

Assassin Creed

DigDat

Look, fuck you
Fuck the plane you flew in on
Fuck them shoes
Fuck them socks with the bell on it
M1 on the beat
Fuck your gay-ass ferri-faggot accent
Fuck them cheap-ass cigars
Fuck your yuck-mouth teeth
Fuck your hairpiece
Fuck your chocolate, fuck Guy Ritchie
Fuck Prince William, fuck the Queen
- and my Lambo is blue, nigga
Now get the fuck out my hotel room
And if I see you in the street, I'ma slap the shit outta you

Can't stop when I see them bleed, bleed
I'm trynna Assassin Creed (Bap)
Run a boy down, put him underground
Ain't no Need for Speed (Na)
These cats all sick like Ne-Yo
He ain't here dark, need 4 for 3 0 (Ugh)
Two guns up, need a trio, trio
A third in hand, no Rio (Three of them)

Nice from far but far from nice
I couldn't hit it more than twice (Ugh)
When we pull up on opps on main road
Got him doing free wheel-ups like Kano (Skrrrr)
When I spent 10 on my index
She let me slide in her with the Durex
Yeah I got wet on my Pyrex
So I had to dry that down wiva Andrex
Still skrrt around in a new plate
This me a cren, one-ten in a Benz truck
Just checked into the Penhouse
Invite two, now I'm hoping her friends fuck (Light)
Real Trapstar like Mikey
I was OT with fiends and gear
Then bro showed me how to whip
Simple, nice, all clean and clear (Ching)
This A. McQueen on my scarf is skeleton
Hand wrap that on my 'remeton (Oii, rap it)
Can't ever see my dawgy soft (Natz)
Oii Bookey, rise that mop (Oii, rise that)
Why the fuck do they hate on me?
Got me shaking my head, I just KMT (Fuck)
When I was in my cell doing press-ups
In a durag like JME (Arrh)

Can't stop when I see them bleed, bleed
I'm trynna Assassin's Creed (Bap)
Run a boy down, put him underground
Ain't no Need for Speed (Na)
These cats all sick like Ne-Yo
He ain't here dark, need 4 for 3 0 (Ugh)
Two guns up, need a trio, trio
A third in hand, no Rio (Three of them)

Pull up on a 'Vespa or in a 'Vettra
Everyone skank like Fester (Where you going?)
Got a bullet in my gun like Skepta (Bow)
OT trips in Leicester (Mmmh)
P-O still tryinna breach me
Told her "It's not my fault I'ma rapper" (Ugh)
But if you see us in a cut
That's hellla Dior and we brought that hammer (Aye)
Patek, protect on my AirMax
When I jump out of the foreign (Aye, jump out)
She got tats on her neck and back
Like "What you see under the bottom?" (Lemme see that?)
And my lighties pengger than peng
Should I choose Chante or Lauren? (Leng, leng)
Cartier diamond dancing
Drip so hard, it's like they forgotten (They forgot)