

Food For Thought

Clavish

Yo

CLA ain't really a fan of doing interviews
So his intro for his tapes is always somethin' you should listen to
Niggas always pick and choose
Depending on whether or not they think you're willing to
Don't confuse my career, if it's like that then I'm spinning
No one tells me when to spin it
No one tells me when to test it, no one tells me when to ring it
No one told me on the roads you'll lose people that you love, or look at people funny that once upon a time you used to trust
I miss scraping up the dust, I got trust issues
Before all this fake love and fame, it was drug misuse
You might have to press nine three times if these slugs hit you
You might have to replace your Rolex if my little thugs lick you
Still got love for Flacko even though that relationship's at its rockiest
Mask up and let it ring, no caller ID, I'm anonymous
Niggas say I've changed and I'm no longer the same, I'm on my block every day, so how the fuck could I be Hollywood?
I spend most of my days
Tryna figure out who loves me for me or for the fame
It's been fucking with my brain
A therapist can't help me 'cause I doubt that therapist knows how it feels when you feel like everyone's tryna be with you for the gains
Yo, I hate being a star
Center of attention, can't go nowhere without everyone knowing who you are
I ain't tryna seek advice
But since everyone knows everything, where do you go when you're famous and you want some peace of mind?
I still maneuver with a knife
I'm known for concealing so stoppin' for police isn't wise
Doing people wrong that only done you right isn't nice
They say, "Two wrongs don't make a right"
Whoever came up with that saying gotta do some explaining
Got bored of spinning blocks and spun yards like the bailiffs
The worst thing you could do is run back into the yard 'cause now we know for sure, that's the yard that he stays in
Dimma's home in a sec, he's always in and out
Inside, always giving her majesty his time, of course, I wanna see him strive
But I know just what he's like, as soon as he's home
He's probably gonna ask me for a dinger, and a pipe
Or a bike and a spinner, a weapon and some transport, for my little nigga
Posted Destiny up on her b-day, and got blocked by bare silly hoes
But the jokes on all you silly hoes, 'cause that's like my little sister
This one girl, I used to consider her feelings all the time
Had a thing for me before I had money in my life
Always thought of her when I had thought about, what female I plan on making mine
She was entitled to my time, that I never had time to give, not many prettier
I'm being biased, 'cuz the color green were her eyes
Everyone knows the line not to cross
I was slight hurt when I found out she's a big hoe
And she fucked one of the guys
I don't see the point on getting with the girl, that I like
I'm a rapper touring all the time and I'm still ain't in my prime

But I would be a fool to let this one slip out my life
That's another dilemma, complicated life of mine
A lot of hoes, they been tryin' put the wool over my eyes
But I already know how many rappers been inside
Is that the one you took to dinner? You don't need to stress about
If I fucked her, yeah I did, but I ain't seen her since the villa
If she's fucked me and Kirky, that don't make her a hoe
But if she fucked anyone else in my gang, then she's cold
See what I'm saying bout these hoes, T wants May to take her serious
But May already knows the whole gang been in her throat
I've done more than a lot, still putting corn on the cob
He might catch corn in his top, bro put corn in his box
Street shit can't be erased, don't know when it's gonna stop
I shut down Wireless, then went straight back to my block
Don't slip like Marcus whilst you're hitting your morning shots
He was working then got shot, now he's got the morning off
If I told you how much money I spent on Louis Vuitton
This year alone, I guarantee your jaw will drop
I realised that a lot of man are bitch made
G Wagon always tryna give me hugs around corners, but never when I switch lanes
Apologies to Fred, that's my guy, but I ain't slippin' when I'm signing CDs
We brought guns inside Kick Game
I don't think you've ever brought guns in Harvey Nichols
Big drip when I open up my wardrobe, I don't drip little
Of course there's a strap, if I'm in my hood shooting visuals
I don't think my A&Rs ever seen a burner, still in his teens
Could probably buy two .9s if I sold all my Amiri jeans
Could probably buy some autos if I never spent on Celine
Could probably buy a Dweller, if I never gave the guys I love cheddar
When they finally get released from HMP
Won't consider me puttin' my morals up for sale
Some of my trust issues come from fucking other people's girl
Why you cheating with a piece of shit like me
When you always post your boyfriend on baecations traveling the world?
I got a separate roster of candidates
All they want is bracelets and dinners with the candles lit
It's not about the toy, it's how you hold it, how you angle it
Taught T how to load up his first gun and now he's got the hang of it
And it's true what they say when they say, "Money can't buy happiness"
Since bro died, I've had money but, I ain't been happy since
Since these big checks, life's been more of a lesson
But in school they never told me how to cope with depression
All I wanted was a zino of each and a Smith & Wesson
And for someone to show me how to whip rice, Declan
Little ones, they got ZKs, the same size of seven
For their b-day, I can buy some zombie killers for their present
Pricks always talking like they know about the shit that they're discussin'
I was happy when I came home, saw my nigga with a Presi'
I don't know how to convince him to do with it
I had nothing, but my friends are just sheisty and at the time, they wanted money
My other friend burnt my bridge, he thinks the guys in me are dodge
When honestly I'm not, and if I ever went low, no cap
He would be the last person I would rob
Like from young, we weren't tight, I was bottoms, you were tops
Me and Hoosh got the same in common, we both sold rocks
But mine came from a pot, the cocaine was soft, the cocaine was dirty
Put it in the 'Rex, gave it a wash
Feds done a sweep, wanna see my whole block in the dock
Mommy knows I roll with mine, she ain't asking me why
'Cah she knows there's a war outside
You ain't mashing work or getting money, tell me why you're outside

I don't lease smoke, I buy all my guns outright, I feel like it's about time
Pricks give me my flowers, anytime I get violated
Someone sees blood within the hours
Got my cutter in the showers, couple times niggas ran off from me
Without any weapons, safe to say that they were cowards
Come a long way from my mommy's crib getting raids
Got my paigons all up in their feelings 'cause I'm getting paid
Never been a fool, I bought multiple guns before I thought 'bout buying chains
I ain't talking bout a rack, my youngin's tryna get a K
Sometimes when I get lost in my thoughts, I feel like NB
Dropping out was partially my fault
Like if I took rap for real, that's what he was tryna push
We could have been on tour instead of him being at some shitty house party in the hood
Hurts my heart to check the books, I don't recognize my looks
May said I've got bipolar, but if I do, then that's good
'Cause if I stay in this mood all day, I reckon someone's getting (Tsh), yo
Nana was like my mom, so when she died, that hit me hard
Always used to tell me watch my friends and stop selling hard
Said there's other ways to make Ps, like buying, selling cars
I betught a Ford, made a rack 10 times and sold it fast
If my music takes a trip, phone Big K for some bricks
I can get that shit on tick, as long as I can make them dip
And my label's gonna hate this, but I don't care bout no bricks
I appreciate it more, the street niggas play my street shit in their whip
My Toronto ting said, she ain't clipped in 8 months, unless it's me
She don't care about no dick, she must think that I'm some prick, that sound just like a fib
Stop rapping bout your friends work, and tell us what you did
Family function back and forth with my cousin 'bout some hammers
No matter how rich I get, I'll always have manners
For my aunties that gave me a home when I was backwards
Only them and my mom can patronize me 'bout my talent
And how I take that shit for granted, first dotty that we had was like my fingertip to armpit
I still get them arms in, what's life like as an artist? It's got pros, it's got cons
But being famous made me way more of a target
I got two top 10s, in my hood, I'm top two, not two
Topic of discussion's me, not you
My youngins wanna grip new, and I got them
Uptown I buy what I like, I see tags and I pop them
Whether females, clothes or firearms, I got options, six figure deals float my boat, not often
I need more than a mill, for my album
And if Polydor beg to differ, then I guess me and my label got a problem
After the Pakistan shoot, Young Adz dropped so much free game on me
I could sell game and still have enough game when I'm 83
I'll listen 'cause he's done it, and he's been there
He asked me where I see myself in 5 years, I didn't wanna tell him that I don't wanna rap in 3 years
Some of my niggas that I grew up with, been on remand for like 3 years
And not for the papers, ungrateful guys act like they forgot about the favors
Yo, I hate ungrateful guys
Funny thing about having money is, listen
Niggas ask to borrow but then lending turns to giving
But I'm the bad guy, if in the first place I don't give it
Then they'll start spreading rumors how I'm stingy and a dickhead
And I beg man don't question me bout dumb shit like "What happened up in Dublin?"
I had so many girls giving drops on them clowns and it's funny 'cah

Not any of them girls I was fucking, but
Niggas want clout and I get it, but just for the record, I ain't checking in
with tramps
I'm not being funny, they should be checking in with man
I'm only in that city, anyway, for a check
A couple months later, had a show, 40 grand
Videos, 40 man, when we pull up, where's the .40?
Heard there's boxes in that crib, the last thing we need is a door key
Good girl, but she naughty, just a fling, not my shawty
I wonder how life would have been if, after that drill, the cameras caught me
Shoving shanks inside opps that somehow reckon they can war me
I'll be real, no one taught me, got caught slippin by the seaside
But my name ain't on your knife
I'll be real, no one bored me, left his fit the same color as the racing car
Roary
Shots pissed, they can't call me hear my voice I'm at this industry event
Slightly annoyed cause I couldn't bring my toy inside
Why would I rate your thing when you're broke, and you never ride
And when it's time to step forward, all you do is step aside?
When I'm in the booth, I don't ever lie
For me and niggas to go have a fallout, now they're saying that I cap in min
e
I was serving in them traps, putting work up in them flats
And when I took, niggas work, it was rough 'cause they never got it back
When I say if rap don't work, I know what I'm saying
You lot take it for a joke, and to me, I find it strange
It's all sunshine when you check my Spotify and see my numbers are numbering
But them same numbers can one day turn lame
We all know rappers that used to get mills, that can't get a hundred K
My Rolex and Cartier totals to a hundred K
Put a 50 on my Cuban, that already cost a 50 and like my Skelly and my Annie
That's another hundred K, you can put me on your block list
All the girls in your group chat wanna chop this
And all now you might see me, in a hoopty with some chopsticks
Whoever said the fame's getting to my head's smoking dogshit
Nowadays I touch airport, more than I touch the petrol station
Guys that used to little boy me, hate the fact I'm elevating
Hate the fact that soon, when I take Kalia and Carol to my crib for the week
end
They'll have some options like take the stairs or elevators
One time I saw my opp trip, on the LMA ting
Have a guess who done that shaving?
Turn that paigon to a patient, I believe in being patient
Same time, hate waiting, mom's proud of me
I put her through, hella stress daily
No cap, sometimes I wish I never blew, like Navy
All you see is the good parts but my BTS crazy
All I need in this fucked life is my real ones and a lady
I'll leave the drillings and the murder shit to Snowball and Suedey