

10th Floor

Clavish

I hit the stage, and the worst that can happen is I get booed (Booed)
But that's better than my crib, getting boomed (Boomed)
Armed jakes with their guns out, telling me and mommy not to move
Used to turn one into two
A thousand used to be my reup, spent a thousand on some shoes
Hide my face and leave my phone at home, ain't tryna leave no clues (Clues)
I'm from the jungle, not a zoo
Yo my block's pissy, I used to be pissed poor when I never had a traphouse

Used to bag it on the fifth floor, the sixth floor
The seventh floor, the eighth floor, the ninth floor, the tenth floor
Mom told me watch my friends but mommy what are friends for
In the streets you pick a side, why you sittin' on the fence for?
Told them niggas don't slip like a wet floor

My chain's always untucked, my rambo's always unclicked
My chain costs more than one brick, my knife got more than one prick
I got way more than one stick, I'm too lit for just one bitch
Mommy thinks her son's rich, your drillers, they ain't done shit
My youngin' got, murder on his mind or attempt
That MAC at Chloe's house was never ever mine
Just used to rent it, I'm renting
If the phone does two a day, I'll give her 10 bits but don't ask me for no more
Unless I'm whipping and I stretched a cat overdosed
But I don't know if I'm meant to say sorry
I ain't killed no one before
But my bobby caught a body
G17 on me, person next to me got the shotty
My wrist always raining, my watch should have came with a brolly

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More time when I'm rapping I just paint pictures
More time they just capping, they just shape shifters
Full time I was trapping, check the rain pissing
Check the snow, I scrape the bowls like cake mixers
Rap star, fans stop me now and take pictures
I used to hand them out
I'm fat white with four eyes I'm used to standing out
I got mashes for your pockets, ones with clips hanging out
They know Potter from the jail house, I've been banging out
Ask whisper how I cut him to his bones
He ain't ever slap shit, well probably his spouse
I'm 36 and oh, I never need no one to vouch
I got 10/10 chocolate, have them on the couch slouching
I used to run the hotline, I ain't on the phone mouthing
I make your cats set up your workers and we're turning up at houses
And he who laughs last, laughs loudest
Now they're paying euros, that's at least three hundred thousand
Any time I hear a tap run I get nostalgia
Cah I used to mix it like, Tiffany Calver
Tenth floor, ninth floor, eighth floor, pissed on the seventh floor

Sixth floor, fifth floor, where I keep my powder
I turn the cat's house, to the Dorchester
I had three phones ringing like an orchestra
I had the bando packed like the morning bus
I blew mum and them a [-] kiss and left the court in cuffs