

The Code

CASisDEAD

You know sometimes you just have those times (Yeah)
Perhaps in instances where you just need it (Uh)
Ain't nothing big (Uh)
Sometimes you just catch yourself thinking too much
And you want that little bit, to just...

This shit's blinding, fuck me I'm flying
Every time I see a mountain, I start climbing
Every time I go quiet, hope I'm retiring
Where you been hiding, skiving
Missed call from the wife, iPhone was on silent
Sorry I was balls deep in this screen siren
Had her flinching like she heard a siren
Liquor in a big cup made of polystyrene
Thinks he's sly acting like he's buying
Pussyhole tried it
Can smell him, he's trident
Got white stuff on me like I've been tiling
Got it from Thailand
I can remember I was barely surviving
Now man's striding
You couldn't write it
Go check a chick minutes after arriving
Had her writhing, smiling
I got the back end sliding, nigga I'm styling
AMG Styling
How can you afford that car in this climate?
Climate control, leather seat, I recline it
Heads up display so I don't red-line it
Fine piece of fanny and we out fine-dining
Ticket from the feds, they want points and they fining
Yeah it's fine, it's mine right but I weren't driving
Six litre lump love, that's the requirement
Engine's violent, fuck the environment
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Engine's violent, fuck the environment
Stopped at the dealer for a four-wheel alignment
Shot up to Brighton to drop that consignment
Chick off Insta, had to link this lightie
Thought she was leng but na it's all lighting
Yeah she was lying, all comes to light in the end...

Yeah, how much is that?
Said I'm in a M, she like 'How much is that? '
Pocketing the stacks, she like 'How much is that? '
But I'm looking at her back like 'How much is that? '
Got to her flat, yeah I might just have
Left, she was mad like 'Am I just that? '
On the Batphone, see where Badger's at
Lad, should've seen the bit man just had
With a coke dick but still managed to shag
I'll save that one for the bank

Uh, knocking one out with Crème de la Mer
Picturing jizzing in Ella Eyre's hair
So many faces, I don't know what to wear
No matter which one, they all stop and stare

Fabric mainroom, bang on the gear
Sweating and skanking like Fred Astaire
Gone? Yeah I'm lost, now I better light the flare
Two G on man, yeah like LaFlare
Black ting watching then I clock her rear
Preeing she creaming, chocolate eclair
War paint caked on, let me make it clear
All of that shit babe, I don't really care
Don't need a face full of slap to look beautiful
More makeup than a corpse at a funeral
Doing bugle in this toilet cubicle
Off this beautiful bitches cuticle
Friends say I'm lacking slack, I'm skatty
I ate with this slag out here in Stratty
Yeah I risked getting papped for that batty
I risked getting clapped for that batty
Playing with the snatch for an hour and a half
Fingers wrinkled like she'd been in the bath
Na I couldn't even laugh