

Separation

Bugzy Malone

I need you to picture this, I need you to picture this

Separation's mad, cos we don't even talk no more you don't even cross my mind

Really that's sad cos I was on the bedroom floor waiting for the PS3 pad

I remember the smell, you was trying to make man blaze

Them times I was way too young

Nobody could tell, but deep down I was just following you like you was the one

You remember the creps? 110s we used to call them, yours were the baddest on road

Them days were the best, free as a bird pedalling from postcode to postcode

Reaching speeds on a Mongoose Pro playing grime beats on a stolen phone

I remember the Samsung D500 with the little speaker on it was cold

20 man deep, bear different emcee names, everybody had bars

Do you remember the Toyota Corolla, bear different stolen cars

Even the dog's nickname was Bullet, because it was leaving holes in necks

And you got hench and had man feeling weak Samson with no dreads

We don't talk no more but that's fine

Please tell your mum I said hi

Them days are gone and they're never gonna come back

We're older now and that's life

No disrespect, back then you was on top and it felt like you was the guy

Separation's mad and time flies cos now you're institutionalised

I remember living crazy

I remember we were ride or die

Just one minute we were wavy

Now separation's got me living like

I remember living crazy

I remember we were ride or die

Just one minute we were wavy

Now separation's got me living like

It's mad how time can fly

Separation's mad cos we don't even chill no more

I don't even ring your line I was with you in the trap

I couldn't believe my eyes when I seen your hustle and grind

Back then you was wham, what are you about 6'2"

You made man feel so small

Back then the Nokia never stopped ringing it was like phone call after phone call

18 ounces in the holdall, to me it was full of dust

I would watch you cook until it turned into a golf ball

Then you'd break it up into little rocks and we'd hit the road until dawn

Still don't know how we never got caught

I thought we wore the balli to stay warm

But when I look back you was just on form

[?] that was the flex

Over the road for chicken and chips

And you had some of the waviest old school Nike jackets I'd ever seen in the bits

You kept elastic bands on your wrist

And you told me to keep stacks in thousands

I remember the night that we kept counting and we must have stopped at about 26

And the time that we dug up the ting and you wanted me to let it bang and it

jammed
When I look back, the ting was rusty and it probably could have blown off ma
n's hand
We don't talk much now and it's strange
I hope your mum's okay
Separations mad and it's all change
No disrespect but you're not the same

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