three or four mil'  
Even though I got a castle in the middle of a field  
I miss standing on the roadside with my hat pulled down low so the cameras couldn't see me  
I miss getting a bar on my pedal bike, they were the days where with shoeboxes full of money  
I miss having beef with a rival gang and having twenty-five of the mandem with me  
I miss getting along with my family, way back in the day when we had that little red Mini  
Looking like something out of the Italian job  
If I was in the weed game, now that there's Cali and dog  
I would've sold out selling in bags or in little green tops, they can never keep up  
It's mental

Oh, I'm like a PlayStation 5 and they're a Nintendo  
You might see my personality switch but I've never dropped a crumb, I'm no K  
evin Wendell  
The way I'm speaking into the mic's like Salvador sketching in with the penc  
il  
I get deja-vu like Denzel  
I've got a Bentley but I can get tekky with a rental  
My God, that's what the waiter said when I got on one knee  
Everybody clapping their hands 'cause a black guy getting engaged  
You don't see, you just grow up  
And you're lucky if your dad bothers to show  
Everybody wants to know you when you blow up  
And it's a shame 'cause you reap what you sow and I already know that...

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When I had a BlackBerry, it was survival  
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All 'cause a rival took shots at me with a- fuck off

(GA)