

Livin Dat

CASisDEAD

Yeah
Jack
Oi, give us two of that, please, cause
FT
Yeah, CAS, CAS, Merky ACE, Merky ACE
What's going on?
Know what it is
Oi Jack, draw me

The life we portray, I'm living dat
Passively smoking shit and crack
In the front room of an overcrowded
Nitty's high rise council flat
Coca-Cola and lemonade
Qs wedged in my arse crack
In tissue, don't wanna arse-scratch
Straight from my arse and give it to the cat
Shit residue is still there
But they're dirty cunts, they don't care
Getting chased from shotting to a fed
Is the only thing that I fear
If I had a crack rock stuck in my arsehole
The nitties would smoke it out of my rear
Freedom's more important than presentation
You can get these type of years
But I'm still here, chilling with amm and haze
When I count a rack like I'm down with shit
By sipping on the cheapest beers
Telling me tales about them and peers
We set up shop and we gave them shares
We're using them for the house
And they're using us for the gear
But we get ours, and they get theirs, yeah
Trap OT cause the hotel's risky
Stay with the ram-a-jam when it gets sticky
Think like a big yout, move like a pickney
Still spent two bags like it's £2.50
Countless times boy dem could have shift me
But they couldn't find it; by my piss piece
Still hotter than fish grease
Wanna stick you before you could ever stick me

The drug game, we're killing that
Coke and dope, we're slinging that
Delivering that in ten minutes flat
Fast life, we're livin' that
Any links in the bits, we're hitting that
Even though manaman's sittin' back
Booming line, still billing that
Trap star life, we're living that
The drug game, we're killing that
Coke and dope, we're slinging that
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Trap star life, we're living that

I pull up at the lights with the rims glistening, turbo whistling
Guy in the 1.2 weren't listening
Left him missing
Dead chicks in the back, lipsing
New car 'bout to get its christening, this instant
And in this instance, I'm twisted
Feds about, but I still risk it
Stuffing envelopes like it's Christmas
Give me a list, I'm granting wishes
Ain't watching the snitches' whispers
My cats don't have whiskers
Got my dick in this skin and blister
Looks like a game of strip twister
Got what I wanted, then dissed her
Discarded like a ripped Rizla
And I'm back to touring these streets
Lumbar support on these seats
Stunt on a next ting in East
She's so gassed, she's tweeting her peeps
But it's a ringers, a quick lease
Ring on my finger, I'm fingering her ring piece
When I was broke she was a quick tease
Now I sell dope, this chick's grease
Lotus Elise, coke from Belize
Go to bed with dogs
You'll wake up with fleas
And that's why I don't fuck with most of these neeks
I'm in a coupe with Mason and Reece
Getting chased by police
ACE said he's got the wraps in his crease
Oi, fam, you're making man crease

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Trap star life, we're living that (oh)