

# Panic Attack

Dave

Look, I bet them boys think I'm panicking  
Itching to see how I handle it  
When snakes start rattling, calm  
I can show you about harm  
Put blades in the palms, half the length of my arm  
I end up in a station and I'm staring into space like a mannequin in Clarks  
I ain't panicking, I ain't had a random change of heart  
Cash points and cannabis  
You cocaine snort, if you think I got caught  
I'm kicking like a stallion  
I lived in a yard where my mummy tried hard  
For all the things that I wanted but my money was inadequate  
Probably be killed by my cousins back in Africa  
If they knew I risked my free water, hot food and resources  
Every day to dress nicer on a camera  
I don't need your input, fuck you and your manager  
Fuck him and his lame job  
It's been two years, you're sitting in the same spot  
Chilling in the same blocks  
Me and you are different  
You talk about beef  
While I plan your route home bruv  
I run up in your safe spot and leave the place taped off  
It's deeper than the name drop  
Real problems don't need discussions  
I fear God and not repercussions  
Look, I'm only angry at the choices that I didn't make  
I don't regret what I did but what I didn't say  
And for this money I'm on a different wave  
It's why I ain't written in this will when I say I'm on his estate  
It comes arms well I've got an entourage like Vinny Chase  
This ain't Chiraq, we don't need a.38  
Just two young g's, one Nike pouch and his little blade  
And if you live that day, give thanks to your God  
'Cause there isn't one prayer mummy didn't say  
Still wonder what my dad would say  
And it's fucked 'cause I just wanted us to bond like Sean Connery and Daniel Craig  
No first steps, nah, my daddy couldn't see me cry  
I'm still searching for the reason why  
I was 6 months old at a bus stop  
My mum no home struggling to ketamine like a legal high  
When so volatile, look over the reasons why  
People die, man this beef never sleeps or slides  
Man are dying over minor violations  
So I keep the beef and the bread separate like TGI's  
They touch us and we pay 'em back like it's PPI  
Fuck it, let's ride, get animated like CGI  
Dead being a hype man  
Can't find my man and then I'll settle for his right hand  
You can't buy heart remember  
Hawk eye, you think these undercover cars could get us  
Or that I can't spot the bacon in the passing Vectras  
Don't you find it funny that I study law  
And still recruit young fraud stars like I'm Harvey Specter  
Hot headed, I swear that I had a dream though  
A young fire before I had spoken with Avelino

And nowadays music's got my schedule looking hectic  
I ain't got a timeline, I'm Travolta with Tarantino  
Look, I ain't slacking, it's money over passion  
I mean passion over money, hate this money with a passion  
Money is just a paper  
I got value of my assets, I got value of my mental  
It's me, Fraser or 169 on an instrumental  
I swear that'll make you rapping  
Even if that kills me I swear that'll make it happen  
On my digital piano until my hands bled literally  
I was smashing keys 'til my fingers grew callus  
How could I fear rappers?  
I feel words, hear colours, defeat challenge  
Give thanks to my synaesthesia  
I ain't a rapper I'm a fucking genius  
So when I see you don't panic  
Remember what you said on the roads, there's no lacking  
I don't wanna see you draw for your boot, there's no time  
I'll jump out the passenger side like there's no traffic  
Catch you with your girl or your mum, you'd do the same  
So we'll take you to an inch of your life for all your chatting  
Shut your fucking mouth and make p's  
I used to let disrespect slide to make peace  
Now it's like I'm stuck in two minds in my reaction  
'Cause my pride and my ego turned giant like James Dean  
I'm a mess right, and if that catty doesn't fuck me the third time  
With no strings attached like a test drive  
I'm telling her I'm cutting in the next 5  
All communication breaking down like an enzyme  
My second's the most precious commodity I invest time  
I was late every day straight for 3 years  
Guess that's two ways that I could never make a deadline  
I was out in Powerleague Norbury with [?]  
In the rain, hail, sleet, with my football in a deadline  
Scraping by on pennies, trying to link a jazzy  
On my 8520 and I couldn't link one  
Squares was a game  
Had me all stressed  
Got finessed by my main  
And he didn't get touched  
Had me sitting there pissed  
Thinking 'bout my people  
All the times that we missed  
Like have you ever lost love?  
Have you ever had a guy that would die so you live in a cage  
Kept away from your brother and your mum  
In my world you're unsure to the people you can trust  
And when you lose the only person that was there from the jump  
I'm as humble as they come  
And I ain't changed from the knife and the cypher to the shotgun shells in t  
he party with a pump  
Ask Edem, ask Paddy  
With squares I had strikers but I'm more like Ibra  
Over Vardy when it's beef  
Because I hardly ever run I've got pride  
I've seen man running for their life  
Get caught, now they're covering their heart and their lungs with their arms  
on his ones  
'Cause his right hand panicked  
And I don't even blame him  
Seen a man scream while he bleeds on the pavement  
Guts in his hands, civilians with tissue putting pressure where the pain is  
The panic as you fade in, blocking out sounds

Like your body shuts down when your organs start failing  
Knife crime dangerous, next day famous  
Give it six years they won't remember what your name is  
Everything changes when your case is irrelevant  
And all the guys who claim they would ride in your name looking lost, them boys don't have half the heart to settle it  
I've seen a whole class end up dead or in jail  
Ask Scales about times he was chilling with my brother in a chicken shop opposite the entrance to Tennyson's  
Everybody's dying, but nobody is rising up a Remington  
We've got shanks, and false hope everybody's selling it  
You ain't getting rich quick trying to sell big bits  
Too lazy to work so you want to own a business  
Or a clothing line, no vision  
You can't cut corners in a line of life  
Karma's like the tightest vice  
I'm running on my own  
CCTV's in your hands bro, they've got it in your phone  
If they catch me going home  
Looking for another young rapper to expose  
I'm probably cutting from the scene  
'Cause with all the evidence they gain I'm getting more than just assault  
I ain't living for the gram, man are snitching on the cam  
If I hit him then I'm dumb, but if he dips me he's the man  
I can't win, there's no way I'm handling that  
If I run then I'm a neek, but if I don't then I'm a fool  
So on road I'm looking happy but I'm screaming in my head having panic attacks  
They got me anxious  
And two wrong responses from a shanking at any given time  
I been there and done that on many different nights  
It's probably the reason that I got many different rhymes  
I'm really living life