

No Interview

Clavish

(Simon Crisp)

Uh

In public, without my shooter, that's a slippery move
Put them gang signs down, you're nearly fifty-two
They think I'm bein' rude, I'm probably just not in the mood
That's for the guys that want a feature or an interview
I lost my nigga to the streets, that had me drippin' tears
My favourite picture of him tatted on me 'cah I miss him bare
The other day, someone asked me what's my biggest fear
Openin' up to someone that don't even care
Tryna find a shush, so the neighbours, they won't even hear
Couple K on J's, that after twice, I won't even wear
When I get good news, more times, I ain't finna share
You're watchin' out for evil eye, I'm watching out for evil ears
Big homie, that's my evil twin
Steppin' time was me and him
Civilians around me, I just hope they did not see a thing
I trust you, but the trust is thin
I hustle, but without the ling
I've done it, but without the cling
I'm runnin' to them thousands quick, shit
Pretty girls, I know how they lie
I know the colour for real
I see it wet, I know how it dries
Big B's, nigga, please, I know how it drives
Them other guys only drive them cars in Dubai
Naughty youngens out late with their big jookers
I'm a big deal, I need the watch with the Big Boogers
Used to eat out with two two's, now, it's big cookers
She tryna push me into her, but I'm a Pullers
I don't clout chase on social media to stay relevant
The streets ain't for everyone, that's why they made the curbs
I should've been scared, but gettin' shot at gave me adrenaline
I dropped out shh 'cah that nigga's too feminine
Last night, S had a show, he was shellin' it
The trap house stinks, if I could, I'd give it peppermint
They got me in the station, talkin' 'bout evidence
They say they know everything, but I ain't sayin' anything
Nonchalant wit' it 'cah it's somethin' that I never did
Patek, Dweller, Cartier's, these Stokey yutes were never lit
My little cousin caught a food case, he wants me to tell him
Every little thing about jail 'cah he's never been
Mention my name if you're talkin' about drillin'
Mention Colombian's too if you're talkin' about killin'
Yo, you talk a good game, but don't go on no mission
I'm with the young one and he don't mind goin' to prison
And I get money, so that make them hate me more
You bought her flowers for the fourteenth
My dick was in her face three days before
Jail niggas phone my phone, sayin', "I can't wait for tour"
Got a couple scores to settle, so I can't wait to score
And you're never on your job, comin' like you hate your chores
Destined to be a star from the day that I was born
When I was broke, I would've sucked you for a baby and a four
Got your baby tryna suck me, goin' crazy to the morn'

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