

Strikes in the mix
Ghosty
I-I-I Love Chris Rich

Gyal wanna come round 'ere
And them boy round dere too bummy
And we get money
Dem man broke, that's a joke
It's not even funny
Can't answer the phone
I'm with my side ting, now my main ting worried
Jeet and skeet, I'ma call right back
I just seen your missed call, I'm sorry
Put my mum through too much drama
Maybe I shoulda went colly
Too much time in the trap
But now, when I shop, I fill that trolley
On the field, I do it like Costa
Get that assist, I hit that volley
I'm the reason the party tu'nt
I was the one giving out Molly

All this label talk is draining
Got A&Rs acting friendly
Trynna get me to sign these papers
Man said 21 wiva mill
I need the same deal as Aitch's
What the fuck do you mean 'bout "twenty bags"?
I spent that shit on trainers
What the fuck do you mean 'bout "a hundred bags"?
Huh? Take your pen back
Why you talking shit?
I'm not dissing DBE blud, I'm rating dem man
I'm just not really rating the following ting
Going on right now, I'm a leader
Can't lie, it's 'bout time that they took me in
Spend 'bout 5 years in the T house
But, the hard work pays off
Na, I can't take days off
Lotta man got things to say
Remember, the talk don't cost
I got what the rappers got
I don't even rap a lot
Too clean, I'm immaculate
You wouldn't think I'm in the trap a lot
Fulls deep in a bitch, I'm all in
No bowling, free yard, who's rolling?
Who's that wida back, wait, hold on
Mandem way in the back just scoping
She's liking my recent posts
Send that post-code, I'm roasting
All I do is make money, I'm boring
South parked up, now I'm just postponing

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I'm the reason the party lit
Trynna squeeze four tings in the whip at Lib
She bad, gonna shake that back for the vid
Bad bitch gonna make that trip for the kid
Cute one in the hood like Rich
Boujee one in SW6
See the camera flash, no wait
Cover my face, I don't wanna be in your pic
Didn't show that hoe no love
Now she wanna set me up
All 'cause I fucked and ducked, didn't call her back
Now she wanna see man get touched
The life I live's all nuts
Think I'm mad, you should meet my pups
Ain't been with the gang as much
One up in the cut with the grub, no fuss

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(I'm the reason the party lit
Trynna squeeze four tings in the whip at Lib)
I-I-I Love Chris Rich
Ghosty