

Fire In The Booth

Dave

You know what time it is when you hear this right?
Yeah, shout out Charlie always
Let's get them fam
Listen, I mean
Let's get 'em Dave
Look

The other day someone said I was fake, I nearly lost my mind
I'm out on a grind
For what? I put in so much time for what?
The fame don't impress me, I'll still get active
Like Jet Li, I'm tryna stay balanced like ah, music is a myth
And every song I make is getting easier to stray from the message that I bring to the table, you ain't eating if your friends ain't eating with Dickheads, '09 take me back
I lost two grand last week and didn't make it back
And teachers wonder why I don't work well
I'm broke as hell
The music made me known as well
So I invested in crow and shells
Cause where I'm from, you slip, you're getting poked as well
So, bun General Asad, we're a bag of rebels
This crow's got a bag of bass and you're a bag of treble
How can I listen to a man who ain't playing when you talk about the game from the side like Gary Neville
I'm involved, I'm on a pitch, I'm a centre mid
I don't need to send for kids
I'll turn up where your college or centre is
And send you six
You dickhead, I've let so many violations slide G
Guys don't like me
And now they wanna get a name and waiting with a bitch like try me, try me, try me, try me
And watch what the outcome is
I'm a mix between Heath Ledger and Malcolm X
Outspoken but I don't make sense
Cause one day it's put the knives down or put the peace signs up, the next day I'm at your home instead
All for my pride and respect
I bought my man a Tek
Thames side days getting calls at like 9, it's a mess
I put time in my craft, an hour in my coursework and nine in my bars
You don't know about grinding my dog
I put my life in my art
My life on the line for my marge
Real rap, she put life in my heart, I give nothing less
If the truth hurts, I like being lied to
I can't deal with issues in the ways that I would like to
It's funny how I've always got a text to reply to
That's why I went and got three lines, that's a Haiku
Paranoia got me stressing, man I'm thinking that they're planning SLR, I've got a cannon
I ain't taking photos, I'm aiming at your bros and taking shots like Tenerife
Then I'm out the door like I just got a shot for 10 of each
Pride will be the end of me
I'll just lose my cool and lose a tool over petty beef

You couldn't comprehend it G
Life has been an F-ery
Colour scheme's grey
Got me questioning my God and all the times I've said grace
Wretch Miller, I set pace
I've dut youths down, I had to run the same day
Ask Serg, ask Temmy, I'm just venting on a low
And me plus four might just turn up at your show
Me watching in a venue, man we're leaving with your soul
I ain't tweeting little hoes
I need my P's to come and grow
All these catties on the roads, in and out, they come and go
For a month they wanna know
So I send them to my bros
Who gives a damn about my age, watch my energy and flow
I give none of it to girls cause the one I have is special, like a lover and
a friend to me
You send for her, you send for me
Let a girl try it, man a chick can catch fire like Katniss Everdeen
No chicks can catch fire like any one of my ex girls
Me, I couldn't breath, I needed space, that was ex hell
How can I wish my ex well, I've still got ex hate
Bryson Tiller I was tryna see my ex change
I'm Scott Summers now, nothing but an ex man
Still tryna test my brain in the A.M, that's an ex am
Then it's on to a next man, still scarred by my ex hoes
Could show her true colours in a photo, that's an expose
So how could you ever bad me? I had my brothers and I never had me
How could you ever bad me?
If I made 6 bills I gave my right hand 3, and told my brothers no snitching
Still I, got some good friends I couldn't put in that position
Does it mean that we're neek so we're different, cause my G's have ambition
Past the streets we see past the image
Cause you're the last friend by the grave of the prison hall
And you're the first friend to tell 'em to be a criminal
The young G just died you're wondering why
It was you who gave him drugs and a knife, it was you
It was you and now your pissed because he caught another case
When you practically walked him to the gate
Be careful who you step with
Your gang, they were talking to your grave
The road I'm walking is a maze, six paths like the sage
Had me in and out of raves, with a flicker on my waist
To give a fuck if it's winter I'll catch him slipping in the rain
And my man thought that I was slipping on the train
But he's pissed because I've always got a dipper or a chain
I ain't a witness to the jakes
I'm tryna put an image in the frame for the lyrics that I've written on the
page
The way I'm living isn't fake
Them man wanna G check me, but can't do it to my face
Cause I've got killers in the cage
Show, party or a rave I bring gorillas on the stage
There ain't a rapper or a singer in my lane, a musician in my league
You man wouldn't believe that we've lost half our G's to jealousy and greed
And me I think it was the weed, cause them boy there fell off
The same boys that used to come around and eat jollof
We're in cunch making no profit, 2 grand off of cash points making no losses
And if they put me in a station then it's no comment, no comment, no comment
They can keep me to the sunrise, from littering to gun crime
The code that I live by I die by
Man you give your life for you can get skyed by, served like a drive by
Yah I meant drive thru like how? what? why? who?

Take you off the map and have your mother thinking why you
I've done so much wrong just so I can make the right move
They're still tryna draw me out, these yout's need to sort it out
No one believes the stuff you claimed to have done
You're on Snapchat, I'm on Radio 1
What don't you get about this?
I made my mummy smile
I took myself to uni man I made my mother proud
You was in and out of town doing, cunch for an older, probably didn't see a
pound
You want beef I give cows, better yet I give herds
Ask Jussy, ask Serge
I'm the realest guy around, so bang your doors up and down
That's when Whitemoor, Swaleside, Belmarsh, Isis, Acat, Lifeus, Skells and y
ea
You know the rest innit

Free my brothers
Get me
Man like Santandave
Oi Charlie, let the beat run, let the beat run, we're gonna run into the nex
t one fam
Jeez
Oi, shout out my brothers
You, my friend, are an absolute beast cause
Man's 17 you know
Shout out to [?] in production man
Oi
Oi, my brothers
Oi
Get me
Jeez
Certain rappers calling my phone already saying enough already man, enough a
lready

My mum, she taught me to be self sufficient
She always said to put power in your self
She shared her hours and and her wealth, so I could stand here and share thi
s wisdom
Worked 3 jobs and a little wage, from her youth to her middle age
And that was all so I could study right and live okay
When it was Cookham Wood and Littlehey
I know my mum she didn't break
Still 4: 30 dinner made
Let's talk about your system then
Let's talk about our place in here
Let's talk about our prisons then
When we're so stuck in london people blind we only see the ends
Out of 63 million, blacks only make 3 percent
And we have no say, when you think, cause you refuse to vote
Like Conservative policies ain't been a problem for the yutes on road
And Raps is doing law
He sat down on the floor and watched it, 2 members of a jury, in a court
Playing noughts and crosses bored as hell
They gave him guilty in that court aswell
Didn't focus on the case, but he's in jail I guess that all is well
No incentive to pay attention for a jury the system didn't pay
When most of them are bored, white, out of touch and middle-aged
Like "What on earth's a stabbing? Oh my God I hope the kid's okay"
"Please take him of the streets, for my children and my sister's sake"
They don't need to see the details, cause he's young, black and guilty
"He's got a gold tooth and a tracksuit, send him to jail he's gonna kill me"
We feel, misrepresented

But you chose to jump on twitter over petitions and referendums, I swear to
God I'll never get this
You, claim to be active, when I know that you won't make a change
You'd rather go to district with some bitches and then make it rain
I know some real real guys that own yards and never splashed on cars
Like Atif and Wasif who are still working hard in London when they've got pr
operties in Pakistan
I swear that they're my inspiration
We're the generation that's infiltrating all these different places
And we're the generation who mould and craft how the system changes
Black doctors, arab doctors we just need a little patience
Nah we just need a little strength
This isn't for the upper class, this is for everyone that lives in debt
That mortgages and bills effect
That work away and live in sweat
For every single prisoner that comes home just to reoffend
Not for any single dad that left, for every single mum instead
For every trapstar that bangs stars and works the ends to earn some bread
I flirt with death and cuddle life, I work this pen
Long Lartin I work a pen
I heard the devil cursed these ends that took my brothers, hurt my friends
We lost our freedom and our lives
And if you think I'm telling lies
Right, it's a 20 minute drive and then we have a city filled with life
Big business, flashing lights, two completely different sides
Juxtaposed from guns and knives
They buy some clothes we clutch a knife
For different reasons, most for pride
One fucking [?] in this ride, like humpty dumpty have you fried
I hope you got money on your mind, but ours and theirs it's different types
Tryna show you man the light (tryna show you man the light)
Listen