

Ei8ht Mile

DigDat

WhYJay
(I love Chris Rich)

Yo, I don't really fuck with the trap like that
But the income coming in fast
Never had one grand to my name
Left work, same year, made money off rap
When I sit back, think life changed
Same way I'm still Aitch, that's nuttin' but facts
Put my money in bricks, not cocaine ones
Young boss, man's juggling gaffs

Felt like you're bad and you shoot like Kobe
'Til you get left scarface like Tony
Light any work ever on like Iwobi
I'm richer than all them opps, ask Sony
Arsenal, still washin' up white like Persil
Then I put it in a zip bag like Virgil
When I was on the wing like Ozil
Bangin' my door like my house got burgled

Yeah, cash in the bag, got a big one
Count four scores then I fold the fifth one
Quick ten more, flick through, that's a quid gone
Five more less, splash that that, it got dripped on

Like, DigDat, know what my name is
Buss down two tone, thought it was stainless
Gave fifty bags to my jeweller
Can't take no days off like Bueller

Never been shot but never been gunman
Never made gun bang
But I still punch man
Hop off the plane, got me doin' up sun tan
Gyal on the kid, truss, 'nuff of them love man
Catch air, I don't no average
Man gotta go bro, make a pack backflip
G2 sick on the pitch, they matchfit
Come through, pick up your bitch, no rampin'

She got a man, call me when you're horny
Tell a boy 'shut up' like it was Stormzy
And if I get booked for Giggs
Then I make S spray it cah man don't care
Feds think that I gon' clear
But I'm still in my trackie and black Moncler
Back then I had bands in my shoebox
Mad how I know get it all in credit
Gyal all sprung when they saw us
Hop out the tour bus, come in and shell it

And that gyal said she adore us
Bussin' it for us, tell her don't beg it
In the studio, gotta wake more up
Bill up and pour up, fuck it, let's get it
Got groupies showin' man more love

But I get bored 'cause it's nuttin' impressive

Run t'ru Shanequa and Ayesha
Both upset, now they move excessive
Need me a link but who can I message
When I got ex one's doin' obsessive
Got a big back like Kim, not slim
And you always come nice, you're good
But if I get a drop on them
Then we leave that red when we ride in hoods

Three and a half racks in Louis, I paid in cash
Fuck it, I made it back
Big bro's plugs are bald and got a moustache
Breaking Bad
Had a whip, got chased in that
So they put him on a ban, now he's takin' cabs
Runnin' late to the stage, it's mad
Wait one sec though, let me take this Snap

And when I'm in Gucci tex'in my stylist
Like, I gotta make sure I fit them sizes
Twenty-eight bags for my Day-Date
KK under a box like AJ
Got a spin ting, no Beyblade
Pray they don't lock me up like Tay-K
Bro's in the can like KA
But I might catch me a flight, go J-

Fly boy, make a G5 look basic
Lost count how many flights we've taken
Done with the planes, man I need me spaceship
Done with the waves, man I need me main chick
Two cups, both filled up with Henny
I'm drank up and ready, I'm finna get shelly
Blowin' on Cali, this zobbie too smelly
Got ash on my jacket, I'm pissed off already

Like five in the mornin', had no sleep
And I'm still here tryna get a hold of the weed man
Peng tings blush when they see man
Wanna take pics when they meet man

Told that bitch, "please, stay out the way"
No, I ain't gonna beat but my G can

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