

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 mummsy 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 pillled up
Mad heads, I keep 'em pillled up
Yeah that's right I keep 'em pillled up
Yeah that's right I keep 'em pillled up
Fuck off