

# Blue Plate

Clavish

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