

100mph Freestyle X3

Clavish

Yo

I love my life, but I hate it at the same time
I lost my close friend, and I'm hurtin' 'cause it's not fair
If I was still shottin' where you shot, you couldn't shot there
Said she can't stand me, someone tell her cop chairs

And how much Dior runners I got that I do not wear
Colombia's down for the thirty, and he's not scared
His wrist works, been through more whips than Top Gear
A real one's hard to find, a bad bitch is not rare

You ain't hit your opp block, but you been hittin' your girl
My P-U-B's a quarter mill in the mail
I'll make it further than you, why? 'Cah I'm willin' to fail
Even if that means sittin' in jail

Oh well, I bought a car for my little sis', a Dinger for the gang
We cut ties with niggas that sing, but it's different where you hang
Went from Corsas to Corse, but it's different in the Lamb'
I try chest shot, he blocked it, so I chinged him in his hand

No, I don't see eye to eye with them silly little tramps
I'll probably still put my blacks on with a milli' in the bank
With a milli' on my wrist, and a million in cash
I'll sleep better when I hear ... turned into some ash

My manager says I'm stupid for still rollin' with a scam
I hate explainin' myself and I don't think he'll understand
... got the same day that he was trollin' on the 'Gram
Your violations get slept on, cah you're no one in your camp

I'm top two, and it's been that, lil' bro can't fight to save his life
But with his knife, they might give you a shit bag
Might give you a bad day or give your mum bad news
My hoodie cost a bag three, my runners cost a bag two

Pussy just chat static
Fuckin' on his BM, got her breathin' like she asthmatic
Leave him with a face scar, so you can see my shank damage
He ain't worth turnin' cabbage
I can make the yola vanish, bring it back, crack magic

Four pipe, my whip fartin', can't bring Dimma Hatton Garden
Last time we did, he try pop a chain disregardin'
Niggas tryna sign out early, but I'm in regardless
'Cause if I slip one time, that could be the darkest moment

Paid fifty for my watch, I'll pay more for his head back
All my hoes holdin' grudges, 'cause I ain't givin' head back
The same day you buy it, same day you gotta test that
I ain't lookin' after yours, cah I ain't tryna be a stepdad

Been a shiesty yout way before I ever had sex, ahk
If I give you back half, then I beg you just respect that
Beg you don't call my phone like Ciian, can't get the rest back
Before major comebacks, there's always minor setbacks

If you don't grind, I'll assume nothin's what you wanna be
Hoes see me on the menu, and say "Course, that's what I wanna eat
'Course that's what I wanna beat," for me, she's a proper freak
Give me jaw and ride my dick properly

Apart from waps, I'm tryna invest into some property
And stay away from guys that think life's a game, Monopoly
One-hundred racks in jewels, you're basically the lottery
To bring my niggas on tour, they don't know what it's costin' me

Tell my AR, "Bring the woosh"
Them Rick Owen boots, the quickest way for her to shush
I already got the puss', a little pull, a little push
He started runnin' off, he only saw my bally and my hood

I got so much of it, my cousins think I've got a pattern with Celine
And that I'm lyin', when I say that I do no get it for free
You would think my watch is in jail, my AP's on the freeze
You would think her legs don't work, she's always on her knees

You would think I had no friends, I was always with the fiends
Ten, fifty, then a hundred racks, was always in my dreams
Minimum a flick knife, that was always in my jeans
My niggas not no pedophile, but he's always around a teen, seven

Out here with nothin', then you probably wanna see Heaven
Carry on, gwaan, like you don't need weapon
If Jo ever got caught, for the time, he done three cheffings
By the time he came home, it would've been P-7

HMP's the only time I'm watchin' Keith Lem
Won't see me on WhatRappersWore in all black with cheap leathers
Really I should be in Paris, skinny fit, clean steppers
Number plates already hot, and plus we've got like three peppers

I don't wanna be in jail, phone sex, read letters
Loopz always got his gun on him, he don't need wetters
But what I need is a girl that loves me for me
Not for my VVs, or the fact that I've got silly Ps

Hit her like twice, but she is not my lover, Billie Jean
Tryna tell my youngin' that I love to stop sippin' lean
Negative to positive, that's how I made my mummy proud
Then back to negative, when they try to come outside my mummy's house

I put mummy on a flight, used to take out mummy's knife
I'm a G.O.A.T. in the 6, I put that on my mummy's life
I could never be a bum, I would've wasted mummy's time
When she carried me for nine months, she deserves a lick back

Rollie on my nigga's wrist, didn't pay for it, he licked that
Didn't pray for it, just told a pussy boy to unclip that
Nina try introduce me to some hoes in his mansion
But little did he know, CLA already hit that

Got more motion than your whole gang
Murder on my mind, I probably get that from my old man
'Course you can hold dick, but I ain't tryna hold hands
The way I fill her up, you would think she had a low tank

And no, I won't rap about no murders that I weren't involved in
They do it all the time, to me that's some joke ting

Me and Crash me the hood hot, cah we done a pokin'
Left his top red and white, like the flag of Poland

If YB was still alive, he'd need F1 plus a whole rex
I know he's up in Heaven, probably tryna make the coke stretch
Free my jail niggas, doin' pull ups, gettin' no sex
And free my opps, the with no canteen and no creps

A few used to diss me when I was bruck
But I'ma drop eighty on a chain to show I've leveled up
I see bro push it so deep, he got his metal stuck
The things I've got are never luck, me and her did never fuck

Yo, my next purchase gotta be a sheen with a whistle
I bet you these bullets don't tickle
If I weren't trappin, I was robbin', like Thickle
My point threes, like they could've been Skittles

I'm pullin' strings, could've done my ting with a guitar
Cheffed a boy in his back, and turned my block to Qatar
I'm in a Dawn with my day one, wishin' on a star
And a scorps, big racks, I used to re-up on a half

Confused why I never see you when it's time to ride
But always when it's time to hide
Never tell the truth, but always hear you when it's time to lie
Life's changed, I phone up my niggas like "it's time to fly"

I tell my label I'm a dripper, I don't need a stylist
Would've made her bae, but she's been runnin' up her mileage
Same way I run it up in Knightsbridge
Can't forget when I was runnin' on the night shift
Demons on my block, might leave their flicky where your eyes is
And run if you see them demons on a motorcycle with a hi-vis
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