

100mph Freestyle

Clavish

In the trap with bro
Next time we're gonna need 2 scales, 100
Used to wrap phones with oats, that a pink note each, if it went for a hundred
Every claims they're real, but couldn't keep it 50 - let alone 100
On the way to O, with bro on the 'Motes', 5th gear, nothing less an a hundred...
Miles per hour, tryna do a pagan, but mostly numbers
Cah beef cost P, steak cost bread and my creps cost like half a onion
If you're talkin 'bout rapping flows, I got way more than like half a dozen
So if I blow, then broski's good, cah when we was broke, we went halves on n
uhhin'
If I don't then its lines like Adidas, no ticks I ain't sponsored by Nike ye
t
2 skengs in a bruck-down Vauxhall, sidestep, who gives a fuck about biceps?
2 z's in my pocket, flash like lightning, that if I hear them sirens...
Hit the trap, cah my stack was minus, ring ring that was perfect timing
Big Bro said I should put rapping first, but I feel like the trap's importan
t
In the studio, tryna write something dope, but I can't cause the trap keeps
callin
Tryna move these O's, and stack this pro, trap wants me to put my all in
Suhhin keeps telling me sales and shots, but I can't cause the trap keeps ta
lkin
Now, everyone who rates my ting's upset, cause they're saying in rap I'm sta
llin'
But it ain't even me, who's phonin the fiends, they need my attention always
It ain't even dat, I'm just down for da cash, and lickin out food, that's go
urmet
I just move correct, when I'm rolling 'round, cause the last thing I need is
a court case

Ain't gotta ask what time I'm on, they already know the pattern
Ain't gotta ask if the Bobby's boomin, they already know its banging
Ain't gotta talk, give me gloves and a mask, I ain't even with the chatting
And you ain't gotta ask, my bro's on exactly the same, no capping
They all say I gotta take music, really, if I'm not then I'm talking the pis
s
Meanwhile, I'll just be taking a trip, 2 O's in my pocket, taking a risk
I got a sample for bro, this ain't for da gram, but he's taking a pic
Remember when bro used to take him a flick, nowadays we'll just take him a s
tick
Bando setting, you can't hear a needle drop, dats if anyone knocks
Me, I don't work for anyone's boss, set up shop on anyone's block
If bro ain't driving, then he's equipped, he's pressing on anyone's top x2
Gang just put the main one on mute, now it come like everyone's lost
Music vids, they got like 100 guys, when we slide, where's everyone gone?
Clearly not everyone's on...
Clearly everyone's bov
I just stay in my own lane, me I don't watch and follow what everyone's does
...

Used to be broke, till I got me a phone and a Lyca sim
I trap just to stack, but I'm not gonna act like I don't want the finer thin
gs
D Squared that a minor drip, Giuseppe's but I don't even like them kicks
Gloves on cah the vehicle's stolen, good luck tryna find our prints

And since all this Youtube shit, every car that I'm in, all gotta have tints
Buss down a pack, gloves all look like a Selfridges bag, all yellow n shit
Stream my tracks, so when I get stopped by the Jakes in traff, I can say I'm
legit
Cee Lo, when I'm rollin with riff, Jay wants a tick, telling me that he's si
ck...
And way before grub and didgies, I already knew we was gonna have papers
Way before dotties and dingers, I already knew we was gonna have pagans
Way before I was rapping, I already knew I was gonna have haters
Used to rap to myself in the mirror, but me I never knew that I coulda been
famous
Me n bro just flipped some grams, while u was live on instagram
Live corn is dat, in fact you ain't gotta sunbathe just to get this tan
Still roll with niggas that jack, if they do, its a wrap, can't get this bac
k
Last month took a capital L, told myself - cool, gotta make this back
Nothing but facts when I rap, got if it weren't then gang would stop me like
... you can't say that in a track
New name when I step in da bando, real one - you can't say that in da trap
I can't even eat my food in peace, lines blown off all when I'm in vaps
Vapiano's but forget that, just a minute ago I was vibing, now I'm with the
gang, all dressed in black
My nigga Joe, got too much sauce, Off-White or Gucci, he dressed in that
Any problem, we're addressing that, not verbally tho, rather let shit slap
Dead ting, tryna act all Boujee, I don't why, when she looks like chaps