

## 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!