

Freestyle For Semtex

Dave

Look

Walk in a rave
Frown on my face
Drink in my hand
Hand in my pouch
Man talk grease
Man look left look right look straight to a bang in the mouth
Man talk grease
Man see man in the flesh, man sayin please just dead it
Man talk grease in the whip
Come out the car, and come in like Niko Bellic
Ahhh
I phone up like we want a pizza
A flip blade or a sweet in a heater
To touch more skin than Mia Khalifa
Your man said come round the corner your joking
Man tryna talk like he's touching us
Your man best run when he see man come son you can get a tiger- tiger- tiger
uppercut
I'm next in line bruv
They got my brothers doing next to life cause
Ring ring on a lyca lyca
For food in the club like tyga tyga hyper hyper boys doing cyber cyber
See man in the flesh dark
Talk big on the net dark
Bread in pen and kill a cyber man like David Tenant
Ahhh
Mad ting I went back to paper
Back to my notepad
Back to basics
Back to black in fact I went back to back
Stack to stack from a penny to half a grand
Had to find myself I wasn't looking right
In a state could've got your g hurt like mulla light
Fatalistic thoughts, I swear I could've died
That's why I haven't wrote a thing since
We'll
I can't confine my pain to a sentence
I sentence you that's pain in a sentence
I got a sentence explained in a sentence
That's 18 years explained in a sentence
The way I'm living's been so peak
Introverted, my friends don't know me
Cause more time I'm walking on my lonelies
Or in the graveyard talking to my homie
Believe me
Belive me this life ain't easy
Why do you think the mandem rarely ever see me
Why do think I gave up dreams of a CD
Why do you think I splash as soon as I see P''s
Chief Keef
Prada's 300 get funding before he could beef me
How could I spend like a grand on clothes
Still refused to spend a pound on
Kisses teeth
Advertising draws

Making songs about gunplay
You dumb youts are bringing more heat to your strip than a runway
What a plain bar
Had my brother in Feltham that's Heathrow
What a plane bar
And I bet that flew over your head what a plane bar
That's runway Heathrow plane bars
And on Sundays we still claim ours
Cause them Polish guys don't sleep
And Sergey still needs
Dmitry still needs cheese
I do it for them for the guys that still move green
Line for line, crime for crime I still see P's
Gucci scarves back I still see G's
Prison visits I still see C
We had to hide down I still see B
Got into the graveyard I still see A
Unemployed and I still got paid
Skipping school just if we still got A's
Girls say I got gassed in change
I say damn right look at my trainers babe
Listen
None of you man want beef and none of you man want heat
Listen
None of you man want beef and none of you man want heat
Listen, listen
Look, like
Like none of you man want beef and none of you man want heat
None of you man want smoke
None of you man make P's
None of you none of you
None of you man seen cash
None of you man own straps
Neither do I
If I need that I got boys that will bring heat like I am in Dubai nah
But I still think I am in Dubai
No rapper's liver than I
Sergey phoned like I wanna buy
5 of the brown
5 of the white