In an ideal world paedophiles get birds, drug dealers don't When niggas turn something off they don't even tell their bros Let alone get laid up and start telling hoes This is real rap, you know In an ideal world the industry plants don't pop before the real nigga Guys that don't ride, talk nice to the real drillers Niggas that you grew up with, happy when they see you winning But it come like they're happier when they see you spinnin' In an ideal world I done good in school Never started banging, when it's beef my phone ain't getting called In maths class I didn't get it In the trap the last thing I find hard is decimals I sell it to the nittys On the yard, chinger in my pocket, towel around my head I've got too many paigons, and not enough friends My little nigga got ideas but not enough sense He's good at rapping but he's tryna leave somebody drenched In an ideal world guns don't jam but if they didn't free Crash he wou ld've caught like two bodies I remember the days we only had like two shotties Up the score for my hood, no one even want homage Just pattern up my mum, if I ever do porridge And explain why the roads made more sense than college In an ideal world I never had to put packs in my arse for no profit If you got it then, balls it, don't got it

I feel alright, I feel savage Where's the matic? Let me grab it Feelin' manic, do some damage Take me where the cash is Hurry up wrapping UK scallys Asics and trackies Snow runners and ballies I got greece like Clavish Getting blammed with [?] These women gettin, left they can't manage It's the saddest I'm so exctied, where my Akh is? I'm eatin' patties, sippin Maggie's I sold the jacket says Amo, got the spanish I sold kids UKs as Calis I sold some kids deaths as xannys I'm with the Paddy's and we're trappin' in the [?] An ideal world bro it's kids and marriage But in my world its life or a carriage In an ideal world I wouldn't be damaged In an ideal world I'd just vanish