

# 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 man'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

I remember living crazy

I remember we were ride or die

Just one minute we were wavy

Now separation's got me living like

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I remember we were ride or die

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