

Warm Up Session

Dave

Look, cool

My life's hectic, I just went from rapping for expression to chats with Jama
l Edwards and I'm just getting started
I couldn't quantify my vision nor explain my hardship, wow we come a long wa
y from Tenisons and Brixton market
Where do I begin? I'll start just after my brother's case
When the judge threw him life I swear it still hasn't touched my brain and t
hat will come with pain, travel in that thunder rain. Grindin' when that sum
mer came, we bagged and tagged a hundred eighths
And I started shottin' and I'm not a gangster I won't tell you lies, I've be
en dead and alive from football to peddling white. My school excluded me for
minor crimes, I grind for mine
My group went 20 to 5, investing in semis and nines
Teachers used to love me, Rapz & Jussie, we went from Lucozades to ah, that'
s the good, the bad, the ugly
I couldn't tell you 'bout a light offence, quiet in Year 9 and 10
We'd flick shanks in English like this life is 'Of Mice and Men'
I could feel myself changing, as I started ageing, my mind started fading, a
nd my back started aching
Year 11 fought depression popping pills inside my lessons, yes I smile but I
was stressing, music's such a blessing
So much spare time, I put that music in my plan, I taught myself to play pia
no, I put my music in my hands, then I lost her to diabetes man I do this fo
r my gran. It's better yet, I never said that I do this for my Dad but I do,
I do this for my older brother too
It went from us seeing Chris to me and Mum seeing you
Now two brothers in the prison that had me feeling the next way
Why? Cause word to God my G died on the next day
Imagine tryna' bang your music, but them channels, they were clueless that y
ou're broke beyond your wildest dreams. TT's to shout at fiends
[?] needs the food, so that message was an SOS on SMS, if he's acting we cla
p 'em like SFX
Girls call me a waste of time, cause I ain't tryna' make her wife or go on d
ates, but if you think about it them girls are wasting mine
I need a stable mind, drop me out your useless beef
I just spent a grand on cab and then I spent two on teeth
All I wanted was some words of wisdom, guidance and the love is real, them o
lders showed me how to do it - steal, sell drugs and kill
I came to them with problems, and they encouraged me to touch the steel
I said I needed Ps they tried to send me cunch
Them niggas think they're putting on for you by buying chains
Try and send that gold to a mum that has to buy a grave
Try and send that silver to a prisoner that's riding eight, a prisoner that'
s riding ten they ride on us we ride on them
We ride and miss we ride again
They wonder why we're rago, my generation's plateau'd, we had burners from y
oung like
Them niggas couldn't come my yard, so why'd you think my younguns up-
front, like Huntelaar
Running errands like I had three feet, I've been tryna' get my mum a yard
Feeling like I can't breathe, life in South London's hard
I think back I should blaze 'em fam, niggas try to claim me
When I couldn't put in for a pizza them elders they wouldn't pay for man
My dog's have got rabies fam, see that yout'?
Raid his gaff with a rusty, ready to send her son to God like Abraham
Them man I don't speak to them, and I ain't got beef with them. I just keep

my moves in house like 120 bpm
And blacks are the richest, but we mis-manage riches
We have gold, oil, coal and earth and we ended up the victims
Most Arabs and Jews, inherit land, riches or property but as a black in South London I inherit madness and poverty
They don't teach you how to get a job, but they reach you how to use a stick
Leave school, sell food, make Ps, you know the usual things
Till' you're eighteen with ten grand and now you don't know what to do with it, and your donnies they want a chunk of it, so now you let a luger spit
I never came from a broken home, system came and broke my home and now my bro's are sitting in cells, like chromosomes
I hope the dough, don't tear us apart, but I know the roads, I know my bro's got love for me I love them back I know the code
Brother would you ride for me? Or are you like these lying guys who say they're the starscream, but when they see the iron hide
Brother would you check me on my birthday and grind on my worst day? Or was all this a lie, in the worst way?
Would you kill me for a million?
Would you turn me for the P's?
Would you lead me to die if I got burnt in the beef?
And if my name got tarnished, would you disown me for the roads?
Or would you roll with me regardless cause you know that we are bros?
Listen, brother would you ride for me? I ain't asking you to ride for shit
The roads are for these hyped up pricks, a couple man would die for this

Yeah...