

Cheese Slice

CASisDEAD

Yeah, I'm African
That's a fact but more than a fraction Anglo-Saxon
That's why I don't have dark black skin
But my hair has to have Dax in
About as loud as a klaxon
Bad attitude, London accent
Ride round in a Hyundai Accent
Yeah that's what I move the cracks in
No time for relaxin'
Procrastinating or slackin'
Gotta be on your toes like Jackson
Kind of clientele I'm attracting
I always say
"Turn your back on the cat, you get your head smacked in"
You just gotta be on a mad ting
Like, bang 'em if they start acting

Bit of a schemer
You can see it in my demeanor
It's the way I gotta be
So I lick more shots than Karim Benzema
I'm on the toilet doing a steamer
Fillin' bags with bits of that reema
Big sniff and I'm out
Toking like I don't fear emphysema
And I've got mad love for these crackheads
Cus yeah they bought me the Beamer
They help me see I needed the cream
Like skin with eczema
Without 'em, life would be about as fun as a fractured femur
I'd still be a dreamer
So viva la cocaína
Tryna get in the Medina
So I gotta make all the right decisions like Luigi Collina
I go hard, I don't take a breather
Yeah I'm in the Alpina
I've got the shiva, I've got sativa
You see me act like a diva
Hatin' cause you're an underachiever
You want work pick up your receiver
Dial my number, I'll come see ya
Have ya on the block, have ya working double shifts like a cleaner
Punching in the clock, tryna clock if the feds have seen ya
Slingin' the rocks, while I'm making sure you keep track of stock

Yeah I'll be your manager
You don't hit target, I'll damage ya
I'm not one to be lenient
Nah it's just not in my character
Cause reason ain't in my repertoire
I don't play the devil's advocate, I play the devil's Avatar
Leave your house looking like an abattoir
Trust me darg I ain't no amateur
This isn't no caricature
This is the real moi
Pisshead, drugs dealer
To this game I ain't no stranger

Through clear in present danger
My line is major
Still beatin' em, I'm like Best and Ranger
We get the Smack from Malaysia
So pure it'll fucking amaze ya
As soon as it hits the vein, you'll fall out the sky like the Blue Blazer

I like dark nights
Peddling brown and hard whites
Yeah I start fights
Start whips, start bikes
I get the food for half price
Profit margin ain't half-nice
I meet the big man on the block
But I circle the park twice
Wanna nick me but they can't quite
'Cause I always play my cards right
I'm on the grind like Tony Hawk
At the top of the half-pipe
Cat try fed me a half pipe I'm like, fuck off outta my sight
Pay or I'll fuck you up on sight. You want your get right, then get right
I'm giving you an insight into my life
Constant arguing with the wife
'Cause I keep cutting the leng with her bread knife
Seven cans of Red Stripe
Won't be stopping for a red light
Won't be stopping for the blue lights
But I will be back if the food's light
One away from three strikes
So I should be more streetwise
I've got fifteen years in the fridge
Sitting next to a cheese slice
Hundred grams to be precise
That should suffice
Help me on my way to them dizzy heights
Just hope they don't catch me bang to rights

(Slags)