

Slow down with the greatness gotta take time
Poles out on a bait ting on a date night
They try imitate mine that's a hate crime
Bro's in the can throwing hands, that's a cage fight
Big crib and the gates high, got the canine
ZK knife, sit right on the waistline
Heard through the grapevine, it don't make wine
They hope and they pray I don't stay high

I changed when I got famous, I'll explain it
My fam hating, they say that I got favourites
Paid, but I got payments upon payments
I'm in pain but I'm not blaming, I'm just saying
And my bro's blood thirsty he's got cravings
If he lean out the window he's not aiming
Remember hearing the door knock and it's bailiffs
Now it's acres, I ain't even got neighbours

40,000 square feet off of this pain
Look at me I got heart acres
You don't know what heartache is
I can't ask no one for a teaspoon of sugar
It's tough, got no neighbours
My uncles had no papers
We sold sweets in school
Made sense that the mandem grew up and sold flavours
Wanted a million so much
Went to the perfume store bought Paco Rabanne
TSG had me in the back of the van and prang
Wanna book a flight, Japan
I'm on a private jet and the pilots telling me jokes
Selling me land

I'm driving on a ban
True say I got disqualifications
Asking God, why bless me? I'm a sinner
Why bless me when I've sinned?
I don't care if the next man lose
I just wanna see us man win
Business class is free
So my mum takes every snack and every drink
For the times that we struggled and we never had
I get on my-, I'm tellin 'em

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You know that you're rich when you get a new crib
But it don't have a number, shit's got a name
My white ting said she only listens to house
But she listen to rap if it's Cench or Dave
25 and I'm sitting on 25m
Mummy ain't gotta stress now the rent get paid
And they wonder why they ain't getting blessed same way
'Cause they ain't on taking the risk that we-

Practice makes perfect
And I'm scratching the surface, expanding
I was sofa surfing, no mattress
And I slept in the trap, smelt like cat piss
Now I'm with a Scarlett Johansen
A-List actress said I'm so handsome
When I wanted a fit I would go Camden
Now it's Rodeo Drive, let's go Lanvin
Nobody else from London's gone Hollywood
Just Cee or the boy Damson
20 bags for the sofa and one lamp
And I got marble floors, I ain't got damp anymore
Tom Ford fragrance well pampered
And my passport full so they can't stamp it
In Dubai and I'm staying in Atlantis
I ain't snapped it once 'cause I'm not gassed

I'm front row at the fashion show
Trynasee which model that I wanna fuck next
She watching her weight 'cause she doing campaigns
Tell her ride this dick, she ain't done enough steps
I see those guys, from the other side
On a keto diet 'cause they don't get bread
Money don't buy happiness 'cause I'm upset
The more money that you get make you give a fuck less