

That's Silly

Clavish

(Hazey, baby, hahahahaha)

Uh

I'm in top taste, para 'cause this shop's bait
Always got my lock blade
Where you from? Don't watch face
Still on the block, ayy
Countin' up these rocks
I need a watch, that when I look at it, all I see is rocks, ayy
"Known gang member," erm, bro, that's what the cops say
I been layin' low tryna stay up out the cops way
A nigga said he's got bangin' buj' for the low
But, it's a, "No" from me 'cause he uses too much Bosch, ayy
I ain't on this fightin' thing, I'd rather do the knifin' thing
Jung ain't on this knifin' thing, he's out here tryna fry some wigs
Nitty at the stove whippin' snow, he ain't fryin' eggs
Peng food, why you think the kittens keep on dialin' in?
I love my niggas, the same way Frankie loves Billy
Got a couple shots, so I'll be back in a jiffy
Big bro said he's got a date, I gave him my thingy
Don't lack just to take a bitch Hakasan, that's silly
Don't act like my niggas ain't puttin' work on many
Fuck YouTube, I'ma put my opps on the telly
This pretty little thing wanna fuck me and my bro
Do your ting babygirl, just don't get make-up on my Fendi
Check this, mummy told me never put my hand on women, that's a myth
When the niggas I've got beef with are some bitches
I'm from Stamford Hill, you know, couple trappers, couple drillers
Next time we catch an opp, he gon' need more than couple stitches
In the trap runnin' laps 'cause I need more than couple figures
Niggas say I can rap, I should try make a killin'
Keyz got two sticks on him, Mercedes, tip-tronic
Didn't rate me in college, now, she on my dick hoppin'
I can get a strip poppin', I can see the Lizz lockin'
I can see your bitch droppin' to her knees to give toppey
Yardie never used to trap, he's in the club, wrist-watchin'
Pop a wrist watch, then go sell it for some quick profit
In the T 'cause my stack needs to hit the ceilin'
If I get my chingin' on, I don't need a reason
Runnin' 'round late night doin' misdemeanours
Stabbed a nigga broad day, now he's in his feelings
And I'd be lyin' if I said that I didn't mean it
Civilians really saw me, but I didn't deep it
This mixtape's just for everyone to know I'm hard
Don't care 'bout bein' in the charts, but if I am, I'm thankful, darg
I'm tryna make history, Rosa Parks
Bitch thinks I'm her counselor, always tryna have a heart-to-heart
Her ex was a bum nigga
Why's she on the internet talkin' 'bout she's only datin' niggas with the fa
stest cars
That's silly
Head to toe, yo, I'm drippy
Got a pole and a flicky on me at the same time
If I see a foe, he's written
Love my phone and my kittens
I was broke before I met them
Me and bro runnin' jokes on them niggas 'cause we cheffed them

From North but I'm in West-end
Harrods may be nickles, Off-White
Only done a cheffin' once, but that was tripled
Real rap, not a riddle
Treat the wap like a whistle
I'm a trap boy, and a finesser, not a jinlez
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