

Kettle Pouring

D-Block Europe

Yeah, yeah

First time I cheffed a nigga up in OT for money
First time I hit a lick, stomach growling was hungry
Used to go to towns like come and go take over the country
My soldier shutting down niggas while my runner is running
Told them nitties that you're lining them I'm giving you something
All the murders and the birds that I've seen all over nothing
Love on my hand
I hold my daughter with blood on my hands
Hundreds of bands
All of the hookers they're loving the gang
That was my nigga, was wid' him in drillings, was wid' him in traps
If I tell him go get him, he twist off your melon, he get your whole gang
I can't believe what I'm reading, my nigga done turned to a rat
I can't believe the life sentence, I feel it for my nigga Dapps
Mummy the realest, she love me so much she ain't throw out my pack
Year 9 gave her money for bailiffs, I swear that 2 bills on my stack
I told my girl if they raid me, get rid of the work in the flat
My mumma told me there's jakes at the back door so I had to go climb out the
back, yeah

Get the kettle pouring
Spend thousand pound on machines even though the beef ting all boring
Chop the work while they yawning
Got shooters still warring
Night shift while they snoring
Rap life got me touring
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I was a young lil' kid, still tryna count up to six
Mum was at home with the kids, there was no space at our crib
We was just tryna live, we was just dyin' to live
There was no space at the crib, now we got gardens and shit
Now we just drip and we drip
Same bros, same clothes, I got the bag again
Bad bitch, no clothes, she going bad again
We got the mad again, I can never be as mad as them
I got more bands than friends, back to back I'm with Adz again
Fuck all this shit that you hear, girl hit me up when you care
Ready to war with niggas, the money got me prepared
I got blood on my eyes, seen your eyes, you're scared
Whole neck covered in ice, touch my neck I dare

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