

# T.R.O.N

CASisDEAD

We don't part The Red Sea but we walk through the hood without gettin', without gettin' shot, you know what I mean?  
We don't turn water to wine, but we turn motherfucking dope fiends & dope heads, into profitable citizens into society  
You know what I mean?  
We don't part the...

I'm still making them sales  
Tryna keep out of them cells  
Bare white dust on my scales  
Bare cling film on the shelves  
Told the Fed's they better free Dell  
Rhys, Joker aswell  
They locked the mandem in jail  
Bet they're proud of themselves  
I'm still raising hell  
Tryna make my pockets swell  
Cunts let me out on bail  
Even though I licked more shots at the Lane than Bale  
These ain't no tall tales  
Down to the last detail  
I pick it up at wholesale  
I lick it out at retail  
Never know I cook that crack so well  
Cook better than your girl  
Spent a ton on her nails  
I got about that under my nails  
You can tell its peng by the way it smells  
Sweeter than caramel  
Chopping them down like a force 9 gale  
Or like James DeGale  
Same colour as Cravendale  
Gets me that Wensleydale  
I move my money around  
I never let my bread go stale  
Straight to your door like Royal Mail  
Rain, sleet or hail  
Its nothing like you've heard or seen  
You know what I mean?

Bloody hell it's been a while init?  
What's it like 5 years?  
I'm an old man now  
Nah I'm just gettin' started geez I'm back

I'm still making this dough  
I'm still making it snow  
I'm on the grind bare hard  
Forget taking it slow  
Get cake cause I'm great with this blow  
I reap more than I sow  
Man say life is a bitch  
Well I'm raping this ho  
I'm high cause I'm smoking this Dro  
No I ain't joking it's choke  
No see I got the potentest po  
260 an O

Wanna key? Link me come & let's go  
I serve it al fresco  
In that vacuum pack  
It look like a bag of Pesto  
Best know I get rid of bare Ye  
Fed's know but like what could they say  
Sell food 24 hours a day, like Tesco  
Gettin' it in from the get-go  
Tryna get it like Gordon Gekko  
That's why I get the money up front, like Edin Džeko  
I'm so-I'm so art deco'  
I'm that necro' negro  
Flow so cold when I let go, adagio or allegro  
Hear my life as an echo, over Grime & Electro  
It's nothing like you've heard or seen  
You know what I mean?

Oi Cy you're crazy for this one man  
Yo Big M's I see you mate, where's the album?  
Hey Mason what's the deal?  
What's going on?