

Salvador

Bugzy Malone

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 dril
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Teach him the business and make him a star, then build him up until I've mad
e him a mil'
But don't get it twisted, me, I've had opps but I've beat everyone of them t
hree 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 c
ouldn't see me
I miss getting a bar on my pedal bike, they were the days where with shoebox
es 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 li
ttle 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...

Still I've not got 'round to reading a Bible
And I'm tryna lead them a worthy example
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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- fuck off

(GA)