

Dreads In Plats

D-Block Europe

N1 got the sauce baby
Cage got that cold
In the crib right now, dressing gown on
You know
LB
Skr, skr
Yeah, yeah

Put the coupe in sport
Put the top right back
Touch bro and get whacked
No rap cap
I got plaques on plaques
Put my dreads in plaits
Tell the plug bring more
I'ma be right back
Yeah

You don't wanna hurt no more, 'cause I know you've been hurt before
Young nigga 22, but spend money like I'm 34
We can go eat in some places that you ain't heard before
Codeine purple rain, suicidal purple door

All about my cash
Nigga let's stick to the facts
Squeeze out, fill a nigga up then dash
Louis bag, Louis hat
Brick of the flake, Rolls Royce dab
That promethazine in my cup yeah, it come like my best friend
Tell her I'm about, I spent thousands up in the West End

I ride 'round with my savages
My Balmain looking fabulous
She pop a half a perc but she can't handle it
Suck it with no hands
Baby girl, you move so talented
I gave my nigga 36, he manages
(Yeah, yeah)

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Go pour some lean now, I want some lean now
I don't write, I just freestyle
Pull up and I freestyle
She lovin' LB style
She knows that I be wild
Smoke in the meantime
Pour up in a meanwhile
I need some me time
Got a white and a beeline

Go to the seaside
I said, go to the seaside

If we go Harrods
Remember your manners
Remember your manners
Manners
I just be tryna see sittin'
DBE baby
Narsayee
Don't think you special baby

Yeah
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