

Chapter 16

Dave

Wagyu on the fifty-second floor just to take the piss
And somehow we've had to deal with higher stakes than this
You're the reason that I take the risk
Had me on your tour team, I studied you since I was fourteen
I wanna know what life was like in your teens, we shared dreams
And even when we shared screens, I couldn't get no face time
I got questions like, "How'd you do it?", "Do you have regrets?", like, "What's your life like?"
See, mine was like the sun settin'
Pray the moon shine, it's the prohibition, no ignition
Ran for two parties, it's the coalition
Rum and Red Bull like Max Verstappen, but the race is different
Taste is different, this adult dances in my pole positions
Youngers dyin' like they saved the game and could reload the mission
Wearin' jewellery, heard they're plottin' on me when I walk my ends
It's South London, somethin' you can't teach Streatham common sense
Eatin' healthy cah we trust our guts more than we trust our friends
Many frauds, lot of man fake, lot of imitators, innovators
Take that shit to heart like defibrillators, pah, pah, pah
Mothers shed tears and don't sleep for days, weep for days
And killers celebrate with ID parades, then you got this scene I face
And this pressure I inherited from you, it sounds funny, but it's true
I loved you on the big screen, but bro, I want you back
'Cause what actin' gained with you, we done lost in rap

You got a lot of years ahead of you
Some years'll worsen you and some will better you
If it's not positive, drop it, the street's residue
But keep a piece of yourself when you're sellin' you
This game ain't for the throne, and kings are checkable
It's to be a better you, envy's inevitable
And please take pics with your friends 'cause I'm tellin' you
This industry attention will sever crews
And the sick turns to an addiction of the jealous Jews
Till they diss you again like you ain't fed 'em food
But if you whip Cullinans 'front of desperate yutes
You christen a Benz, then the Devil's due
Them's the rules
You made it, lay in it, this bed ain't new
But let's keep it true, you know you're reckless with Pateks and jewels
Flexers do what flexers do, and steppers do what steppers do, beef
Lookin' over your shoulder every time you turn keys
'Bout turned the other cheek, must a man be the bigger man?
I know he's trapped the fire, but it's the mass of giants
These be guessin', take it on the chin, you're an Aston buyer
And I'm biased, but my generation got the classic writers
Your gen', that's mostly your pain, you're the rap messiah
You and Simbi, go grab the accolades that they would never give me
But that's another story, I ain't goated for the glory
Couple trophies in my storage, poor me
Ivor Novello don't rate a man, so be it
I was in '03 on the mic gettin' lourdy
You think you would have flourished in my era at one-forty?
It's quick to break jollof with you, swap knowledge
But sorry I didn't make no time back at Troxy
I watched your soundcheck that day, I saw promise
Then I came to your O2 show, I saw polish

But durin' all the pyrotechnics, I was ponderin', like
"Do you have family, politics and problems?"
Can you ever see when you're just someone's wallet?
Have you ever smelt when a cousinship turns rotten?
Tell me, do you ever hear from your brother and start sobbin'?
Tell me, have you ever touched a million and felt off-ish?
Tell me, have you ever tasted victory and didn't want it?
There was five senses, I'll make sense to true bosses
I've got a sixth sense for knowin' there's truly from it
Bond Street donny, I know what the same cloth is, I know what the game offer
s
Raise boffin, bake off in the sunshine till I lay in coffin, legacy
Will they remember me, Dave?

Well, I guess we don't know, that's why we wake up, go get it by ourselves
And I'd love to tell you yes, but bro, I question that myself
Health, wealth, happiness, all somebody really needs
And some water I can give to my seed (Uh-huh)
Heart cold like Courchevel, core Chanel
Tortoiseshell glasses that I bought this girl
Toured the world, love, I can't seem to find it
This the shit I do for women, I don't even like 'em
Bro, I need some guidance
Guida-? Bro, I ain't no relationship advisor
But all of this defence won't make you strike her
God loves a trier, David loves a liar
But even a harp's half a heart, so why could Cupid fire?
Ayy, where's she from this time? Do your ting, bro
Every time, I see your new ting, bro
'Cause you don't date, you Duolingo
Ayy, big bro
I don't know where you got that info, but that wasn't me
I need that in record and in writin'
But still, I love the game, it's enticin'
I moved out West, and it's nice in these days, we drivin'
Ah, your lifestyle bougie (Ah), lifestyle bougie (Ah, cool)
I used to push a silver Porsche with two seats (Of course you did)
Leatherbacks, cosy baby seats in the SUV
You know I've been Naij' and I've never had Egusi (So, blud, what was you ea
tin'?)
Fried plantin
You ain't have the pepper soup, G? And it's "Plantain"
But trust me, that's all gucci, listen (Aight, here we go)
I was in Jamaica havin' cow foot soup
In the middle of Greenwich like I'm a real ghetto yute
Touched uptown Monday and my killies gon' shoot (Pump, pump, pump)
I don't fuck with the gang, just till I'm billin' up a zoot
Got me feeling like (Like)
I must really have eyes in the back of my head (Right)
Range Rover television, the interior red (Interior red)
Fell asleep in the whip becah it feel like it a bed (Haha)
I just wanna give thanks for this life to me
Look, mic check, one, two, three, school dinners (Woo)
Now we sacked off the sacks off of sea-salt livin' (Tshh)
I'm go-fundin' to bring back peaceful villains
Cah all these thirty-eight years, that's a evil sentence (Yeah)
Like I don't love you no more
Dave, I used to be married to the game, I'm a husband no more
All these SM7Bs ain't for us like they're for
Mike Billie-Jeaned on that, they just discuss couple wars
And they short-change us
Paper chasin' all good till it's divorce papers
Newspapers, court papers, they all write my wills

They gon' talk about your won'ts, then they divide your wills
That's how family feels, growin' up so fast
Twenty-six, feelin' like our lives on timers
Lines in the face, she gettin' fillers to hide it
And hoes lyin' 'bout their age like Nigerian strikers (Haha)
Sorry, waiter, can I get this food in containers?
Had to move, it was dangerous
Seen beautiful places, bro, I used to have braces
Now it's my driver that's on a retainer
But that's just testament to God in His favour
And, bro, I wanted a favour
Let's see each other more, catch up and make deeds
'Cause the fans, they miss you, I know the fans, they miss me
Let's make a track about this dinner and this stamp you gave me
And base it on the Book of Samuel, call it "Chapter 16" if you're down

So who's gonna get this one then?
Aight, that's cool
So what's her name?
Nah, I'm just fuckin' with you, just do your thing, man
But trust me, don't overthink it
Like it is what it is, if it's gonna be somethin', it's gonna be somethin'
But, but I know you, I know what you're like
You're thinkin' five, ten years down the line
Day at a time