

# P.A.S.O.U.

CASisDEAD

Yea

It's like I cast a spell on the bits of hard I sell  
Got cats running back so that's why my crack ain't hard to sell  
And it ain't hard to tell why they wanna throw my ass in jail  
Lock me in my cell on basic with no chance of bail  
No chance in hell  
See I'm too smart to fail  
I like to ride 'round with white cause  
You don't have to mask the smell  
I work by myself  
I never ask for help  
If I need a second opinion  
Well I just ask the scales

To get you fucked  
To get you lean  
To get you on that methylene deoxy meth amphetamine  
And that ketamine  
In the kitchen I'm mean  
Could get a Michelin star for my cuisine  
There's no escaping its plain to see  
Yeah your soul belongs to me  
As soon as you hit the B  
Uhh dirty fiend is what you'll be  
I got what you need  
Duh brown or white the coke or speed  
I guarantee uhh one sniff & your nose'll bleed  
I don't usually deal with weed  
But we got a crop in Surrey Quays  
In about a week we're gunna harvest like 30 keys  
Blueberry cheese  
So you know we ain't low on P's  
I guess my mummysy was wrong then  
Money does grow on trees

Fuck the police I got WPC's saying "fuck me please"  
Blowing up my line tryna buy a couple of E's  
Got their minds in custody but that's just customary  
I use the substances to get 'em trusting me  
Then their soul succumbs to me  
I got no sense of decency  
Yeah I sell these from E16 to Regent Street  
With persistent frequency  
And you know it ain't just recently  
The fiends won't leave me be  
Until their vis-à-vis with PCP  
I should keep a piece with me  
Cause nuff man want a piece of me  
The reason being I'm making cheese like Reese would be  
This game seasoned me  
But there's still so much I need to see  
So much that needs to be achieved to be where I need to be  
Head chef I'm Gordon Ramsay  
Hands full with pots & pans  
Make grands off grams yeah that's the plan see  
Buy my bird something fancy  
Got her dressed in the newest styles

Louis' from Bloomingdales  
Good thing I'm good on the stove  
I'm Heston Blumenthal  
Fuck that Nigella Lawson  
Serving up them big portions  
But I told you cunts before "My coke price is extortion!"  
Soon as I put out the word  
It's like a fucking auction  
Sold to the highest bidder

I got hard stuff & I got sniff  
Cut more keys than a locksmith  
From Hoxton up to Toxteth  
Lock stock I stock the lot  
From Tottenham where I got shift  
But them cases would not stick  
B2 took the heat for me too  
That's my nigga I ain't forgot shit

Get it in like David Silva  
Got bricks like Bob The Builder  
Trappin' for 4 days straight  
I'm on it like white on tilda  
Free parcel sealed up  
It keeps my glass all filled up  
A class, it keeps me pilled up  
Mad heads, I keep 'em pilled up  
Yeah that's right I keep 'em pilled up  
Yeah that's right I keep 'em pilled up  
Fuck off