

Dealers

Devlin

I got a phone call from a shot
He said he was outside the shop
But I'm meeting him outside the block
I'll be there in two secs
When I rolled up he was standing with two pecs
And these little pecs draw two teks
Don't worry though they didn't bust those off
I grabbed my deals and drove off
Said I'd be back with a strap to come blow your nose off
See the word is that I've got the peng ting
And these mugs know where I live
Fuck it, sitting in my bedroom all night holding a stick
Come on then roll on my crib
Cause my boy Ghetts knows a boy in your crew
So we've got all the information on you
Don't know what I won't do
Fuck it I'll come and approach you
Then smoke you, I'll take your lace out your trainers and choke you
For the p's that you owe me cause I don't owe you
Quick when the times right man I'm gonna show you
And you think that I'm quiet and I won't start riots
I'm an arsonist I'll set your yard on fire
Hard to retire when the bars that I fire
Inspire so many people to admire
See you on the roads for the P's that you owe
Then I'll smash you in the face with barbed wire
People wanna rob you, people wanna knock you
Hard to survive on the roads but you've got to
Keep your head down if you got to
Watch you, shot to, duck the old bill if they clock you
Keep your weed in your balls not your socks dude
Watch for the feds in the manor that you bop through
The Movement are number one so fuck top two

I be carrying weight on a rundown shabby estate
The cats go to the alley and wait
The other day I gave harry a taste
I got the peng so my salary's raised
But some niggas wanna rattle my cage
We can battle for days
I'm Hannibal with a mechanical aim
Got chicks with sticks, no vanity case
Bust gun like Calamity Jayne
I trust none, cause when the funds come in the lump sum
You're wanted, summit like Saddam Hussain
And your best mate, will do nothing but spectate
Check mate, Tec to the chest plate
Invest in the best but guess what
Nothing ain't stopping a head shot, believe
Cause of the greed it's all grease
Not enough P's to proceed, still we're all eager to eat
That's why I've got more than a crease in my jeans
Cause niggas want war but some are not sure
So your dog's got lock jaw when I pop four
I'll turn the beast to a sheep
There's nothing I hate more than police on the beat
When I get away I'm a go Greece for the week

Bare feet on the beach
Come back with a new outlook upon life, some man are on hype
Cause they want stripes, me I wanna song write
Watch me contrive for long time
I be getting girls excited like prom night
But more time I'm attracting the wrong type, slags!
So my dicks wrapped in a dom tight
I've got a wife so sometimes I'm gone shite
And when I've got beef know that its on sight
Long nine, ha it's gonna be a long night

Look, cause I'm a grinder
You know why? I can turn 28 grams into 70 shots
I get pounds whilst enemies watch, I get down on every block, I do make mine
I, still be on the block like drain pipes, flooding the roads like rain
I'm going through caine like I work in a kitchen, aim high
The great chef, they rate Wretch, cause I do what I'm spose to
Move cubes to the old dudes, watch 'em dart likes it's soul food [?]
Make q's for the whole queue, I ain't move but I'm so crew yeah [?]
Look, yeah still I get p's fast, cause my teams got the least calm
They don't tic cause I'm so tick
And I flirt with the whole strip
They're like sink and I owe (Shhh!)

Not another word or find another kerb
Cause you're getting on a brothers nerves
So much food that I can even bird with another bird
And I won't get cages, yeah look
Cause I love my yute so you know that I plug my food
That there is above the truth
I make grands for my whole fam
Break brands for the whole brand [?]
Shake hands when it goes down
Count p's when I get upstairs
I don't stop til I get upstairs
It's hot but I'm bless I'm here
Check my funds, real grinding
Check my son, real shining
Break your lungs if you like it, on a pipe or a white spliff
Either way I be quite rich

Ey look, I'm going out like Scarface but none of you's seem Sosa
Big funds, big guns to protect it
I go the whole nine yards
I'm trying to fuck with a shipment
You stay there trying to weigh up your whole nine bars
I'm gonna die on a high but I don't mean coked up high off the white
On the reals, I'm just trying to put drugs on the roads like cars
We're all dealers playing this game
But I'm trying to be the one holding the cards
So when you play the game I hold all of the chips and I stay the same
It ain't hard I was made to baid
All I've got is my balls and my word
And I don't mind moving scores on the kerb
Give it two more years and I'm the one you're calling for birds
I was screwing this ting round here
I was moving a 2 and a Q with this ting round 'ere
No white gold loop in my ear lobes
Flick knife in my boots for the heroes
Stick guys trying to move to my zeroes
You know me you know how I do this
Every weekend I gotta get new bits
One bike, two cribs when I'm here homes

Brap!

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