

Last Night In Paris

Clavish

Uh

My label want them club hits, this that C-L-A flow
On her 4s or her pretty face is where my DNA goes
Put a witness in danger and that's another case closed
T got 44 and G19s for sale, I take both
I ain't ever been taped before, but go and ask the guys if I ever tap
e roads
I bet you they don't say, "No"
Used to hustle in the same clothes, now I hit up stage shows
Said she preferred me way before the fame, without the cane rolls
But fuck all that
If I can't see them when I spin their block, on God, I'll double back
If my youngin' got his name on him, then that's a double mash
Ivy Asia don't make sense, if my shooter ain't comin' with a .9
Then, baby girl, to me, that's soundin' like a lack
And if it's war, say nothin'
I got several burner links on tap
I don't wish death, but my advance is contributing to a pack
If we're talkin' drill, Stamford Hill, then I deserve a plaque
You got scored on and ain't scored back, stop tip-toein' in your raps
Reminisce 'bout them days, putting cling on crack
Stickin' to the code, I can't fold and then become a rat
I feel sorry for the paigons in probation, don't put dims on tag
Ain't gotta send out hits, he'll put his mindy in your single plaque
She style on ITV, bet I still fuck her and no strings attached
Can't fumble, VV stones don't make it hard for me to kindle back
Chest and back, before my blue tick, I really been on that
Gallery Dept. flares on my tops, Gallery to match
Ask what CLA's like on a glide, they'll say I'm slightly savage
Every week, I'm slidin' Harrod's
Every other, slidin' Hatton
Not sayin' I'm that guy, but I clearly got the pattern like, just me
and two bad bitches in my hotel room last night in Paris
My opps spend too much time on chattin'
Probably ain't seen a five from trappin'
I've scored the most the goals 'round here, so they should call me Er
ling Haaland
Fake love, I refuse to fathom
Big drip, I got all the fashion
She can get some Bottega if she's willin' to lock down these hammers
I miss doin' them six for 40s
Not sayin' I call shots but when it's that time, all them hitters cal
l me
'Cah I got them spinners, .40s
Diamonds turn these women naughty
And niggas close to home salty
That's why I'm coppin' straps and jewels so if you jealous, we can so
rt it
I'm tight with couple kidnappers, drug dealers and murderers
My ting from Germany got an ego 'cause she the curviest
Get a drop where an opp lives and we pullin' up the certiest

Tell your mum it's just the people you got beef with, not the burglars