

Rap Game Intro

Clavish

Niggas in my hood say I can make it to the top
But, they know that I ain't cappin'
And my somethin' put it all up in his top
I know some good guys, get their savage on, kidnappin' on
Like, how long you been chattin' to the opps?
My niggas on tag
If I get a drop, he'll tag along
They ain't got racks, I'm baffled when they rap about shots
I ain't tryna give my heart unless I know that she the one
Look me in my eyes, promise me you'll never do me wrong
I tried act like I ain't 'bout it, she already clocked the hood in me
Half the hood's fake, I'm only bringin' half the hood with me
All I need's a mask, pair of gloves, and a hoodie beat
Niggas chat like bitches nowadays, make sure your pussy clean
Nothin' poppin' off on your behalf, fuck you talkin' 'bout?
Niggas say my name too much, that's all they talk about
We don't care 'bout work that you worked when we weren't about
You ain't workin' nothin' now
Don't be throwin' up gang signs with no money in your pockets
I got big dreams, I ain't pennyin' your silly comments
I got blood on my nigga's shank, but that's not my problem
Now there' plugs gettin' sucked, this half-box ain't on Connie
Niggas pointin' fingers, if they grab me, I won't point nothin'
If I don't bust in rappin', then it's back to wrappin' point ones
What you know about bein' desperate for a place for the ting to stay
So you tell her it's a toy gun?
Feel sorry for my opps, why? Most of them shit at rappin', shit at trappin'
Scorin' on civilians, shit at bangin'
Who said you can't wear sliders in the trenches?
I see opps in my Gucci flip-flops, still get it crackin'
Or the Louis ones, Christian Dior drops, but I prefer the Louis ones
I got clout, so it's not hard to get the bougie ones
They won't tell me nothin' 'bout no Hakkasan, Nobu, or cocktails
I bet I'll still pattern that
I ain't been bowlin' in time, but, I've been knockin' down hoes like pins, s
o I'm fine
I got rocks in my shine, rocks in this G-pack
It's not about wantin', the fiends'dem, they need that
I used to do the night shift, and back then I never had three bags
My outfit today cost me three bags
So don't say I've changed, you're just statin' the obvious
I used to watch my olders gettin' money with binoculars
I got the opposite sex cattin', banged up with a nigga
From my hood we spent most our time chattin', who's set's more on it
And comparin' our stabbings
He's got more, but I made a nigga white flag it
Feel like Charles Lee Ray with this Rammy
Or should I say Chucky?
See a opp, I'ma leave the scene yucky
All I need is twenty seconds, like, say I'm in a hurry
I was aimin' for his face, bro was rippin' out his tummy
I'm still the perfect son in the eyes of my mummy
Even though feds hit the yard tryna find bunnies
On the 'Gram, she a star, but not a star from where I'm comin'
Surgery head to toe, but to us she's still-
If she ain't tryna hold the ones, then to us, she's on nothin'
She don't care that I'm Clavish, and that makes me wanna cuff it

She don't pop up when she sees my in the Urus or the Culli'
And that's still not enough to prove it's not about the money
Got some real shit tatted on my stomach
My watch two-tone, but it came with several different colours
Not a pride thing why I hold grudges
But you can't backdoor me and think we're still gonna be brothers
Four-forty all in rose
If you're talkin' 'bout opps, I've stabbed couple to the bone
Hotel, she ain't comin' to my home
Half the hood don't promote my songs when they drop
Don't know why the fuck they think they're comin' to my shows
In school, I used to rob phones, not sell cookies in the corridor
Signed to the streets way before I signed to Polydor
Young and I'm lit, probably why she mad it sloppy
Need a mizzy
Why you tryna get a quote for a dotty?
Rental link said he's got cars and he won't make a drink
But I don't want it if it's possible to see me through the tint
Anxiety through the roof when they sent me to the bin
Are they fans? Or they foes?
When I see them on the wing
I can pull up at the garden and flood it with ice
One rambo ain't enough, I gotta roll with it twice
Yeah, I miss the days when Billy was 'live
He used to roll with his gun more than you lil' niggas roll with your knives
Got dreams of winnin' some awards
Nightmares of turnin' somethin' corpse then after gettin' caught
I'm lookin' at my guys in this dinger, "Nigga, is you short?"
Thirty years sounds long, not short
Then Jung try put the shoes in his thoughts
This .38's nearly .40
I just want the thing locked
Why's she tellin' me she's horny?
Probably somethin' 'bout guns
If I'm callin' piss, nana never got to see me ballin'
Never got to see me tourin', never got to see me ramboin' up niggas in the mornin'
Never got to see me go into the jewellers, don't care that the pouch is LV
The pouch is where the tool is
If you're in the club without it, then you're foolish
And I'm not a fool
I don't even try, I just always come across as cool
I can't even lie, when I cheffed that little dickhead and the girl, yo
And all my niggas watched and saw me do that shit as well, what a goal
I'm tellin' fiends, "I still got that shit for sale, I'm sellin' words"
Thirty racks, I'll put a sixteen on the scale