

# Been Runnin'

CASisDEAD

Yeah, some rap shit for you man  
Got my Ciroc, yeah got my True Religion jeans and a matching jacket  
And my Gucci scarf...  
(Haha fucking slags)  
Oh fuck that!

To keep all of my shit organised  
I gotta keep three lines  
Just to keep track of my felines  
They're on the rocks like sea lions  
And a score five for three lines  
If you like kuf, pree mine  
The way I mix up the dub  
I should be getting rewinds  
In T. gotta be streetwise  
Yeah it's drug deals and street crimes  
I could double up, three times  
Before they even turn on the street lights  
I'm on this ting so hard  
More time I don't sleep nights  
I just serve the soft and the hard  
So me and mumsy can eat nice  
I pick up for a cheap price  
Distribute for a neat price  
Move a brick, really quick  
Try and avoid the police lights  
They put my rock in their peace pipes  
I get them high like cheap flights  
Yeah, I serve the fiends right  
The white fucks their jaws up so they can't speak right  
Clientele from the Isle of Dogs  
All the way to the Isle of Wight  
Bought my whip with these rocks  
And that's why I love white  
Nah, I don't smoke it  
Might sniff it  
Seen what it does to a cat it's horrific  
Still, business is terrific

(I been runnin')  
From the Metropolitan police  
Cause they know that  
(I been runnin')  
Bare card scams and AC's for like a week  
(I been runnin')  
With the same wraps in my cheek  
But I think they've started to leak  
Cause I'm slurring words when I speak

I I I I'm slurring words when I speak  
(I'm slurring, I'm slurring)  
(I I I I'm slurring, I'm slurring)  
(I'm slurring, I'm slurring)  
I I I I'm slurring words when I speak  
I'm slurring words when I speak  
(I'm I'm I'm I'm)

Yeah I'm quite a skinny brer  
I ain't got a lot weight on me  
Crackhouse you might see me there  
Just know say I got a bit of weight on me  
And my food's so peng  
The cat's just sit there and wait for me  
Some man get jealous and  
Try and set their whole estate on me  
And now they want beef  
Gonna come to my house and put the weight on me  
The four pound, the tre' eight  
Say there's no need to debate on me  
I say it blatantly  
I don't care if certain man wanna hate on me  
I'm cool as long as the cats keep rating me  
And keep paying me  
My fiends won't think of playing me  
If I'm not paid in full it's a trip to the A&E  
And they know that, so they always make the P  
I'm head chef at the bakery  
Secret recipe, no contesting me  
Hot water, baking soda  
Cocaine's best accessories

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Oi Nutty, you're nutty for this one man!  
Nutty P  
Yeah, yeah, it's Cas  
Me again, always here  
Yeah  
Hey  
(Whatever the fuck he said)