

# Backseat Of The Rolls

Clavish

I was pissed off when I wrote this so this flow ain't for the kids  
Neither is it for the chicks, don't condone the things I did  
Before my music took a lift, don't look at me as no role model  
Put music bread towards things they use to try and take your soul from you  
Sent her to Pilates, came back looking like some Coke bottle  
Spin your block, can't see you, spin your mummy's house with no morals  
The type of shit we used to be on, I'm still with it if that's the case  
I'm big on being honest, stories I tell don't get fabricated  
Rumours I don't look after my ones willing to step  
But if you ask, I've done the most for them, they'll tell you yes  
Rumours that I got finessed which is true  
But it was nowhere near no forty grand  
So I just took that weird shit on my chest  
Apologise to all my fans on all the light I never shed  
It wasn't me that cancelled my tour, that got cancelled by the feds  
Tryna make some positive moves, still can't seem to get a rest  
Unless they're dressing up in black, I'm not impressed, you know the vibes  
I'm on the phone to slime, he's whipping all this work at one time  
I'm pretty sure M made four Patek Philippe's off one line  
This shawty said she'll hold me down and have my back, I know she's lying  
Not just a rapper, go ask niggas I got beef with if I'm like that  
Whilst you're at it, go ask niggas that don't like me the reason why  
Certain rappers rapping violence when all they ever did was drive  
I put pagans on my Mindy like I ain't got no virgin knife  
No knives in sight when AR gets the drop, he's turning up with pipes  
Sold that tool on for two tools to keep it cool, that's not my nine  
Gang unit, I'm just making music, I ain't raising up no crime  
Drop you turners if you're sliding, don't be wasting up my bine  
Shooting whips up don't make sense, we ain't got mix-up with their rides  
You talk about 'em in your songs but you ain't walking down your wagans  
I still buy straps with wooden handles, tote bags for my lady  
Double C's for my runners, fourteen bills to tie my laces  
Paid her bills for the month, I'm not a fan of talking stages  
My nitty called me by my stage name, I nearly fainted  
Nearly lost my balance  
I can't be mad if my squeezers say they lost my hammers  
I don't give a fuck who you heard's active  
If you're talking spinning blocks then mention me  
I done all the important stabbings  
Keko used to say, "Don't serve your neighbours 'cause that's bait"  
He'd probably serve his neighbour too if he scored two bills every day  
I heard Michael passed away, now I'm on the edge  
Getting nervous, hoping that he died from natural causes, not my beige  
Phone sex when I was locked in jail but the most she done was eat me up  
Having music money, being from the hood don't make it easier  
I'm spoiling hoes I fuck on like I think that makes them freakier  
After, they go post up what I bought on social media  
May asked me what I think 'bout this new artist on the scene  
I think he's cold but TBH I think he's tryna be like me  
If you heard I don't give my niggas money on the threes  
You better hear how much I give them when they're free, fuck you mean?  
My niggas worried 'bout me lately cah the Sprite I pour ain't clean  
I told A, "I need my fizzy back, the Trey Deuce you can keep"  
I'm surprised they ain't got me up on no CCTV  
G-O-D's the reason you ain't on BBC, pronounced D-E-A-D  
I get cancelled 'cause I fuck on girls then wanna fuck their bredrins  
And their bredrins know I fucked their friends but somehow they still let me

Free L, he's not a stig, he'll shoot your strip up on a leccy  
Before I ever wore denim tears, put tears in niggas' denim  
I got a lot of straps from A to B courtesy of Indie  
I press girls in hotel suites and leave them there, they're not my linky  
Pass on my wap, can't have my glizzy bulging my Amiri's  
I'm like Peter Parker looking for my Mary  
We all bleed the same blood  
Gotta let the olders know that they don't scare me  
Especially the ones that never did anything for me  
I got hoes I don't converse with, only call them when I'm horny  
So they've got a valid reason if they reckon that I'm boring  
Backseat of the Rolls, allegations that he told  
So a song featuring me and him? No  
Got niggas locked in prison tryna get their cases thrown  
And niggas that got thrown some numbers  
Wishing they could just go home  
I tried stab him out his clothes, I didn't realise there was witnesses  
Don't make that girl your queen, that's just a stranger that I mingle with  
Dropped my little cousin a glee, said he wants a switch on it  
PP on my wrist 'cause I'm on bigger things