

Eating off a blue plate
Thinking about Nobu, Novi, Haka
Niggas had me feeling mashup
That's another pending mazza
Tell the label, I'm a real nigga
Doing what I'm rapping, and if niggas say I'm not
Boy, I promise you they're wassin'
I ain't stressing 'bout no girl holding it down
When I touch road, I'ma be rolling around
I got so much beef, I can't be a vegetarian
Explaining to the Catch 22, I ain't scared of them
Explaining to probation, when I'm home, I'm patterned
Got like five labels tryna get me on the wagon
You're not down when it's crunch time, you're known to panic
Don't call him crash, 'cause he crashes cars, he's known to crash it
I got school friends that became, enemies
Enemies tryna be friends with me
Keep an eye on your bitch she's way too friendly
Friends come and go
Hoes do the same, so I cum, then I go
I might PJ or VVS my wrist when I'm home
I'm like Wee-Bey, I would never snitch on my bros
Eating off a blue plate, eating out a blue bowl
Thinking 'bout a new shape, and how I'm gonna do road
And how I'm gonna run inside, Harrods for some new clothes
People runnin' up, to me, telling me my tune's cold
Told mummy I'm a rapper now, I ain't got two phones
First day out, hope I don't nut within, two strokes
I got drip for days, fuck it I got drippy ways
I can give you drip but then you gotta go E&A, I mean A&E
I can get you bored up, for the wrong comment
Careful what you say to me
Bought Dior's but wore them once, they might not get a second wearing
I been hittin' stains since secondary
Ever put your faith in a crackhead? Watch him whip it, scary
My cellmate loves cooking so I whip it barely
I'm on my ones but they put me on the threes
G-wing, gov' saying no exercise for me
They think I'll get into beef, but I'm waiting till I'm free
Then I'll slide up on the three, with the fours, quick maths I score points
Anytime I pop a door, big facts, I got a joint
In my DM's, small tits, big back
If I take without paying, I ain't doing give backs
I'm like, Jadon Sancho on the wing, but I'm soon back
I'm in a Volkswagen Polo with two straps
Just me, myself, and I
I heard niggas started snitching but I'm not surprised
I might, cop a TT just to bust the lights
And keep my eyes, peeled
'Cah there's jakes on the strip
I rap street shit but now I'm, basically lidge
I'm basically lit
No I don't sell drugs, baby girl I buy food, then I make me a drink
Its a smoothie, she loves running her mouth, in her runners
She a cutie
9 out of 10 on a bad day, normal
She wants all my unreleased songs on her phone, like say

I ain't about to drop Rap Game, Awful, eatin' off a blue plate
Dropped couple niggas out 'cah we we weren't on the same page, or even in the same book
Fuck a new batch, I'm on a glizzy with the same crooks
Them niggas rep the 16 wrong, that's why we don't get along
I just wanna land road, coming home to pull strings without playing the banjo
And I made, six figures clean without the bando
Now the trap's, jealous of my lyrics, 'cause that's how I did it
Two rambos in Nandos
That's how I'm living, and I wish I was kidding
But I'm not, I swear it feels like there's 48 hours in a day, in the jailhouse
So I stopped, looking at the clock, but I'm
Eatin' off a blue plate
Thinking 'bout a top taste
Used to be a class clown, never had no top grades
You can get a shot face, just for tryna watch face
Now you got a face shot, now you can't FaceTime
Could've been in jail for a couple cheffings in the day time
Eatin' off a blue plate
Could've been an eight, nine
You're always tryna rush shit
Learn how to take time
Stick before the Day-Date, just incase they wanna take mine
Still got Kim and Ray J
Re-up don't relax
Tryna put your woman crush, Wednesday on her knee-caps
I don't need feedback
10 for a 16 but, I used to run 'round town with a G pack
Eatin' off a blue plate
The jail ting's meady
Fans on the landing, the rap scene need me
I was banged up like, "Shit, they need to free me"
More money than, any Stokey yute, so I'm cheeky

Ay, yo, believe what I'm saying
I was in jail with niggas that got, tsk, more than eight, nine
And telling me, "Gang, go rap, wok house ting tired"
Do you understand?
And this was like a year ago, you feel me?
And it's crazy 'cah man weren't tryna rap
Man weren't tryna be a rapper, you feel me?
Took man time to peak
Like yo, this ting can actually change your life, you feel me?
So that being said, next year, 2022 man's rapping, rapping, rapping
You understand? For real
But, naturally, separately, free all the guys doing blue plate
Hella names
You know what time it is
You know who's lying too much and we know who's trying hard
You feel me?
Gang, 2022