

The Great British Dream

Bugzy Malone

Glory

Glory

It's really no joke, on the road, there's no joking
We peak as YG, so the code is for soldiers
When there's no color in your clothes, there's no boastin'
When there's no hope in tryna fix what's been broken
We start off as children, so our hearts are wide open
We end up in that newspaper mugshot, just posin'
That's not how man comes down, it's all in slow motion
Lost another real one to incarceration
We can't watch the news 'cause there's false information
Can't walk in these shoes, it's the undertone, implication
We built what they call reputation
Everything can take a left turn without any indication
From the block to the top, that takes patience
You can't leave the house 'til you've found motivation
I'd like to freestyle a profound explanation
It's only ever fallen angels that sit down next to Satan
I'm ready now to have a conversation
Trauma takes years to unravel, there's been many complications
I'm savvy now, I've been a couple places
When Nip spoke about a marathon, I had to win a couple races
I'm criminal, I bust a couple cases
Hurt a lot of people on the way and in my mind, I'll see their faces
I'm flyin' through the city in my spaceship
Looking back, it's like we only know where the estate is, aye

Anytime I felt low and on my own, I would tell 'em, "One day, I will succeed"
(Uh-huh, uh-huh)

Anytime that I was strugglin' for dough, I would tell 'em, "One day, I will make peace"
(Uh-huh, uh-huh)

Said times it would get dirty in my jail cell

I never stopped thinkin' I was gonna live big (Ah, yeah)

In my cell, I had my pen, I had my pad

And that's just where I started plannin' out The Greatest British Dream (Yeah)

Now I'm international, my world is gettin' spacious

They call it an estate when the land around the crib is couple acres

Fourteen years later and they bring a DNA test

They didn't wanna know me when I wasn't rich and famous

I'm pissed 'cause I probably could've saved it

But it's like I never got a chance to fulfill my obligation

I'm adding "Billie Jean" into my playlist

I can relate, she could never be the mother of my babies

He died and I couldn't verbalize it

The blood running through my veins is cold and I struggle to disguise it

I'm blind, sometimes I need remindin'

I forget, the sky is the limit, "Be inspired" is the mindset (Woo)

I made a promise that I was escapin'

When I saw my mother usin' cardboard boxes as a table

I can't lie, the feeling was amazing

To see her in the audience, I could've shed a tear on the stage, aye

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Basically, leave the trap behind, turn legit
Once you're finished, do you know what I'm sayin'?
Because I'm trying to put the rule across of like
I know Britain, I know the estates of Britain
I know the courtrooms Britain, I know the jail cells of Britain
This is where I'm from, this is where I'm raised
So here's how the fuck it's done
You get me?
Here's the great British dream